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THE  
CRITICAL REVIEW;  
OR,  
ANNALS  
OF  
LITERATURE.

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*SERIES THE THIRD.*

VOL. VI.

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PERMUTET DOMINOS, ET CEDAT IN ALTERA JURA.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. MAWMAN, 22, POULTRY:

AND SOLD BY J. DEIGHTON, CAMBRIDGE; HANWELL AND  
PARKER, AND J. COOKE, OXFORD.

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1806.

*W. Flint, Printer, Old Bailey,*

*Soc. Reg. Lond.*

6734

THE  
CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE THIRD.

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Vol. VI.

SEPTEMBER, 1805.

No. I.

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ART. I.—*Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London, for the Year 1805. Part I. 4to. 10s. 6d. Nicol. 1805.*

Art. 1. 'The Croonian Lecture on Muscular Motion. By Anth. Carlisle, F.R.S.'—Compulsatory oblations to the muse of science do neither in theory hold out the fairest promises, nor have in practice always effected the purposes of their institution. But as industry is to the full as often deficient as genius, we applaud every attempt to add another stimulus to the activity of philosophers. In this paper, Mr. Carlisle has collected with care, and arranged with perspicuity, the various facts of which we are already in possession regarding the subject of his inquiries; and though the cause of the phenomena of muscular motion may long escape our researches, yet we cannot be too well acquainted with the organs and functions by which it is performed.

Mr. Carlisle shews that the muscles by microscopic dissection are reducible to ultimate fibres, and he proceeds to make similar remarks upon the definite extent of vascularity, the reverse of which opinion he informs us prevails among anatomists. We apprehend Mr. Carlisle and his anatomists are only at variance about the meaning of a term, and that while the one thinks of infinite proper, the other alludes to infinite merely relative, the most popular meaning of the word, and most likely to suit the capacities of the bulk of anatomists, who may be allowed to understand muscles and entrails much better than metaphysics.

Mr. Carlisle proceeds through a multitude of detached and apophthegmatical remarks to inform us, that Mr. John Hunter had some confused notions that the nerves have no office but to form the communication between the two sensible

portions of the body, the brain and spinal marrow, and the ultimate fibrils of nervous ramification. This doctrine Mr. C. adopts, though it seems hard to deny sensation to a part of the body so sensible of a wound as a nerve; if indeed that is the meaning of this passage, which the obscurity of Mr. C.'s style induces us to doubt.

The next deduction, according to Mr. Carlisle, is, that animated matter may be connected with inanimate, that is, that the one may adhere to the other, which few will be disposed to question. But it will be hard to believe that tendons, horns, and many other parts of animal bodies, are inanimate. We see these, extremely sensible during disease, become insensible when well, and again lose all symptoms of life. Vitality cannot be given and taken in this manner. The fact is, that all disputes of this nature are fundamentally embarrassed for want of a proper definition of life.

The latter part of this paper is occupied with facts and experiments, which, Mr. C. informs us, support and illustrate what he calls his argument. We know not whether this author be obscurely profound, or profoundly obscure, but if by argument is meant a connected train of reasoning, there is here nothing of argument. We observe indeed many sensible remarks, each of which would stand equally well in any part of the lecture.

The experiments on the temperature of blood seem nearly the same as those formerly made. The experiment to prove the increase of volume of a contracting muscle, shews nothing. It is impossible to say if the same quantity of muscle were in the vessel, or not, during the contraction and relaxation. There seem strong reasons to think the quantity varied. This question, which we long ago intended to determine, would be more fairly tried by immersing in a vessel of water a newly amputated limb, which might be readily made to contract by the galvanic influence, and the change of bulk would be estimated accurately by the help of a tube fitted to the side of the vessel, and turned up. We recommend this experiment to Mr. Carlisle's attention.

There are some curious observations on crimping fish, which it appears become heavier both absolutely and specifically by that process. The paper concludes with some further observations on the contractibility of muscles, and a few general remarks.

Art. 2. 'Experiments for ascertaining how far Telescopes will enable us to determine very small Angles, and to distinguish the real from the spurious Diameters of celestial

and terrestrial Objects; with an Application of the Results of these Experiments to a Series of Observations on the Nature and Magnitude of Mr. Harding's lately discovered Star. By William Herschell, L.L.D. F.R.S.—These experiments appear to have been conducted and varied with considerable ingenuity and dexterity, but they afford little interest, and can excite little curiosity even amongst philosophic inquirers. They are however, to the practical astronomer, not without their use; and their indefatigable author has drawn from them, towards the conclusion of his memoir, several results and useful conclusions.

‘ We may now proceed to draw a few very useful conclusions from the experiments that have been given, and apply them to the observations of the star discovered by Mr. Harding; and also to the similar stars of Mr. Piazzi and Dr. Olbers.

‘ 1. A 10-feet reflector will shew the spurious or real disks, of celestial and terrestrial objects, when their diameter is  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a second of a degree; and when every circumstance is favourable, such a diameter may be perceived so distinctly, that it can be divided by estimation into two or three parts:

‘ 2. A disk of  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a second in diameter, whether spurious or real, in order to be seen as a round well defined body, requires a distinct magnifying power of 5 or 6 hundred, and must be sufficiently bright to bear that power.

‘ 3. A real disk of half a second in diameter, will become so much larger by the application of a magnifying power of 5 or 6 hundred, that it will be easily distinguished from an equal spurious one, the latter not being affected by power in the same proportion as the former.

‘ 4. The different effects of the inside and outside rays of a mirror, with regard to the appearance of a disk, are a criterion that will shew whether it is real or spurious, provided its diameter is more than  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a second.

‘ 5. When disks either spurious or real are less than  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a second in diameter, they cannot be distinguished from each other, because the magnifying power will not be sufficient to make them appear round and well defined.

‘ 6. The same kind of experiments are applicable to telescopes of different sorts and sizes, but will give a different result for the quantity which has been stated at  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a second of a degree. This will be more when the instrument is less perfect, and less when it is more so. It will also differ even with the same instrument according to the clearness of the air, the condition and adjustment of the mirrors, and the practical habits of the observer.’

The last pages of this memoir contain some observations on Mr. Harding's newly discovered star, called Juno. Dr. H. has amongst the heavenly bodies introduced a new clas-

sification, and agreeably to the conditions of such classification, Juno must be called an asteroid. Dr. H. has rendered to astronomy so much service, that he has some claim to be humoured in what we are certainly disposed to regard as fanciful and whimsical refinements. Controversies concerning words have been so frivolous, so inconclusive, and so numerous, that we studiously wish to avoid adding to their number.

Art. 3. ‘An Essay on the cohesion of Fluids. By Thomas Young, M.D. For. Sec. R. S.’—What the distinct object of the present memoir is, we are at a loss to comprehend. Indeed some of the assertions are, to us, assertions on the authority of the author; many of the argumentative parts have bewildered us, and left us in the same state of ignorance as they found us. We have neither hastily nor indolently perused the paper, and we do not choose so to compliment the profundity of the author, or with a ridiculous modesty so to distrust our own abilities, as to say, that our want of comprehension arises solely from the abstruseness of the matter, that is the substratum of the essay on the cohesion of fluids.

The phenomena of capillary tubes may be explained by the cohesive attraction of the superficial particles of the fluid. Hence, from the combination of this cohesion with the pressure of the fluid particles, the surface of a fluid shall be curvilinear; if we know the law of the cohesion and pressure, the properties of the curves along which the particles are arranged, may be investigated; this principle Dr. Y. has assumed, and has made the basis of certain mathematical investigations; for reasons which we must ever despair of fathoming, he has thought proper to express his mathematical reasonings without the use of mathematical symbols. Can a person who is not a mathematician understand these reasonings because they are expressed in words? Could not a mathematician understand them much more easily if they were expressed in the appropriate language of mathematics? A person ignorant that  $\int x \dot{x} = \frac{x^2}{2}$  cannot be gifted with comprehension and knowledge by being told that the fluent of the rectangle of the ordinate and the fluxion of the ordinate, is equal to half the square of the ordinate. These remarks are indeed easy and obvious, but there is no escaping from their force; they steadily point to the censure which Dr. Y. deserves for his departure from the accustomed modes of communication. For the purpose of obtaining a foundation



of one or two remarks, and of shewing that we have made no mistatement, we give the following extract.

‘Supposing the curve to be described with an equable angular velocity, its fluxion, being directly as the radius of curvature, will be inversely as the ordinate, and the rectangle contained by the ordinate and the fluxion of the curve will be a constant quantity; but this rectangle is to the fluxion of the area, as the radius to the cosine of the angle formed by the curve with the horizon; and the fluxion of the area varying as the cosine, *the area itself will vary as the sine of this angle, and will be equal to the rectangle contained by the initial ordinate, and the sine corresponding to each point of the curve in the initial circle of curvature.* Hence it follows, first, that *the whole area included by the ordinates, where the curve is vertical and where it is horizontal, is equal to the rectangle contained by the ordinate and the radius of curvature*; and secondly, that the area on the convex side of the curve, between the vertical tangent and the least ordinate, is equal to the whole area on the concave side of the curve between the same tangent and the greatest ordinate.’

If we understand this rightly, the point round which equal angles are to be described, is the centre of the circle of cur-

vature; then  $\frac{\dot{z}}{R} \propto 1$ , or  $\dot{z} \propto R \propto \frac{1}{y}$  (according to the hypo-

thesis)  $\therefore y\dot{z} \propto 1 \therefore y\dot{x} \propto \frac{\dot{z}}{z} \propto \cos. \theta \therefore \int y\dot{x} \propto \int \cos. \theta \cdot \dot{\theta}$  (if  $\dot{\theta}$

be constant)  $\propto \sin. \theta$ ; this, as here given, is intelligible, but we are stopped in our attempts to translate the next passage, to wit, ‘and will be equal to the rectangle contained by the initial ordinate, *and the sine corresponding to each point of the curve in the initial circle of curvature.*’

Dr. Y. goes on in the same strain a page and an half more, but, what ought to excite wonder, appears to have made no use whatever of his mathematical results<sup>1</sup>; he has not applied them to the explanation of any natural phenomena; the reader is incommodiously conducted through an embarrassed and sterile country. As for Mr. Fuss, what he has done in the *Acta Petropolitana*, can never throw light on the special object of Dr. Y.’s researches; the learned foreigner has investigated the equation to the curve of equilibration on a certain hypothesis, and has obtained the same equation on the same hypothesis as (if our memory fails us not) one or two English mathematicians have done.

We are not, however, disposed to quarrel with Dr. Y. for being either lavish or ostentatious in his references; we wish he had given us more references, then indeed, masters of the sources whence he has derived his information, or

familiarized with the reasonings, to which we suspect he tacitly refers, we might have been able to comprehend and to appreciate his own investigations and discoveries. At present we need explanation, and hope in the work announced at the conclusion of the memoir, that the author will be more plain, full, and explicit. Forgetting the chagrin which frustrated labour at this moment excites, we will be again girded for the battle, and tread without prejudices in his investigations; let him be perspicuous, we will be impartial; we may be dull, but he shall not find it in his power to say we are not honest.

Art. 4. 'Concerning the State in which the true Sap of Trees is deposited during Winter. In a Letter from Thomas Andrew Knight, Esq. to the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks, K. B. P. R. S.'—In this paper Mr. Knight relates some experiments, in which he found that the true sap of trees alters as it ascends in the tree, and has its specific gravity increased, and that the density of the alburnum is greatest in winter. He imagines that this sap, which, however, is not the common sap, exists in an inspissated state in the alburnum during winter, rises in spring, and is the renovating and wood-forming juice of the plant. The paper contains a good deal of useful information, and connected, as all this gentleman's theories are, with experimental observations. We shall be happy to observe their repetition.

Art. 5. 'On the Action of Platina and Mercury on each other. By Richard Chenevix, Esq. F.R.S. M. R. I. A. &c.'—The public will remember a former paper of Mr. Chenevix, when that gentleman announced the composition of palladium, which, although not perhaps perfectly ascertained, appeared, however, to be within the power of any one to accomplish with moderate skill and unwearied perseverance. The consequences immediately deducible from the surprising force of attraction which the mercury and platina exhibited for each other, in their compound state, rendered these experiments unusually interesting. The imaginations of men were afloat, and nothing was talked of in the philosophic circles but new decompositions, and open war against the numerous usurpations of the semi-metals, which it was voted had increased, were increasing, and ought to be diminished. While these rapid ideas illuded the fancies of the superficial and ingenious, some graver but more solid men appealed to the testimony of facts, that this illiberally produced, and strangely contested palladium, could not be manufactured after Mr. Chenevix's receipt. The number

of sceptics augmented with every trial, and the whole series of reasoning has fallen probably into unmerited disregard. But though nine hundred and ninety-six unsuccessful experiments may be fairly enough considered as too much for the patience of any man but Job or Mr. Chenevix, we are not therefore entitled to overlook the four prosperous events that shed a doubtful gleam on the obscurity of repeated failures.

In this paper Mr. Chenevix takes up arms in his own defence, and not without some portion of success, combats the reasonings, and analyzes the experiments of his adversaries. Throughout his arguments it will not be difficult to discover a querulous irritability which savours strongly of mortification. Yet surely science owes no mean obligations to the genius and the industry of this gentleman. If in this instance he should ultimately turn out to have been deceived, we should not and we will not forget his former merits, nor attribute a failure to him which is justly due to the imperfection of the science. He is not, however, totally without adherents, and he here marshals his friends against his foes in chemical array, threatening explosions more violent than the fulminations of silver, and disfigured with the heat of argument and the fumes of the laboratory.

Dr. Wollaston first started the question of doubt, grounding his opinion upon unpublished experiments, which rest therefore exclusively on the authority of his reputation. The French, however, and M. Gayton at their head, were better believers. But we observe that M. Vauquelin and Fourcroy, agreeing in the compound nature of palladium, differ in the composition, and would substitute for the mercury one of the new metals alleged to exist in platina. And M. Proust expresses what we suppose many have felt, his astonishment concerning all he has read upon palladium. The Germans also have occupied themselves upon this subject. M. Rose and M. Gehlen, from some of their experiments, have concluded that Mr. Chenevix has not arrived at the knowledge of the true composition of this substance. But that gentleman has given a satisfactory answer to their arguments, and has shewn that in all cases they have been too sparing of repetition, and in many totally mistaken the nature of the experiments, and by apparently trivial but really momentous alterations procured results which have occasioned unnecessary surprise. M. Richter seems more favourable to Mr. Chenevix, and from his operations has concluded that two metals, the separate solutions of which are not affected by a third body, may, when existing in one solu-

tion, be acted upon and even reduced to the metallic state, and that mercury may be so united with platina that it cannot be separated by fire. These conclusions add a little, but only a little, to the force of Mr. Chenevix's argument. For surely there was no need of new investigations to prove, that the attractions of three bodies may play on each other, where those of two could not. We can hardly suppose that any person would deny that two metals may act upon each other in their metallic state. That they do, seems plain from various phenomena. How else could the specific gravity of a compound metal vary from the mean of its components? Or in what does the solution of gold in mercury differ from that of salt in water, or of oxyds in acids? To the other unsuccessful attempts to form palladium, may be added those of Fromsdorff and Klaproth. M. Ritter, however, from the galvanic properties of palladium, has arranged that body among the compound substances. Yet if by *kupfer nickel* is meant common metallic nickel, that is altogether as oddly placed, separated from the metals by coal, galena, and tin ore, according to Ritter's own table. Analogical reasonings are always dangerous in physical subjects.

Mr. Chenevix seems to have a due sense of the effect produced on men's minds by the numerous failures of his experiments. This, however, he is willing to soften down by representing the uncertainty of many chemical operations, of which the easiest sometimes go wrong. But there is no sort of resemblance between occasional slips and the nine hundred and ninety-six efforts of unavailing labour. The case of Prof. Lampadius's sulphur-alcohol affords little help. The world is not disposed to accuse Mr. Chenevix of deceiving them, but himself; and when his experiments have received the same support as Professor Lampadius's, they will meet with the same belief. How many experiments have been related which are known not to succeed in other hands? The question is, whether is it more likely that Mr. Chenevix was mistaken, or that the same experiments should fail in two hundred and forty-nine times, and succeed once, and yet the solitary success stand good to prove an interesting and important point?

It being granted that men are all liable to error, and that experimental philosophers are of all men most apt to be deceived by experiments which they themselves have first instituted, we cannot see how it is any reflection upon Mr. Chenevix that it should be required that his experiments should only once succeed in the hands of his compeers of science. But it is clear that the principle that metals may

unite with each other with such a force as to be inseparable by ordinary means, is a very important one, and deserving of a great deal more discussion, and many more appeals to experiment than have yet been made. The analogy of other chemical combinations is highly in its favour: many bodies unite only in certain situations, and then with great difficulty, which afterwards adhere with inseparable pertinacity. Such are charcoal and oxygen, and such more appositely azote and hydrogen, which can be mixed and exposed to each other without forming a complete union, unless the temperature be high, or the bodies in a nascent state. Many other and probably happier illustrations may occur to the reader.

Into this general view of the question, Mr. Chenevix verges towards the latter part of his paper, and relates a number of experiments which tend to shew that metallic bodies attract each other chemically, a proposition, the truth of which, according to our conception, it did not require new experiments to prove. But the other part of the argument, that combinations formed by such attractions are not destructible by the common processes, has received neither proof nor illustration from these inquiries.

Upon the whole, it does not appear that in this paper Mr. Chenevix has added much to his former arguments. The question of palladium remains in great uncertainty, and for the present it would be ranked with the simple substances; were not the concealment of its origin a sufficient reason to exclude it from that honor. That perseverance which Mr. Chenevix recommends to others in the pursuit of this inquiry, we hope he will himself practice. No one can be so fully convinced of the truth of his experiments as he himself may be believed to be, and none can possibly have reasons of equal urgency and interest to produce a process which all can repeat. Let him therefore continue, to use his own language, to throw the die till he learns the shake which casts up his numbers. He may then with justice affirm that there are no arguments to prove that palladium is a simple substance. In general, however, a body is determined to be simple by negative proof only. It is considered to be simple because it cannot be proved to be compound. Now our dispute at present with regard to palladium is, has it been demonstrated to be a compound? We imagine one answer only can be returned to this question. The discussion to which this inquiry has given origin, and the experiments which have been instituted to illustrate various parts of the argument, as well as those which we cannot doubt will yet be undertaken, will tend, we hope, to

add another support to those who believe that from theories every thing good in philosophy has arisen, and that these excursions of the imagination assist to carry forward the more slow and solid processes of judgment, and afford the most appropriate and delightful incitement to the industry of men.

Art. 6. 'An Investigation of all the Changes of the variable Star in Sobieski's Shield, from five Years' Observations, exhibiting its proportional illuminated Parts, and its Irregularities of Rotation; with Conjectures respecting unenlightened heavenly Bodies. By Edward Pigott, Esq. In a Letter to the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks, K.B. P.R.S.'

In a former number the author of this memoir has written on the same subject: the results before published were deduced from a few periods near the time of the discovery of the variable star. We have now before us more ample and accurate documents.

Mr. Pigott, after shewing by aid of his tables, that the periodical returns of brightness are uncertain, attempts an explanation of the phenomena which variable stars exhibit: this explanation we give in the author's own words.

'It thus appears, that the periodical returns of brightness are uncommonly fluctuating, and that the differences between the extremes are very considerable; to account for which, I shall presume to offer the following explanations, suggesting previously a few plausible conjectures, and some inferences arising from the observations themselves.

1st. 'That the bodies of the stars are dark and solid.

2d. 'Their real rotations on their axes are regular.

3d. 'That the surrounding medium is by turns generating and absorbing its luminous particles in a manner nearly similar to what has been lately so ingeniously illustrated by the great investigator of the heavens. Dr. Herschel, with regard to the sun's atmosphere.

4th. 'That these luminous particles are but sparingly dispersed in the atmosphere surrounding the variable star of SOBIESKI, appears from the star being occasionally diminished to the 6.7 magnitude, and much less. July 4, 1799, it was of the 7th; September 15, 1798, and August 9, 1803, of the 9th, if not invisible. (See table VII.) Does not this indicate a very small portion of light on its darkened hemisphere?

5th. 'And may we not with much plausibility consider them as spots, somewhat circular, or of no great extent? For even on its brightest hemisphere the duration of its full lustre is, on a mean, only  $9\frac{1}{2}$  days of the 62, or about one-sixth and  $\frac{1}{2}$  of its circumference. (See table VIII. page 140.) The dimensions therefore of the parts enlightened seem much circumscribed, and can be tolerably estimated, and consequently may be represented very small, particularly if

the powerful effect of a little light and the length of time a bright spot is remaining in view be taken into consideration.

6th. 'And a further ground of presumption that those principal bright parts are but slight patches is, that they undergo *perpetual changes*, and also that such changes are very visible to us, for most probably they would be imperceptible, were not the bright parts contrasted by considerable intervals or diminutions of light.

7th, and last. 'We may obtain some idea of the *relative situation or intervals between* these bright parts, by the observations of the increase and decrease of brightness, as thereby the changes and times elapsed are pointed out. (See table V. page 136; and Phil. Trans. for 1797.)'

We need not say that all explanations of the phenomena of variable stars must be to a certain degree conjectural and unsatisfactory; and if such stars be useless to the practical astronomer, still they powerfully call forth curiosity, and the spirit of inquiry.

Art. 7. 'Analytical Experiments on a Mineral Substance (hydrargillite) from Barnstaple, in Devonshire, by H. Davy, Esq. F.R.S. Professor of Chemistry, R. Institution.'—It would appear that this mineral, which was discovered by Dr. Warell, is found in a quarry near Barnstaple, and that it has been considered a zeolite till the ingenious Dr. Babington ascertained that it was a non-descript substance.

'*Sensible characters.*—The most common appearance of the fossil is in small hemispherical groups of crystals, composed of a number of filaments radiating from a common centre, and inserted on the surface of the shist; but in some instances it exists as a collection of irregularly disposed prisms, forming small veins in the stone: as yet I believe, no insulated or distinct crystal has been found. Its colour is white, in a few cases with a tinge of grey or of green, and in some pieces, (apparently beginning to decompose) of yellow. Its lustre is silky; some of the specimens possess semi-transparency, but in general it is nearly opaque. Its texture is loose, but its small fragments possess great hardness, so as to scratch agate.'

This description is very imperfect, and it would have been prudent in the author 'to avail himself of the talents of Dr. Babington, in order to give a more perfect idea of a newly-discovered fossil. In our specimens, the mineral consists generally of stellæ, the centres of which are acutely convex and concave alternately, and form a kind of incrustation or veiny stratum, deposited on a blue shist. We have found none of its fragments of sufficient hardness to scratch agate, nor can we entirely believe that it possesses that power.

*Analysis.*—It has neither taste nor smell, nor is it electric or phosphorescent. It is soluble in acids and fixed alkalis: by a forge heat it lost one-fourth its weight, and was rendered opaque, but not fused; in sulphuric acid it formed a sulphate of alumine; in muriatic, only alumine. The white varieties contain lime; the green, manganese; and the yellow, some iron.

*Constituent Parts.*—Alumina, 70; lime, 1.4; fluid, 26.2; loss, 2.4. The loss appears to have been volatilizable matter remaining in the stone after distillation, as 50 grains of this fossil, exposed in a red-heat for 15 minutes, lost 13 grains; but when heated to whiteness the deficiency amounted to 15 grains. Its specific gravity is 2,70 water, being 1,00. It contains no alkali.

Several experiments were made to ascertain the nature of the acid matter in the water, but without success; thence it is most precipitately concluded 'that it is not one of the known mineral acids.' On the whole, the author thinks 'that the fossil must be considered as a chemical combination of about *thirty parts water and seventy alumine.*' Although Mr. Davy seems perfectly satisfied with his analysis, yet we must indulge ourselves in the liberty of observation, that his essay is somewhat superficial and imperfect, and deficient in that acuteness and depth of research which characterise this gentleman's former labours. Why was not the nature of the acid ascertained when the fluid amounted to three-tenths of the entire substance? Why not try fluoric, Prussic, boracic, or phosphoric acid? Mr. Davy very properly remarks the affinity of alumine with water, and cites the Diaspore, which, according to Vanquelin, contains 80 alumine and 16 water; but there are many other fossils, though not entirely aluminous, that contain considerable quantities of water: thus, native argil contains 27, opal 10, staurolite (cross stone of Werner) 16, zeolith (mesotype of Haiüy) 18, zeolite 22, bole 17, steatite 15,50; serpentine 12, fluor spar 27, and selenite (foliated gypsum) 21 parts in the hundred. A similar fossil has been found at St. Austle in Cornwall, by the Rev. Wm. Gregor, whose analysis is said to give a more distinct idea of the still unknown acid contained in this mineral. The specimens of the Cornwall fossil that we have seen are also much more curious, of a brighter white, and disposed in more elevated pyramids, which are composed of crystals terminating in semi-circles, and radiating from the centre.

Art. 8. 'Experiments on Wootz, by Mr. D. Mushet.'  
—Five cakes (as they are called) of this metallic substance were given by Sir Joseph Banks to be examined by this accurate analyst; but of their origin, quantity, mode of manufacture, or natural history, neither our author nor the



honorable president has deigned to give the public any information.

‘It would appear (we are told) that Wootz† contains a greater proportion of carbonaceous matter than the common qualities of cast steel in this country, and that some particular cakes approach considerably to the nature of cast iron. This circumstance, added to imperfect fusion, which generally occurs in the formation of wootz, accounts for its refractory nature, and unhomogenous texture. Notwithstanding these imperfections, it certainly possesses the radical principles of good steel, and impresses us with a high opinion of the ore from which it is formed. The possession of this ore for the fabrication of steel and bar iron, might, to this country be an object of the highest importance. At present it is a subject of regret, that such a source of wealth cannot be annexed to its capital and talent. Were such an event practicable, then our East India Company might, in their own dominions, supply their stores with a valuable article, and at a much inferior price to any they send from this country.’

To us it would appear that its only defect is a want of malleability, and if not to remedy this evil, we would ask of these excellent experiments, *cui bono*? Of all the sciences, it is the peculiar boast of chemistry that its every experiment tends directly or indirectly to improve the arts and necessities of social life. We do not see why it should be impracticable to make this metallic substance, called wootz, into good iron or steel, nor why Mr. M. did not direct his attention to its immediate accomplishment. If it really be as yet impracticable, some reason should have been assigned for it; and the valuable pages of the Philosophical Transactions of London should not be occupied with details of experiments, however correct, that either are not original, or have no ultimate tendency to public utility. We doubt not the committee will pay more attention to this hint in future.

ART. II.—*Travels in Europe, Asia Minor, and Arabia.*  
By J. Griffiths, M.D. Member of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh, and of several Foreign Societies.  
4to. Cadell and Davies. 1805.

THE author sailed from England on his tour to the countries enumerated in the title page, in the year 1785. We

† Dr. Pearson believed that wootz contained oxygen, but the discoveries of our author have superseded his experiments.

might perhaps be allowed to ask Dr. Griffiths why he has thought it necessary to publish travels which took place twenty years ago? But we are entitled to ask him another question—why he has thought it necessary to publish his travels at all? It will be said, perhaps, that their intrinsic merit will give them a claim to the public approbation. Of this our readers will judge. He moved in a beaten track. From the time of our countryman Sandys, who visited them in the reign of James I. to the present day, the dominions of the Grand Seignior have been explored and described by numerous tourists; French, English, Germans, Italians, Swedes, and Russians have laid before the world accounts of their private route, or that of the different embassies to which they were attached. Unless therefore the investigation of the modern traveller be such as to discover some new truths relative to the countries in question, (and Dr. G. in his preface owns that this is not his case), unless by long residence, or by close and acute observation, he be able to throw some new light on the government, on the political relations, or on the natural history of the country, something, in short, that may assist the speculations of the moralist and the politician, or forward the researches of the philosopher (and this Dr. G. professes that he has not done), we are decidedly of opinion that the wiser plan would be to content himself with the pleasure of retracing in his own mind the scenes he had witnessed, or of relating them for the amusement of his private friends. Still we naturally open with curiosity, mixed with pleasure, any work which treats of oriental manners. The origin of this curiosity and this pleasure is to be traced back to the years of our childhood, and the indelible impression which must be made upon every infant mind by the perusal of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. As soon as we enter upon Mohammedan ground, we expect to see the substance of those fairy visions presented before our eyes; forgetting that Mohammedan power and politeness are at an end, we expect that every city whose towers are surmounted with a crescent, shall realize the fabled grandeur of Balsora, and the splendid palaces of Bagdad. But the eye of the traveller is wearied by the monotony of depopulated provinces, and cities hastening to decay, where the sullen magnificence of despotism only relieves at intervals the sad uniformity of desolation. After an agreeable passage of three weeks, our author landed at Nice, where he appears to have been much delighted with 'the serenity of an Italian climate, the beauties

of an Italian city, and the amiable cheerfulness of Italian society.' Will his English friends be flattered, when he informs them that the above-mentioned *agrèmens* obliterated the recollection of 'the dear friends from whom he was separated.' We hope the Doctor had left no tender female in England to regret his departure, else when she read how 'the rising sigh which he felt at her recollection was repressed,' she would exclaim with Imogen,

'The she's of Italy have betray'd

Mine interest and mine honour.'

Whether Nice owed its attractions to such a cause, or to a comparison with his own country, or, as we rather hope, to a contrast with the privations attendant upon a sea voyage, suffice it to say that after bestowing high praises upon it, Dr. G. embarked for Genoa.

The reader will be glad to find that he determined to confine his observations on Italy to a few pages, and not to fatigue his readers with long and minute descriptions of the cities, buildings, churches, and specimens of art which as he justly observes, are already too numerous.

The Doctor's professional pride must have been a good deal flattered during his residence at Genoa by hearing an English physician, who was established at Genoa, announced at a *conversazioni* as *Signor il Magnifico*, especially if our traveller had at that time graduated. Of this, however, we should doubt, from the youthful appearance of the portrait which he has not forgotten to prefix, were it not subscribed with J.G. M.D.

In a note (p. 18,) the Doctor very naturally (shall we say *nationally*?) praises the Scotch for the classical propriety with which they pronounce Latin. Does he allude simply to the Scotch pronunciation of the *Vowels*, or to the far-famed accuracy with which those elegant and accomplished scholars attend to the *quantity* of syllables in their pronunciation of the Latin tongue? A certain tutor from that musical country gave new harmony to Horace, in reading to his pupil the following line as thus marked:

'Doctrina sed vim promōvet insitam.'

Before leaving Genoa he was joined by two young ladies and two gentlemen, (one of whom was uncle to the ladies) who were proceeding to the Crimea. This addition to his society, the Doctor properly observes, 'could not fail to increase the pleasures, and relieve the tedium of the voyage.' Let us then suppose these ladies safe on ship-board, and wishing them favourable winds and at least as much pleasure in Dr. G.'s conversation, as we have had in his writing, we has ten to inform our readers that after staying a short time at Leg-

horn, the Doctor went on board the common passage-boat up the river Arno to Pisa, where it was his intention to proceed to Florence; but an intimation from the captain of the ship, on board of which he had engaged his passage to Smyrna, compelled him to return hastily to Leghorn, and bid adieu to 'the enchanting country of Italy.' The epithet 'enchanting' is not injudiciously made use of by our author in this place, as his mind seems to have been sadly perverted during his short residence there. He employs five pages to prove the incalculable advantages enjoyed by the poor of Italy, and their comparative happiness, 'when the miseries of those of more northern climates are considered.' He extols the benevolence of the rich of that country, which has prepared for their poorer brethren during the horrors of sickness and disease, establishments of such magnitude and liberality 'as even in England we have no idea of.' He then ostentatiously enumerates the different hospitals at Milan, Genoa, Naples, and Florence, contrasts the regulations there adopted with those in use in our own country, and concludes by giving a decided preference to the former. While on this subject, the Doctor, like another Socrates, takes an opportunity of relieving the dryness of argument with the facetious liveliness of an occasional interrogatory.

'I am aware, (says Dr. G.) that cases of accidents are received at all times, without recommendation; at all our hospitals; but is John with an intermittent fever on Thursday less an object of compassion than on the Wednesday following, which I will presume, for the sake of argument, the established receiving day? Is William with an ascites, or Thomas with an erysipelatous inflammation, less entitled, by the severity of their sufferings, to an immediate endeavour at relief, than Richard, who has been thrown from his horse; and fractured his fibula?'

Without being at the pains to confute these arguments; or to prove, as might easily be done, that the misplaced charities of superstitious devotion, so frequent in most Catholic countries, are productive rather of injury than benefit to society in general, and to the poor in particular, we shall leave William with his ascites, and Richard with his fractured fibula, to the care of the Doctor, and expressing our opinion, or rather our knowledge from experience, that the poor of England are, on the whole, better provided for than those of any other country in the world, shall conclude our strictures on the first chapter.

Favouring gales wafted our Doctor past the island of Elba; but these soon died away, and were succeeded by symptoms of a squall, which determined the captain to veer about for

the Faro of Messina. The sight of the coast of Sicily suggested to Dr. G. the idea of treating his readers with an account of the various changes of name and of masters which Sicily has undergone from the remotest periods to the present time; a detail, which is well known to every school-boy.

The vessel fraught with the valuable cargo of the Doctor and his learning sailed through the Cyclades, and landed for a short time at Scio, (Chios), and at Mitylene; the third morning brought the travellers from the last island in sight of the castle of Smyrna. At this place, Dr. G. had an opportunity of observing and lamenting the contagious influence of bad example; and his gallantry was not a little shocked at the sight of the ceremonies established among our fair countrywomen in the country of polygamists.

'As soon as the salutations which good-breeding dictates had been expressed, coffee was brought in, and sweetmeats upon a salver were handed to each guest by the mistress of the house. I confess I could scarcely reconcile myself to remain seated, whilst the amiable Mrs. M. went through this unnecessary degree of trouble; but it was my duty to acquiesce in established usages, and not to attempt their derangement.'

Society nevertheless seems to be on a very pleasant footing at this place, where a considerable portion of Asiatic luxury is blended with the refinements of European elegance. Many European gentlemen, settled there for the purposes of commerce, have selected brides from among the fair Grecians. Residing in a country whose inhabitants, at once ignorant and unsociable, are besides of a religion and manners so entirely different from their own, they judiciously seek to make the most of each other's company, and hospitality and the spirit of social intercourse may be said to be the distinguishing characteristic of the European inhabitants of Smyrna.

After a month's residence, Dr. G. embarked in a Turkish boat for Constantinople. Instead of four or five days, in which the passage is usually performed, he did not arrive at the place of his destination in less than eighteen, nor then, till he had exchanged a miserable birth in a Turkish *kaïck*, for a more comfortable one on board an English merchantman, with which they were fortunate enough to meet at sea.

We could wish that in his description of the metropolis of the Ottoman empire, Dr. G. had observed the same discreet forbearance as in that of the Italian cities. We could well have forgiven the omission of the four-and-twenty quarto

pages which are filled with accounts of the Atmeidaun, and the castle of Seven Towers, and still more those of the mosques of Santa Sophia and Sultan Solyman, and should have been amply satisfied with the engravings of those temples with which the work is ornamented. We are however pleased with Dr. G.'s modesty in not attempting a description of the domiciliary residence of the Turkish emperors. For the various accounts of the imperial palace of Constantinople, as our author justly remarks, we are more indebted to the fanciful imaginations of travellers, than to the accuracy of their observations. The most secret recesses of repose and pleasure, guarded by all the jealousy of unrelenting despotism, have been as minutely delineated as though their access were attended with no danger, difficulty, or impediment. Many a coxcomb, who never advanced beyond the outer gate of the seraglio, has violated the sacred privacy of the haram, and carried off the favourites of sultans. Not only have the galleries, kiosks, couches, and alcoves of the garden, and the still more private apartments where the favourites of the race of Othman enjoy the converse of their lords, been depicted with all the confidence of unblushing imposture; but a certain impudent Doctor (not Dr. Griffiths) has publicly engaged to realize to his employers the penetralia of the haram, and a 50l. bank-note is to procure to the refined voluptuary the appliances of imperial pleasure.

Having already premised that the remarks contained in the present volume on the manners, customs, &c. of the Turks, are distinguished by little novelty, we shall suffer the long chapters which treat on these subjects to pass almost unnoticed. One short extract may serve to amuse, and at the same time to impress the reader with an idea of Dr. G.'s facetiousness, as well as his penetration.

‘ Instead of preventing the effects of cold during winter by fires in grates or stoves, it is customary amongst Christian, as well as Turkish families, to place wood embers in a large pan under a table, covered with thick quilts which reach to the ground; an upper covering richly embroidered, is usually thrown over the whole; and the company, male and female in Christian societies, seated upon benches or cushions round this table, put their hands under the quilts to receive a more immediate benefit from the heat beneath.

‘ The penetrating eyes of suspicion have pretended to discover, in this obscure mode of warming the hands, an easy method of exciting heat in the heart; and suspect that the glowing phrases of a billet-doux, or the enamoured pressure of a finger, are conveyed by means of the *Tandour* with a facility which prudence could wish avoided.—Whether this species of caloric be so communicated, I

cannot presume to determine; but we all know, that without any similar vehicle in other countries, lovers are at no loss to make their sentiments of affection or gallantry perfectly understood; and therefore, if the Tandour were to be refused admittance, contrivances would be substituted, I imagine, equally convenient.'

The commerce of the Turkish empire is discussed in two pages. The few observations which we find are however sufficiently judicious. Few countries possess so many commercial advantages arising from situation, soil, and produce as Turkey, and in few countries, is commerce so miserably neglected; this neglect, our author imputes, mediately, to the pernicious influence of the government; but we think that the immediate influence of this cause may be traced in the present instance. Poverty and the insecurity of property, the unavoidable consequence of despotism, tend to naturalize usury in these countries, every man raising the price of his money in proportion to the risk he runs in lending it. It follows that no merchant can carry on extensive commerce; if he were to encumber himself with a large quantity of merchandise, he would lose more by the interest which he must give to enable him to pay for them, than he would gain upon the goods. It is also singular enough that in the Ottoman dominions, a duty of three per cent is exacted from foreigners, whilst the natives (a few articles only excepted), pay ten per cent. This custom is in direct opposition to that established in enlightened nations, who, for obvious reasons, favouring their own traders, lay the heavier duties upon foreigners who are disposed to participate in the advantages of their commerce.

The tenth chapter treats principally on the subject of the Mahometan religion, a short and good compendium of which is given, borrowed chiefly from the Chevalier d' Ohsson. Those who are not acquainted with the doctrines of the Koran may not find the following abstract of the articles of general belief, uninteresting.

In regard to the Author of Being, the Turks entertain the most sublime ideas as well as ourselves; but their mode of expression is mysterious. They affirm, 'That God is the Creator of the world—that he is one and eternal, omnipotent and omniscient—hears every thing, sees every thing—possessing will and action—that he is without form, figure, limits, number, parts, multiplication or division—since he is incorporeal and immaterial, has neither beginning nor end, is self-existent, uncreated, without residence or habitation, and immutable—incomparable in his nature as in his attri-

butes, which, although of his essence, nevertheless do not constitute it.

Thus God is possessed of wisdom, power, life, strength, understanding, sight, will, action, and the word—this word, eternal in its essence, is without letters, characters, or sounds, and is, in its nature, the opposite of silence.

‘That the Koran is the uncreated word of God; that it is written in their books, engraved in their hearts, articulated by their tongues, and heard by their ears, which receive the sound of the word, and not the word itself, the word being eternal and self-existent.

‘That the unbelievers, and the wicked amongst the faithful or Mahomedans, shall be tormented in their graves; but the just and virtuous shall there experience spiritual enjoyments.

‘That all the dead, of whatever persuasion or age, shall undergo an examination in their tombs by the angels *Munkeer* and *Nekeer*, whom they represent as black and blue, and who they suppose will enter the tomb, and demand of the deceased, *Which is his God, his religion, and his prophet?* To which the faithful shall answer, God is my God, Islamism is my religion, and Mahommed is my prophet.

They believe that those who die without the pale of Mahomedanism are constantly tormented in the grave until the day of judgment: that these angels announce to them, as well as to those Musselmauns who have lived without faith in their creed, their horrible punishments, and continue to beat them incessantly with red-hot hammers. These angels are also thought to communicate the tidings of bliss to the followers of the prophet, distinguishing those who have died in a state of grace from those who have greatly sinned: The former are believed to enjoy immediately a state of beatitude, whilst the latter are doomed to suffer the most excruciating agonies, until their sins be expiated, and their souls purified by the fire of hell.

‘They firmly believe in the resurrection of the dead; and also that there are scales, called *wæzn*, in which the good and bad actions of men will be weighed.

‘That there is a book, in which the angels *Kiramenn*, *Keatibinn*, register the good and bad actions of each individual; and that this book will be put into their hands at the day of judgment; into the right hand of the faithful, and into the left, or upon the shoulders, of the unbelievers.

‘That there is a tank or pool in paradise, which is of a round form, and of an extent equal to thirty days’ journey, the water of which is whiter than milk, and its odour more



agreeable than musk. The basons which are placed round the borders of the pool equal in number the stars of the heavens; and whoever drinks of this water shall have his thirst quenched to all eternity.

‘That there is a bridge which crosses the gulf of hell, so constructed as to be finer than a hair, and sharper than the edge of a sword, upon which the true believer shall pass with the quickness of lightning, or the velocity of the wind; but the wicked shall slip down and be plunged into eternal flames.

‘That paradise and hell are real and certain; that they have been created; are eternal; and neither they nor their inhabitants shall ever perish.

Paradise, or the state of bliss, which will be the ultimate attainment of all Mussulmauns, is supposed to be the residence of our first parents Adam and Eve; it is represented, in the fervor of the Mussulmaun’s imagination, and conformably to the assurances of his prophet, as a place where every excitement to, and a perpetual renovation of, happiness and pleasure eternally await him. Splendid palaces, cooling grottos, trees of all the precious metals, and mountains of all the precious jewels; murmuring fountains, shady bowers, flowery meads; and every object that the most enraptured fancy can suggest, are to be subservient to the never-ending never-cloying, enjoyment of the virgin beauties of the *Houris*, whose lovely and celestial forms are to be accompanied with corresponding and angelic minds, subject to no influence or time, but ever varying, ever new. In short, all that the most insatiable and the most extravagantly luxurious appetite can imagine, must fall infinitely short of the paradisaical pleasures of the true believer.

To the four first caliphs, they believe the Almighty has appropriated a place in the highest heaven (of which they are taught to imagine there are nine;) and to each of these caliphs seventy enchanted residences or pavilions, provided with seven hundred of the most magnificent beds or places of repose; each bed surrounded by seven hundred celestial virgins of indescribable loveliness, with whom their enjoyments surpass all mortal comprehension.

Dr. G.’s remarks on the Turkish government are not entitled to the same consideration as his account of their religion. He seems to be possessed to an inconvenient degree with the ‘*cacoethes scribendi*.’ After telling us in his preface that ‘during his residence in the Ottoman empire he had neither time nor inclination to give any thing more than a superficial attention to what passed around him,’ why

should he think it necessary to weary his readers with discussions upon what he imperfectly understands? The complicated affairs of government are not to be developed by superficial observers, nor its operations to be elucidated by common-place book-makers.

Despotie governments, being the most simple, are of all others the most easy to be appreciated. Their principle and nature are every where the same, although circumstances, prejudices, example, religion, or the genius of the people may effect considerable modifications and differences. Thus in China, the prince is looked upon as the father of his people; and during the empire of the Saracens, the Caliphs were preachers and expounders of the law, as well as sovereigns. The religious code also often supplies the place of a civil code and fixes a standard, which serves in some degree to counterbalance the will of the prince: as the Koran in the Mahometan, and the Vedam in the Hindû empires, the classical books of the country in China, and those of Zoroaster among the ancient Persians. Still the leading features are unchanged and unchangeable. The prince is all; the people nothing: the latter seem only to exist for the benefit of the former. There is a race of savages in Louisiana, who when they wish for fruit, cut down the tree, and spoil its branches. Such is despotism. This species of government is of such a description, that it should seem as if human nature would incessantly rise up against it; but in spite of the love of liberty and the hatred of oppression which are so strongly engrafted in us, the greatest part of mankind has ever submitted to it. For this apparent paradox it perhaps is not difficult to account. To form a moderate government it is necessary to combine, to regulate, and temper different powers, to put them in action, to balance, and, as it were, oppose them to each other; it is a *chef d'œuvre* of legislation, which chance is hardly able, and which prudence is rarely suffered to accomplish. A despotic government, on the contrary, strikes at first sight: it is uniform throughout; as a lively writer has observed, it requires only the passions to establish it, and to such a task who is incompetent?

Of the Turkish government then, it may simply be said that the Grand Seignior is absolute master of the lives and fortunes of his subjects, and that, like all Oriental princes, he delegates his power to his prime minister without any restriction; that he is obliged to maintain a numerous soldiery, who are often the terror of that power which they were intended to support, and who, like the Prætorian guards at Rome, assume to themselves the privilege of deposing and

erecting the masters whom they serve; with this difference only, (which is one of the consequences of their religion before alluded to,) that they have never attempted to place any others upon the throne than the regular descendants of the imperial family. With regard to their written laws, which are few, the *lex talionis* is the most prevalent, being, from the simplicity of its nature, most suitable to the genius of the government, and being also enjoined in the Koran. The rest of the officers of state, or of the household (for the sovereign being at once the prince, the state, and the laws; every thing tends to connect the political administration with the domestic government of the seraglio) are comparatively insignificant. A short synopsis like the above would, we think, have superseded Dr. G.'s imperfect account, which should have been either more detailed, or entirely omitted.

The account of the Turkish army, navy, and revenue is confessedly a compilation from Mr. Eton's view of the Turkish empire; an author who, we believe, is in general tolerably correct, though his manifest prejudices against every thing Turkish seem hardly to allow him the praise of entire impartiality.

The succeeding chapter is very interesting; it is on the subject of *wakfs*, a singular method of securing property in Turkey, where its insecurity, as has been observed above, is amongst the necessary and fatal consequences of despotism. To this subject Dr. G. seems to have paid considerable attention. It is well known that the Grand Seignior is not only entitled by law to inherit the estates of all the high officers employed in his service, but that by various modes suggested by the ingenuity of tyranny, he can also confiscate the possessions of his subjects in more private life, whenever their amount appears of importance to his repacity.

‘Under such circumstances, (says Dr. G.) the most conscientious will not reproach with great criminality those who endeavour, by subterfuge and artifice, to counteract the violence of lawless authority; and if even the mask of religion and charity should be employed to hide the secret intentions of him who is actuated only by motives of private consideration, the moralist will relax in his censures, when the political state of the offender is candidly considered.—The vice remains with the government.

‘It has been already mentioned, that one of the five principal tenets of the Mahommedan religious code is, “The distribution of alms to the poor.” This was not meant only to express mere accidental or precarious donations, but also to inculcate a general inclination to provide for the exigencies of establishments dedicated to, pious and charitable purposes; and care has been taken by the Ulemah, that property so disposed of should be considered as *sacred*,

and in every respect *secure* from that confiscation to which all other kinds may be exposed by the will of the Sultaun.

‘The nature of this property, designated under the general term *wakf*, and the laws concerning it, merit attention, inasmuch as no other country, I believe, presents any similar arrangements; and although many abuses have taken place respecting the institution, it will still appear of great political importance.

‘The term *wakf*, in a literal sense, may be translated assignment or cession; but it is universally understood in the Turkish dominions to signify that property which an individual, from pious motives, makes over or resigns for the benefit of any religious establishment or other object of public utility.—Of this property, or of these *wakfs*, there are three kinds, viz.

‘*Property*—appropriated to mosques and other religious foundations.

‘*Property*—ceded to mosques under particular and customary restrictions.

‘*Property*—destined to the support of hospitals, colleges, and other establishments of general interest.

‘In order to prevent the confiscation of their fortune by the Sultaun, or the dissipation of it by their heirs, the Turks of affluence take advantage of the means which an apparent piety offers, and have recourse to the sacred institutions of their prophet. Whenever a provident father is disposed to secure to his family the enjoyment of his fortune, he determines upon his *wakf*; that is, he makes over such part of his estate as he judges proper, to a mosque, hospital, or other public establishment, under the restrictions which I shall explain.

‘An established formality in bestowing property in *wakfs* requires that the donor should nominate a person, named *Mootouwaallee*, to whose management the revenues are to be entrusted; and another called *Nazeer*, to whom the *Mootouwaallee* is compelled to render up his accounts once in every six, or at farthest every twelve months. But as it is the peculiar characteristic of *wakfs* that the founder should be at perfect liberty in the choice of an agent or director, as well as in the disposal of his property, he has a right to unite both privileges in the same person. He may even reserve to himself the management of the estate, or grant it to his wife, to his children of either sex, or to his friend. A mode, therefore, presents itself, by which a considerable portion of his fortune may be ensured to the heirs of his family, since whatever property is not specifically disposed of in the act which constitutes the *wakf* becomes tacitly the right of the *Mootouwaallee*. I use the term *tacitly*, because it is presumed by the law that the *Mootouwaallee* expends for pious purposes, according to the suggestions of his own devotion, the whole of the *wakf*, although no positive application may have been made by the founder.’ p. 192.

The method in which the assignment is made is as follows:

‘The proprietor of an estate makes a cession to a mosque under

the title of wakf, for which he receives a sum of money, calculated at most at fifteen per cent. upon the real value of the property; sometimes at not more than ten per cent. For two thousand pounds value, therefore, in land, the mosque pays only two hundred or three hundred pounds; and the seller, who is then considered simply as a tenant to the mosque, pays an annual rent to it, equivalent to the interest of the sum which he has thus received for his own estate. The interest is calculated as the contracting parties may agree, but must not exceed fifteen per cent.

This system appears very extraordinary to an European; important advantages however obviously result from it in Turkey; for by these means property is no longer liable to the common forms of civil law, and is sheltered, as it were, from every kind of seizure and confiscation.

A strong desire to observe the first dawn of improvement in a country recently subjugated by the victorious Catharine, and other reasons, no doubt, which charity will supply, determined Dr. G. to accompany the ladies, his companions, in their journey to the Crimea. They accordingly set out with an intention of proceeding thither by land; but the badness of the roads soon determined them to return to Constantinople. Here the Doctor's gallantry most unaccountably failed him; without assigning any cause, he on a sudden resolved to return to Smyrna, and to leave the ladies to take care of themselves. He tells us that he was disappointed of visiting the Crimea; but the passage by sea was open, though a hole in the road had broken the wheel of their carriage. True; but says our author in the preceding page, 'We did not chuse to confide again in the element which had so much disappointed the expectations formed at Smyrna.' Then why determine upon returning by sea to Smyrna, Dr. Griffiths? All that we can collect is, that our author had no fixed object of pursuit, no systematic plan of improvement in his travels, but that he was a 'citizen of the world,' an inhabitant of the limbo of vanity, 'vacuis ludibria ventis.'

Our cosmopolite then took his passage, for the second time, on board a Turkish vessel, though he had already suffered from the strange want of skill in the Mussulman navigators, and placed implicit confidence in the assurances of the commander, (just as he had done in leaving that place a few weeks before) that they should certainly reach Smyrna in three days. Again, however, he was disappointed, and was glad to take refuge on board a Russian brig, which was lying in the harbour of Avezza, as he had before done in an English vessel; not, however, till his stay on board the Turk

had been rendered still more ineligible by the breaking out of the plague, of which one of the sailors died. The Doctor, who wants neither credulity nor sensibility, was melted by the kindness of the Hyperborean Captain, and frankly owns, 'that had he been on a voyage to the Antipodes, so interesting was his manner, he should certainly have volunteered in the service.' Amiable sympathiser!

Before they left the harbour, our traveller and his new friend paid a visit to the Capo, or principal Greek inhabitant of the island, with whom they passed two hours and a half in the most convivial manner, at the end of which time the 'good Capo's spirits were exhilarated to such a pitch, that to crown the pleasures of the day, he insisted that they should throw their glasses over their heads, and break them to pieces!!'

We shall not follow Dr. G. in his excursion to the Troad, which he made while the vessel was at anchor, nor busy ourselves with his lamentations on the instability of human grandeur to which those scenes gave rise. In the passage to Smyrna the vessel touched at Tenedos, Mitylene, &c. And here *Lempriere's* dictionary is put into severe requisition, and our stock of knowledge enriched with the novel information that Sappho was born at Lesbos; that she wrote verses in Greek; that she thereby acquired the name of the tenth muse, and that there is a certain metre, which is known to this day by the appellation of Sapphic, and which owes that appellation to her! These valuable remarks, as might naturally be expected, are backed by others equally important, relative to Alcæus, who, we find, 'lived at the same time with Sappho, was supposed to have been her admirer, and was also a native of Lesbos; that they both attained the highest reputation as lyric poets in the forty-fourth Olympiad, or about six hundred and fifty years before Christ.' It appears also that there is another measure, called Alcaic, which derives its name from Alcæus, and 'which may boast of many admiring followers, and is particularly adapted to grand and sublime subjects!!' How long shall these fabricators of quartos continue to presume upon the ignorance or indulgence of their readers?

Let us hasten over this impertinent stuff, and in fact over all that remains of the volume, of which we begin to be heartily tired, though there are still 150 quarto pages behind. On arriving at Smyrna, our author was introduced to a Swedish gentleman, who was 'young, and interesting, and amiable,' and was desirous of visiting Aleppo. The temptation was not to be resisted. Stimulated by curiosity, and flattered by the remarks which the singularity of his project

excited, away went the doctor and his new friend from Smyrna to Aleppo.

Between these two cities we shall not make half so many stages as our traveller did; but he who peruses this volume will not arrive at Aleppo till he has read many a long account of caravanserais and fountains, of the boundaries of the ancient kingdom of Lydia, and, worse than all, the history of Sardis from its foundation to the present day.

Nevertheless, were it not for the length to which this article is already extended, we would willingly transcribe a part of the account of the singular order of dervishes called *Mewlewahs*, whose principal convent is at Koniah, the ancient Iconium. But if we intimate that this account is neither hackneyed nor uninteresting, we can by no means pay the same compliment to the succeeding chapter; for, unfortunately, the river Cydnus fell in the way of our traveller, and gave him an admirable opportunity of swelling his bulky pages by copying extracts from Shakespeare, and translating passages from Q. Curtius. But we are now arrived at Aleppo, where we will set down our readers, after presenting them with the author's account of the singular customs of the village of Martavaun.

‘In the afternoon we arrived at *Martavaun*, of which we had heard sufficient to excite the curiosity of the most torpid traveller. In truth, the extraordinary customs of the inhabitants are so irreconcilable to our ideas of propriety, and so diametrically opposite to every thing we imagine a principle of devotion, that were not the facts ascertained beyond a doubt by many authors of respectability, I should scarcely venture to expose my veracity to the suspicions which may arise from a detail of the occurrences witnessed.

‘Upon entering the village the inhabitants flocked around us, and, before we could dismount from our horses, eagerly seized upon some part of our clothing, and invited us to accompany them home. Men and women were equally solicitous and equally loud in endeavouring to attract our attention. Amongst them a well-looking man, in company with three or four females, not less favoured by nature than himself, in spite of their olive-coloured complexion, whispered into my ear the Turkish words, “*Keff-var, Keff-var geld!*”—*Much pleasure awaits you, come with me!* My companion, as well as myself, was well disposed to enjoy the hospitable offer; and, resisting the repeated attempts of others to withdraw us from our exulting host, we entered the doors of his mud-walled residence. The women were dressed in loose vests, with a head-dress rising in a point, and unlike any we had seen: they were joyous, familiar, and vociferous. Unfortunately the conversation was almost confined to themselves, for of Arabic I understood not a word; and my companion, whose knowledge of the eastern languages was extensive,

was too recently arrived to be familiar with the pronunciation of our new associates. The house continued a scene of hurry and activity, until a smoking piloh, and a roasted kid engaged us all at the same table. A spirituous liquor was handed round, and the highest conviviality was manifested by all our hosts and hostesses, of whom we had three men and four women.

After paying a serious attention to our meal, coffee and pipes succeeded. The men disappeared one after the other, then returned again amongst us for a few minutes; seemed amazingly well pleased with the jokes which circulated among themselves, accompanied by gestures evidently intended to impress us with the idea that we were perfectly at home; and at length we remained without interruption in the full enjoyment of the ladies' society.

Such a contrast to the jealous prohibitions established throughout the countries in which we had travelled, and even to the prevailing manners of those immediately surrounding the village itself was calculated to excite our curiosity as much as our surprize; and to have ascertained the reality of circumstances, which, when reported to us, we could only regard as the inventions of pleasantry or fiction, was a subject of astonishment which afforded us ample room for discussion during the rest of our journey.

In the morning we were greeted with the most friendly and obliging salutations. The women as well as the men accompanied us to the house where the horses had been put up; and a present of a few piasters to our liberal host caused their compliments and our adventure.

The history of these people is still but little understood, although the Europeans resident at Aleppo have frequently paid a visit to the village of Martavaun as well as to that called *Tefteen*, which, at a few miles distance, is inhabited by the same race. They are said to be a sect of the Ansarians; a tribe whose origin is traced to an old man, who lived in the year eight hundred and ninety-one at a village named *Nasar*, near Kouffa; and, amongst a variety of extraordinary tenets, a principal object of their devotion is the distinctive attribute of the female sex. From hence, as a natural consequence, may be deduced their religious attention to a multiplication of its enjoyments; and, with a pious regard to their opinions upon the subject, they embrace every opportunity thrown in their way by the arrival of strangers, without any kind of attention to their age their rank or their religion!

They hold frequent assemblies, where promiscuous connection is the conclusion of such ceremonies as they have thought proper to adopt in the fulfilment of their worship; but what these previous ceremonies are, seem to be unknown, or involved in doubt and obscurity.

The descriptions of Aleppo are so numerous, that Dr. G. would have done well to be silent on the subject. Suffice it therefore for us to say that our author, with his usual facility, was on the point of setting out for *Tefflis*, the capital



of Georgia, along with a Greek bishop, who invited him to accompany him, had not an insurrection in a neighbouring province put a stop to their journey. Fortunately, however, a gentleman with whom the Doctor had been acquainted a few days 'took him by the hand one evening after supper, and with a candour that gained his esteem, and an affecting disclosure of circumstances that interested his finest feelings,' imparted to him a project of going to India, and concluded in these words: 'Now, my dear sir, after what I have told you, will you venture to accompany me on the journey, and let me owe the future happiness of myself and family to your friendship? Without you, I dare not undertake it.' This appeal to his 'finest feelings' was too powerful to be resisted: and he instantly agreed to accompany the gentleman, and shortly set out with him and his daughter, a child of nine years of age. On their route through the desert they met with the usual unavoidable difficulties, which latterly were so great as to cause the death of Dr. G.'s fellow-traveller. He was thus left in charge of the little girl, with whom he arrived safely at Bassorah. He there embarked in a packet for Bombay, and left his ward to the care of another English gentleman, with whom she in due time recrossed the desert, and was safely delivered into the hands of her mother at Aleppo.

Thus have we analysed and laid before our readers the principal contents of this volume. Our opinion of it may be collected from the foregoing observations, which suggested themselves to us during perusal. With those who read all travels, who are ever in search of light amusement, without seeking or caring for instruction, this book will doubtless have its value; but they who look for valuable information, who, already acquainted with the countries visited by this author, expect to find their general stock of knowledge enlarged and improved, will, we presume, be entirely disappointed. On the style we shall make no unfavourable comments, and we must in candour allow that the author generally offers his sentiments with becoming modesty, and writes in a manner which induces us to believe that he does not assume the supposed privilege of travellers, but that he really witnessed what he describes. He informs us in his preface that it is 'in the various latitudes of India that he has principally travelled, and to the complicated interests of that magnificent country that he has principally devoted his talents for investigation.' If then, he has really made a good use of a residence of many years in India, and of 'the peculiarly favourable opportunities of investigation' which he there enjoyed,' (Pref. p. 12.) he need not hesitate to fulfil his

intention of again appearing before the public. But in thus encouraging him, we presume that he has visited the countries in the peninsula beyond the Ganges, that he is possessed of valuable information relative to those countries which are hitherto but little known to Europeans; to the kingdoms of Ava, Pegu, and Siam, which now constitute the immense Birman empire, and with which Major Symes's publication has increased our wish to be better acquainted; but let him abstain from descriptions of the town-house at Bombay, of the fort at Madras, and of the quay at Calcutta. If he can do this, and so refrain from all common-place detail, and all uninteresting anecdote, as to reduce his publication to a more approachable size, we do not hesitate to pronounce that his work will have a fair prospect of being praised by reviewers, and purchased by the public.

ART. III.—*Sermons, by Sir Henry Moncreiff Wellwood, Bart. D. D. and F. R. S. Edinburgh; one of the Ministers of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh; and senior Chaplain in Ordinary in Scotland to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Svo. Longman. 1865.*

THESE discourses are inscribed, in a short address, to the congregation of St. Cuthbert's, in Edinburgh. We learn further from the preface, that 'the author of the following sermons presumes not to think, that they have any peculiar claims to the attention of the public. He addresses them chiefly to the congregation for whom they were originally prepared. Of the thirty-four years during which he has held the office of a minister, he has officiated during thirty among them. To promote their present and eternal interests ought to be the object of his life. And, accustomed as they are to his manner of stating the doctrines and the duties of religion, he allows himself to believe, that, among them this volume will neither be useless nor unacceptable.'

A declaration like this cannot fail to produce its effect among those for whom it was principally intended. The congregation of St. Cuthbert's will feel the duty which is imposed upon them, to take care that the pious and benevolent design of their pastor be not frustrated by their own neglect. But the sermons of Sir H. M. Wellwood have much more extensive claims upon the regard and reverence of the Christian world. We shall endeavour to lay before our readers a just estimate of their merits.

The volume comprises fourteen discourses. The subjects

are severally, The unequal Allotments of Providence; the minute Improvement of the Blessings of Providence; Self-denial; the Form of Godliness; Christian Faith and Morality; the Result of good and of bad Affections; the Inheritance of a good Man's Children; the Doctrine of Grace; the Conduct of Providence to good Men; the general Spirit and Effects of Christianity; the universal Promulgation of Christianity (in two sermons;) Prospects of Futurity; and the Cultivation of personal Religion.

These subjects are well-chosen, and some of them have more pretensions to ingenuity and novelty than we commonly meet with in popular discourses. In this view, we were particularly pleased with the second and sixth. But the manner in which the whole volume is composed, is such as will give to Sir H. M. Wellwood a high place in the very first rank of sermon writers of his own country, of whatever age; nor are there many modern preachers of the English church whom we should venture to prefer before him. We are not of opinion indeed that these discourses are eminently distinguished by any profound views in theology or in morals; nor do we attribute to their author the praise of extraordinary sagacity or learning in his scriptural interpretations; but he excels in a copious and manly eloquence; in good sense and in piety; in the soundness of his principles, and in his freedom from any obtrusive systematic peculiarities; in his concern for the substantial improvement and instruction of his flock; and in a well-tempered zeal, accompanied and adorned by an air of unfeigned and genuine sincerity. These, we think, are his principal excellencies; and we know none more beautiful and more important in the character of a Christian preacher.

The language and style are, generally speaking, exceedingly correct and proper. Sometimes, however, the words are rather too abundant; the flow of the sentences is too uniform and stately, and somewhat too much care is occasionally taken to vary the phrase, and to elevate it above the hazard of offending the over-nice ear of modern criticism. In short, the style of Sir H. M. Wellwood is not quite free from that fault which is so prevalent among Scottish writers, viz. that their mode of writing is not sufficiently vernacular; it is wanting in variety and ease; and shews too many marks of labour, and a painful solicitude not to incur the censure of southern critics.

The sixth sermon, On the Result of good and of bad Affections, is from Ecclesiast. ix. 6. 'Their love, and their hatred, and their envy, is now perished; neither have they

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The sixth sermon, On the Result of good and of bad Affections, is from Ecclesiast. ix. 6. 'Their love, and their hatred, and their envy, is now perished; neither have they

any more a portion for ever in any thing that is done under the sun.' The preacher introduces his subject in the following manner :

' This text gives us a view of the lot of man, which ought to be as useful as it is humbling.

' It is humbling to think, that the strongest affections which have perplexed, or agitated, or delighted us from our birth, will in a few years cease to have an existence on the earth ; and that all the ardour which they have kindled, will be as completely extinguished and forgotten, as if they had never been. " The wise and their works are in the hand of God, and no man knoweth either love or hatred by all that is before them."\*

' But when we read this text, we ought to recollect, that though every thing in this world must be transitory, nothing can be uninteresting, of which we shall find the effects or the result in the world to come. We see " the light of life " beyond the shades of death. Hatred and envy shall have their appointed end, when " God will bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing." But a " new heaven and a new earth " rise up also before us, in which purity and love will predominate for ever.

' We may certainly receive useful instruction from the general fact affirmed by this text, that with regard to the interests and affairs of this world, the best affections and the worst perish in the grave : especially if we extend our views to their final result in the kingdom of God.'

After this introduction, our readers will be better enabled to understand the instruction which is contained in the following beautiful passage. In describing the delight which a virtuous parent experiences in beholding the advancement and improvement of a beloved and virtuous child, he thus proceeds :

' When filial love is purified by the spirit of godliness, and the ardour of youth is controuled by the faith which " overcomes the world," the affection of the children goes deeper still into the hearts of the parents, and has a double effect to cheer the evening of their days. Every estimable quality is then added to good affections ; and the delight which the parents feel, from the continued expressions of filial love, is incorporated with very pure and joyful expectation. They look to their children with complacency, and with gratitude to God. They delight to dwell on their personal virtues, as blessings to themselves above all which they possess besides. They expect from their dutiful affection, their last consolations in this world. And in proportion to their firm reliance on " the hope of eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord," as they go down to the grave,

they anticipate with delight and tenderness the happy time, when they shall see their children again, in the kingdom of "the everlasting Father."

'There is not a source of enjoyment purer in itself, or more inestimable in the progress of human life, than the affection which parents receive from their children, already advancing in the world; or the watchful solicitude of filial love, to add to their satisfactions, to relieve their anxieties, or to soften their decline.

'The children, in the order of nature, survive their parents, and receive their parting blessing. But while we possess the satisfactions which we derive from our children, we are too apt to flatter ourselves that this must be the fact in our own experience. We enjoy their society and their affection, as if they were certain resources which we are not destined to lose. We form our plans through life for their advantage, after we "shall be gathered to our fathers." And we allow ourselves to anticipate a long series of years, in which we imagine them to reflect honour on those who gave them birth, and to consecrate their memory.

'Short-sighted mortals know not what is good for man, and know still less "what a day may bring forth."\* Our children die before our eyes, and all "their love perishes." We follow them to the grave at the moment when we have had most reliance on their affection; and when they had given us the greatest reason to expect every thing from their talents or their virtues.

'The good pleasure of God has made this heavy affliction not uncommon to men; but it brings with it the most impressive lesson which human life affords us, of the vanity of earthly things.

'We toil and labour for our children; we heap up wealth to be enjoyed by them; but when they die, all our schemes are ended; every thing which we have done to render them rich or prosperous, is buried at once in their untimely graves. We become solitary in the world, at the moment when we believed our prosperity at its height; and the wealth which we have accumulated for many years, we know not who shall scatter.

'What a lesson is this against the love of the world! Against him, "who vexes himself in vain!" Against, "the vain shew," and "the pride of life!" What a striking lesson is it to those, who think of nothing for their children beyond the delights or the distinctions of mortality! How irresistible is our persuasion, when we see the children followed to their graves by their parents, that riches and prosperity are but secondary things, to the children of mortal creatures; that nothing can be ultimately precious to them, which extends not its effects beyond the grave; that virtues are beyond all computation superior to talents; the genuine faith of the gospel, to every source of ardour or activity; the well-founded hope of immortality and salvation by Jesus Christ, to every earthly expectation.'

The death of the children of others suggests a striking admonition to those whose children are preserved to them. It warns them how they ought to estimate the expressions of filial love, while they are continued with them; how they ought to cherish them among their most precious blessings; how they ought to love their children, to assist their ardour, and to reward their duty; how much more solicitous they ought to be, "to lay up for them in store a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life,"\* than to secure to them the prosperity or the wealth of the world.

Finally, how precious is the filial love, which we continue to remember, rather with tenderness, than with regret! How infinitely precious, if we believe that our children are now with God; that they were taken from us, to be happy for ever; that "their love" has not "perished" for ever in the grave; that they will by and by be our companions again in a better world, when "the dead in Christ" shall rise to die no more; and that their affection for us, seven times purified, will last as the ages of the sons of God.'

We were disposed to have offered a few remarks on two or three interpretations of texts in scripture, which seem to us not very well grounded, and on one or two other particulars; but we are unwilling to incur the suspicion of being insensible to the beauties which surround us, or to sully the effect of our commendation by minute verbal objections. Sir H. M. Wellwood has rendered an important service to the cause of religion; and far be it from us to impair its influence by an ostentatious detection and display of a few errors and blemishes.

ART. IV.—*Miscellaneous Poetry*. By Edward Core, Esq.  
8vo. 8s. White. 1805.

THE occasional poet who submits to the public eye the gleanings of his port-folio seems to have as good a right to be heard as any other. For, though his poetry will consist for the most part of trifles, yet, being the produce of first impressions suggested by actual circumstances, it will often possess a spirit and a grace which in longer poems can rarely be sustained. It was Pope's custom, we are told, whenever a happy thought occurred, to call for pen, ink, and paper, that it might not escape; and afterwards to engraft, as occasion required, these 'disjecti membra poetæ' into the

\* 1 Tim. vi. 9.



body of some longer work. An instance of this we have in those strong and well-drawn examples of the ruling passion, which were written at intervals long before the essay itself was begun, and it is perhaps chiefly to this habit that we owe the extremely high finishing which is so visible in all his works. But we should have laughed at Helluo and at Narcissa, even if they had appeared in the form of independent epigrams; and though in this form they would have come under the denomination of trifles, they would not on that account have lost any part of their value. What indeed, is all poetry in a wider view, but a trifle? If then we have a happy trifle, we have what we require;

‘ And if you find it very short,  
It will not hold you long.’

The only difficulty in the publication of these miscellaneous productions, lies in the *selection*. It is not easy for an author to stand aloof, and to contemplate the merit of his impromptus and his bagatelles, abstractedly from the incidents which gave them rise. To do this, he must put himself as much as possible in the place of the unconnected reader; and, above all, he must reflect that what was very excellent at the time and in the circumstances of its composition, may become very insipid where these circumstances are to be premised or imagined.

The above remarks, though suggested by the title-page of Mr. Coxe's volume, are by no means particularly applicable to its contents. Indeed very few of the poems in this miscellany are written on such occasions as are likely to detract at all from their general interest. It is impossible to decide upon the character of a book consisting, as this does, of much and multifarious matter, without some limitation. We shall therefore arrange its contents under three heads: original pieces, imitations from Petrarch, and imitations from Horace and Martial.

Among the original pieces, the first we shall notice is ‘ A Letter in Verse to a Friend on having his Hair cut off previous to taking Orders.’ After some pleasantries on this ‘ dismal reverse of dress and show,’ he concludes in a more serious vein, and gives his friend some good advice, which we shall extract, for the edification of the *petits-maitres* of the profession.

‘ Be to the church a firm support,  
To GOD alone pay fervent court;  
With servile flattery never fawn  
On haughty priests in sleeves of lawn.

Let JORTIN your example be,  
 He scorn'd the arts of flattery :  
 Zealous, like him, for toleration,  
 Preach the great doctrine of salvation ;  
 Free from the jargon of the schools,  
 From orthodox and high-church rules.  
 True orthodox divines are they,  
 Who GOD and his commands obey,  
 Who faith and works together blend,  
 And shew we must on both depend.

'The alteration in your dress  
 Will never make you lov'd the less :  
 A Parson's habit though you wear,  
 Still you will please the virtuous fair ;  
 And men of sense and education  
 Will court your lib'ral conversation.  
 Thus not the colours black or grey  
 Will for one instant take away  
 Your own peculiar pow'r to please,  
 And manners grac'd with native ease ;  
 And while you charm, without pretence,  
 By lively wit and sterling sense ;  
 Aw'd with respect e'en Pride shall view  
 Your sober garb, and envy you.' P. 13, 14.

We were much pleased with a little poem founded upon the *Ἔρως Δραπέτης* of Moschus. The humour lies chiefly in the rewards offered by Venus. We ought to premise that this piece was written in the year 1770, lest our country readers should mistake it for a list of the newest spring fashions.

'To the belles she promis'd beauty :  
 But if youth had done its duty,  
 She had paints that work'd a wonder,  
 Kept each crack and wrinkle under ;  
 And a wash of choice perfume,  
 To repair the faded bloom.

'If well-dress'd they wish'd to be,  
 She could suit them to a T.  
 She had caps with streamers flying ;  
 Hats with city barges vying ;  
 Pearls and beads and heads of hair,  
 Higher than the highest wear ;  
 And each bauble to be seen  
 In beauty's ample magazine.

\* \* \* \* \*

'For the beaux, she had in store  
 Coats and waistcoats, *brodés d'or* ;

Breeches that would fit Goliath;  
 Nails in plenty for Omiah—  
 Should her son have wing'd his flight  
 To his friends at Otaheite.' P. 44.

The sonnets to Delia we do not admire. We had a hope that the reign of Cynthia and Endymion was over; but Mr. Coxe has awakened the sleeping beauty.

The sonnet has been made of late years the vehicle of a sickly sort of sensibility expressed in the language of affectation. We fear that some of this author's sonnets are not altogether exempt from the same charge. It is remarkable that Milton's pieces of this description, which were the first introduction of this species of composition into the English language, and were moreover formed professedly on the Italian model, are distinguished by boldness and masculine strength. We shall say something more on this subject when we come to consider the imitations from Petrarch. In the mean time, such is our opinion of modern sonnets, that we cannot help expressing our admiration of the following, in which the characteristic absurdities of those insipid performances are admirably burlesqued. It is from the pen, we believe, of Mr. Coleridge. We recommend it to the serious perusal of sonnetteers, but fear that they will in vain attempt to emulate it.

' Pensive at eve on the hard world I mus'd,  
 And my poor heart was sad! So at the moon  
 I gaz'd, and sigh'd, and sigh'd, for ah! how soon  
 Eve darkens into night! mine eye perus'd  
 With tearful vacancy, the dampy grass,  
 That wept and glitter'd in the paly ray,  
 And I did pause me on my lonely way,  
 And mus'd me on the wretched ones that pass  
 O'er the black heath of sorrow; but, alas!  
 Most of myself I thought; when it befel  
 That the sooth spirit of the breezy wood  
 Breath'd in my ear, "All this is very well,  
 But much of one thing is for nothing good."  
 Ah! my poor heart's inexplicable swell!

Mr. Coxe excels in his epitaphs. Johnson, in his celebrated critique on Pope's epitaphs, has not remarked (if we remember rightly) the only fault which runs through them all, which is, an excess of point. An epitaph ought to have more of the elegiac than of the epigrammatic spirit.

The following we recommend, not for any brilliancy or originality of thought, but as possessing a great portion of

that simple delicacy for which the Greek inscriptions are so deservedly admired.

'Stay, passenger, and shed the pensive tear  
For spotless innocence, that slumbers here!  
Like a fair flower, in spring, the garden's pride,  
Nipp'd in the bloom of opening sweets, she died!

Yet not for her should pity's tear be given,  
She changes pain for bliss, and earth for Heaven:  
Weep for a father's heart, with grief oppress'd,  
And the keen anguish of a mother's breast:

So may kind Heav'n thy gentle bosom save  
The pang that bends them o'er a daughter's grave!' p. 58.

The author's 'Monody on viewing the Picture of his late Son Henry, who died at Martinique of the yellow Fever,' though too long to make its appearance here, may stand as a proof of what we advanced above, that poetry is never more truly touching than when it is the spontaneous effusion of the heart as impressed by existing circumstances.

We now come to the Epigrams, and here we must regret that so many of them turn upon that poor resource, a pun. The following 'on a merry but poor woman,' is an instance.

'Though Margaret's fortune was but bad;  
While living, she was never sad:  
But when death struck the fatal blow,  
She was, alas! a PEG too low!' p. 104.

Such wit is too low by many pegs, to be offered to the public. We wish it was the only instance of Mr. Coxe's affection for this species of wit, which, though in light conversation, especially when aided by a humorous delivery, it may raise a laugh even from its absurdity, is almost always flat when committed to paper. It belongs to the Ephemeron tribe, and, to be admired, must be viewed in its birth. We will relieve the reader with one or two pieces of a better stamp.

'Madame Crab, like an alderman's lady grown fine,  
Thus address'd her fat daughter: "To day with us dine;  
"Cousin Lobster, who mourns for the loss of his mother,  
"And Cray-fish, in black too, his little half-brother;  
"I expect Periwinkle, and Cockle, and Muscle,  
"And Oyster, who wags not, though all's in a bustle:  
"Then hold up your head, child, and turn out your toes,  
"And don't waddle sideways before such smart beaux."  
The pert, saucy daughter, this answer return'd:  
"By example much more than by precept is learn'd;

"So if you would have me the graces display  
 "In my walking and dancing, first shew me the way:  
 "For, believe me, I'm not quite so silly an elf, ~~you~~  
 "As to mind what you say while you waddle yourself,"

P. 102, 103

'Ye rascals of Ringers, ye terrible foes,  
 And disturbers of all who are fond of repose!  
 How I wish, for the quiet and peace of the land,  
 That ye wore round your necks what ye pull with your hand.

P. 106.

'To the waves, while she gaz'd on their full-flowing tide,  
 And the wind, as around her its soft breezes sigh'd;

CHLOE vow'd she would ever be true:

But she scarcely had sworn, when the waves and the wind,  
 Inconstant and light, as the damsel's own mind,

Away with her promises flew.' P. 119.

This last is in Prior's best manner, which is no ordinary praise. Several epigrams that follow are directed against the head of the present French government. Our loyalty cannot, we trust, be doubted; we therefore are in no fear of being misinterpreted, when we express a wish that our poets and writers of every description would, without remitting one grain of that generous ardour which they feel for their country and their king, recollect an anecdote which Plutarch relates of Memnon, who commanded the Persian army at the battle of the Granicus. Hearing one of his mercenaries utter many violent invectives against the enemy, he struck him with his spear, and said, 'I pay you for fighting—not for talking—against Alexander.'

Our author cannot prevail upon himself to take leave of his epigrams without a pun.

'To epigrams, no wonder, Ned is partial;  
 There is a gen'ral rage for what is *Martial*!' P. 124.

We wish *Ned* was not so partial to the figure of speech called Paronomasia.

We now come to the Sonnets from Petrarch, which, upon the whole, deserve commendation for ease and gracefulness, though we should not have been sorry to see their place supplied with pieces wholly original. Sonnet 18. P. 161, is rather a favourable specimen.

Mr. Coxe has judiciously chosen for his metre in most instances the elegiac stanza and a closing couplet. Whatever may be the effect in Italian of the measure in which

their sonnets are written, we cannot but think the arrangement of the rhymes, in our own language at least, far too complex and artificial to accord with the pensive and languid air which they usually breathe. Another reason why a translator of Petrarch should not fetter himself with this measure, is, that it compels him to render the Italian into precisely as many lines as there are in the original, which from the superior power of condensation in the Italian language, must needs generate either extreme stiffness or unjustifiable omissions. Something of this kind is observable in the Sonnet imitated from the Italian of Orazio Petrocchi, (p. 77) which, though well executed in general, entirely omits one of the finest lines of the original :

‘ Ma in tuono m’ interrompe orrido e basso.’

‘ But he in a deep and horrid tone interrupted me.’

Every language has some one *pensieroso* movement, adapted to its peculiar structure. The elegiac stanza seems to be that which is best suited to the genius of the English tongue. For which reason, and taking also into consideration the comprehensive powers of the Italian, we recommend, notwithstanding the great precedents which may be alleged, four such stanzas, or four with a couplet, as the best vehicle for the sonnets of Petrarch when transfused into our own language.

The imitations from Horace are well contrived so far as regards the humorous application of modern customs and characters. ‘ *Persicos odi, &c.*’ Ode 38. B. 1. is thus imitated.

‘ Friz me no more—I cannot bear  
Mountains of powder on my hair,  
And oceans of pomatum ;  
Let city prigs, or courtly beaux,  
Wear the scarce bag, or scarcer rose,  
I will not, for I hate ’em.  
Thus to be feather’d as an owl,  
Or larded like a Gallic fowl,  
For Englishmen is horrid !  
Dress me no longer like a fop  
But bring my scratch, whose Tyburn top  
Lies snug upon my forehead.’ p. 189.

The dialogue between Horace and Lydia is not imitated, but translated, if indeed that can be said to be translated which, to do it justice, is *untranslatable*. The last line, however, is well rendered.

‘ Yet my fond foolish heart would live and die with thee.’

'Descende cœlo, &c.' Ode 4. B. 3, is also translated, and that into blank verse. The execution is creditable, but Horace would not have written in the Miltonic style, had he been an Englishman. He may now with reason say—'conamur tenues grandia.'

In the imitations from Martial, we miss that neat terseness of diction which attracts us in the Latin. For instance, 'Non est vivere, sed valere, vita,' is melted down into a clumsy distich:

'Our life consists not in the years we tell;  
That's mere existence—Life is being well.' P. 219.

The last line would have been not only more pointed, but more literal, thus:

'For life is not to live—but to be well.'

Here we again find ourselves, occasionally, in the region of puns.

'Stella, tegis villam, nontegis agricolam.'

'Thus if *my suit* you still deny,  
My house is better off than I.'

---

'Liber non potes, et gulosus esse.'

'But to my admonitions so ill he attends;  
That in every sense he *makes game* of his friends.'

---

'Apponunt oculis plurima, pauca gulæ.'

Hal! we are starv'd with all this *empty* state.'

---

The following from 'Cotile, bellus homo es, &c,' Ep. 63. B. 3. is one of the best.

'As you are one, Sir HARRY, prythee tell us,  
What gave you all the name of pretty fellows?  
A pretty fellow's head is comb'd with care  
In separate curls, and perfumes scent his hair;  
He hums soft love-songs with affected ease,  
And twists his form in attitudes to please!  
At ALMACK'S each subscription-night appears,  
And whispers scandal in her Grace's ears;  
Crams ill-spelt *billet-doux* with flames and darts,  
Or steals with tender sighs unwary hearts;  
At dinner must not be approach'd too nigh,  
For if his clothes were rumples, he would die;

Knows when the Marquis first had Lady B.  
 And beats Lord L. in genealogy.  
 Enough, Sir HARRY !—'tis Herculean work ;  
 I vow to God I'd rather be a Turk.' p. 228.

Upon the whole, this is an entertaining medley, and bespeaks the writer a man of wit and taste. We only wish that the selection, especially in the epigrams, had been made with a little more reserve, and that a writer, so capable of real wit, had seldomer indulged in that which is merely verbal.

ART. V.—*A Dissertation on the best Means of civilizing the Subjects of the British Empire in India, and of diffusing the Light of the Christian Religion throughout the Eastern World. By the Rev. F. Wrangham, M. A. F. R. S. of Trinity College, Cambridge. 4to. 2s. 6d. Mawman, 1805.*

PERHAPS the composition of a youthful writer, candidate for an academical prize, is not to be criticised like a work of maturer years and experience : and we may justly doubt, whether the subject was well adapted to the climate of an university. 'On a topic like this indeed,' says our author, with great justice, 'which would have demanded at least Horace's term of years for composition, revision, &c. and upon which opportunities of personal or local observation are scarcely to be presumed in a youthful writer, much of what is advanced must virtually partake of the nature of a cento.' 'The immediate improvement of sixty or seventy millions of people,' may indeed claim the attention of the most experienced statesman, and 'the contingent salvation of perhaps nearly one half of the human species,' demands the piety, zeal, and talents of a bench of bishops. The masters of arts, were, however, all invited to discuss these important questions ; and this dissertation, though not successful, impresses us with a favourable opinion of the writer : *μεγαλως απολασθαιεν αμαρτην ευγενες.*

Civilization and conversion are the two great topics. Conversion we understand : it is the bringing the Hindûs to our opinions on the subject of religion : civilization seems to imply a similar conversion in point of manners. But then the question arises, which of the two nations is the most civilized, the English or the Hindu ? and whether there can be a sufficient inducement to the latter to imitate the manners of our countrymen in the east, and abjure his native customs ? The Englishman may retain his hat and tight dress, but it will not be easy to persuade an Asiatic, that a turban and a



flowing robe are not better adapted to a vertical sun and the heat of his climate. The Hindu is shocked at our uncleanness, both in our persons and our mode of feeding; and our manners in many other respects do not appear to him in an engaging form: he allows to us the strength of the lion, and the ferocity of the tiger. These are qualities which may excite horror and dread, but can never inspire him with veneration and love.

Conversion is a subject that he can comprehend; but who are to be his teachers? Are they, who have wielded only the sword, now to clothe themselves with the humility of the gospel? and, if they do, what are they to teach him? the virtues of the Christian religion, or their mode of accommodating its precepts to their practice? But supposing that teachers, uninfected with the manners of our countrymen in the east, should be landed on the shores of the Ganges, and should collect around them the higher casts of India, and call upon them to embrace a purer system. The nature of God is explained to them according to the orthodox belief, and the Trinity is held up as the proper object of adoration. No objection will be made. We believe, they will say, and have believed in the Trinity, many ages before your ancestors embraced the knowledge of Christ. This, one would think, is a step gained, but on the contrary it makes them less anxious to inquire after our tenets. They are instructed farther in the incarnation. We believe it, they immediately reply; frequent incarnations have taken place; and if God has favoured you with one in the west, we adore, and it is more incumbent upon you to adore his goodness. The certainty of a future life is the next topic; but on this the Hindu does not yield in firmness to the Christian; he is convinced of its truth, and death is, in consequence of his faith, divested of all its terrors.

These seem to us very great and important difficulties, and in vain did we look for the solution of them in this dissertation. 'To communicate the leading and indisputable truths of Christianity seems to be the first great object which solicits our attention.' Without doubt it does, but the mode remains to be pointed out, and here our author has not sufficiently attended to the manner in which our religion was first taught to nations, with respect to idolatry in similar circumstances to the Hindu, and holding all other nations in as great contempt perhaps as one Hindu cast does another. The plain truth is to be taught to the Hindu with the same simplicity and firmness that it was formerly taught by an apostle. There is only one God, in opposition to their plurality of

gods; he cannot be represented under any visible form, in opposition to their idolatry; he made the whole race of mankind from one man who sprung from the dust of the earth, in opposition to their notion of casts; and future life is the gift of God through Jesus Christ our Lord, in opposition to all their doctrines of expiations and atonements. All palliations, all accommodations, all levelling of our topics to the weakness of our followers must be avoided: these plain simple truths must be taught, and left to their own operation. In meats and in drinks we need not offend; these are subordinate articles. The Hindu is to be taught his religion rationally, and as Paul would have taught an Athenian: the records are to be translated into his language, and every part to be explained as occasion may require. The wisdom of the serpent and the innocence of the dove may be required from the missionary, but as the great outline of our religion depends on facts, these facts cannot be related with too great plainness and sincerity.

Our author sees much more to be done. In his figurative language, 'the jungle must be cleared of its giant trunks, the main ramifications of the roots must be removed, and the ground itself must be tempered and mellowed by proper culture, before the good seed can be committed to its bosom with any prospect of successful vegetation. Without previous preparation, to throw the full blaze of Christianity on the feeble vision of India, plunged as she has been for centuries in the depths of a superstition, crowded like her own Elephanta with horrid objects of worship, would realize the sublime description of Homer,' when Pluto trembled,

'Lest Neptune's arm should lay  
His dark dominions open to the day.'

The clearing away of the jungle by partial attacks is a vain attempt: the inhabitants must quit it of their own accord, and it will be purified by fire. They will burn with shame and remorse the idols they now worship, when it is sufficiently impressed upon them, that eternal life is the gift of God through Jesus Christ; that no visionary incarnation is taught them of a fictitious god for an idle purpose, but that as by one man came death, and death by sin, so by man came also the resurrection of the dead.

The division into casts is supposed to be a very great difficulty, but that difficulty is more imaginary than real; it is weakened already by the mixture of so many casts in our service, and the Brahman in our troops being commanded by a superior officer of an inferior cast. The distinction will be

left to itself by wise teachers, and it will die of itself. They who embrace Christianity, must of course forsake their idolatrous rites, but time and reflection will cure them of their prejudices on casts. As we think much less of this difficulty than our author, we may also express our suspicion, that his mode of attack on idolatrous priests is not founded on the dictates of prudence. 'From the thickets of their superstition,' says he, 'we may trace them to the recesses of their sensuality, from their savage obsequies on the banks of the holy river, or their murderous processions in honour of Jagrenaut, to the voluptuous interiors of Chillambrum or Seringham.' On the contrary, we say, cast a veil over these enormities, remove them from the sight and thought of the convert; those times of ignorance God winked at, but now commandeth all men every where to repent. There is no need of irritating the priest by the exposure of his vices, his follies, and his impostures; it is sufficient to lay before the Hindu that will hear, the plain truths of the gospel, and he will no longer attend the rites of the holy river, nor indulge in oriental sensuality.

It may be a question, and this question we hoped to have seen discussed in this dissertation, how far a government professing Christianity should suffer the cruelty of rites shocking to humanity. The name of Gelon remains on record honoured by his causing to be inserted in his treaty of peace with Carthage, that the inhabitants of that commerce-ridden city should no more offer human sacrifices to Saturn; and a pro-consul in Africa more effectually put a stop to the horrid custom, by hanging all the priests engaged in a human sacrifice. The last method we assuredly should not recommend, yet a fact may teach us how easily the burning of widows may be abolished. An English lady was coming down one of the rivers that empty themselves into the Ganges, when she perceived a funeral pile prepared, and a widow on the point of ascending it. Her curiosity was excited, and the preparations were too far gone for the Hindu priests to recede. Her seapoys were ordered to keep guard round the place, that no violence should be offered to the poor woman, when she mounted the pile, nor any, as is the custom, by flinging logs at her, when she was upon it. The consequence was, that when the flames had reached her, and she had been tolerably scorched, nature prevailed; she jumped from the pile, took refuge in the boat, and left the priests to curse her memory. Disgrace attends suicide in our country, and honour in India. Whilst the latter sentiment prevails, it will be as difficult to prevent suicide in India, as

duelling in Europe; but without putting the priests to death who are concerned in the rite, we may make it ridiculous for them to attend. For, though they are not to be punished for an act of religion, they may be punished if they are at all instrumental in putting the victim to death, and the throwing of a log at her, and the heaping of wood upon the fire might be made criminal acts. If this death is to be considered as a religious act, it ought to be entirely the miserable victim's own act and deed, and no other person should interfere with it. In the same manner, if a bigot would throw himself under the wheels of Jaggernaut, to be crushed to death, if it is proved that the man who dragged the image could have prevented the accident, then they should be liable to punishment, and the image itself become, as is the case in our laws, a forfeiture, not of course to be employed by us in a manner to shock the feelings of the natives, but to be made stationary in his temple, and prevented from committing similar excesses. Humanity would have taught this to an old Roman, and it is a disgrace to a Christian government not to take some steps to correct that delusion and imposture.

On the civilization of India our author has entered upon a delicate question, the propriety of continuing the charter to the East India company, and the question of colonization. Topics so important cannot be discussed within the compass of a dissertation like this. From being a company of traders, the merchants of Leadenhall-street are become a company of sovereigns. Commerce was their first object, and it is now confounded with sovereignty. Their clerks become in turns governors of provinces and presidents of councils. There is a military and civil establishment, and its officers are all drawn from England: to England they constantly look, and India they pass through as birds of passage. Hence, if no other cause obstructed it, the intercourse between them and the natives must be slight, and a solid connection for mutual benefit could not be established. In fact, the civil establishment of India resembles very much that of Egypt; the English, the Mamlucs; but the Mamluc, purchased in Georgia, forgets his native country; the Englishman is not sent out till he has acquired a relish for his own soil, and never forgets it. The length of time in which Egypt has been kept under the yoke by the Mamlucs, is a bad omen for India; and it is scarcely to be expected, that by a free trade and open colonization, the improvements of England should be transplanted to Hindustan. The East India company is, however, to be applauded for one step which it has

taken, and the erection of a college in England may be the means of sending out young men better qualified for the important posts they are hereafter to occupy.

On the subordinate methods of civilization 'by societies, philosophical and literary, and universities with their accompaniments of lectures, museums, and printing-presses,' it is scarcely necessary to expatiate: but our author does not seem to be aware, that scholarship is much more general throughout the whole extent of the continent of India, than in a third part of the United Kingdom. Schools there are in abundance, and lads may be seen in every village, tracing under the shade of a tree, their letters on the sand. In fine writing too they are not inferior to the English, and the copy which the boy traces on the sand, and the pen made of reed with which he afterwards writes, may amuse the curiosity of our author, and convince him, that India has already arrived at a much greater pitch of civilization than he imagines. We are very fearful, that on a comparison, the great majority of our fellow-subjects in Ireland cannot come in competition with the natives of India; and little can we expect, that schools should be founded by us in India, when we take so little care of what lies within our reach, and is of much more importance. If the money thrown away by the Sierra Leone company, on the idle project of civilizing Africa, had been expended in cultivating the minds of the lower classes in Ireland, it might have prevented the late rebellion; and it is singular, that sums of money should seldom be wanted for a distant object, when it would be grudged for the clothing and civilizing a ragged family, close to the mansions of opulence.

The style of this dissertation savours of youth: the Greek and Latin writers have evidently been chiefly studied, and time and experience will teach the writer, that the English language is capable of furnishing words equally suited to his conceptions, and more agreeable to an English reader. A too great fondness for metaphor leads him also into much more danger, and we should recommend him to turn over again the pages of his Longinus, and mark what is said on the turgid and Asiatic styles. We presume that a copy of the dissertation has been sent to every director of the East India company; if so, their chaplains and surgeons must have been frequently called to the council chamber, to explain its contents. How can the director otherwise comprehend this passage? 'From the contiguity of the channels through which the circulation of these vital currents (namely, the spiritual and temporal interests of a community)

takes place, they must necessarily often anastomose.' Nearly a whole page is taken up to tell us, that a sudden change is dangerous, and the poor director is puzzled with the terms, 'plethora, and atrophy.' A 'detonation' startles him at another place, and the chaplain must tell him, what is meant by 'the fane of genuine christianity.' We will make allowance, however, for the young scholar's introduction of a passage from Smith's optics. 'In the common refracting laws, the image after receding (in consequence of the varied position of the object) through every various distance to infinity, suddenly reappears, inverted on the other side of the glass.' The director will by this be convinced, that 'extremes often introduce each other,' and when he has mastered the language of the dissertation, and made allowances for the exuberance of youthful imagination, he will think with us, that it does the writer great credit as a scholar, and may suggest to the East India company many hints worthy of their serious attention.

ART. VI.—*The Effects of Civilization on the People in European States.* By Charles Hall, M. D. 8vo. Ostell. 1805.

Is the savage preferable to the civilized life? Let the peasant, not the rich man, be the judge: but let not the peasant decide from a partial view of the question. If he sees the savage returning home from a successful day's hunt, then gorging himself with venison, and recounting the feats of the chase, he may be inclined to envy the life of independence: but let him also see the savage toiling for a meal, unable to go to a market for a morsel of food, pinched with hunger; let him take into consideration all the dangers to which his life is exposed, his solitary death by famine in the wilderness, or if an accident has maimed him, the wild beasts devouring him; when the comparison is fairly made, the peasant will most probably prefer the labours of his day, the food and sleep which his cottage affords, and the retreat of the poor house, when he is no longer able to earn a better subsistence. There must be evils in civilization, as well as in every other state, and civilization admits of degrees; but for this state man is formed, and the end of all laws and institutions should be to increase its comforts and diminish its evils.

Our author denounces war against the present system of civilization, and according to his account, may expect to take the field with a numerous force. To us he will naturally look for assistance: for the boon he holds out is almost

irresistible. His calculation is made, and the fee-simple of thirty-six acres of land will be the reward of each individual man. Upon this we may brew, and we may bake, we may raise cabbages; and potatoes, and corn, and keep a cow, and have milk, not like your London milk, morning and evening, and make cheese and butter, and live merrily the greater part of the day, as an hour or two will do every thing necessary. Who will not, upon hearing this, fling away his pen and ink, seek the joys of equality, quit the smoke of the metropolis, rejoice in the mouldering away of every noble building and mansion in the kingdom, and sing the restoration of the life in paradise? But, before the bottle of ink is thrown out of the window, let us make one pause. Has not the experiment been tried? What says Horace upon the subject: The Kalends followed quick upon the Ides with Alphius, and we may be in the same situation with poor Philippus,

‘ Ubi oves furto, morbo periere capellæ,  
Spem mentita seges, bos est enectus arando.’

but alas! we shall have no patron to go to: all will be six-and-thirty acre men, as well as ourselves: we cannot return to our former life, and the veriest garret in Grubstreet, with the sight only of a pot of porter, will be a paradise compared with our rural retreat.

This fiction of equality has possessed many a brain, but we cannot allow that it has ever been in any degree realized. The Jews are introduced as enjoying it; but in the account that Joshua gives of the division of land, it does not appear that exact equality was observed; and when Achsah was urged to solicit her father Caleb for a better portion, it is certain that he could not have given her the upper and the nether springs, if he had only the same portion of land as every other Israelite. The Spartan government is also a sad proof of the advantages of this equality, since the land was cultivated by slaves, whom their lords were obliged occasionally to massacre, to prevent their number increasing. In fact, no instance can be adduced of real equality taking place, and if it was made one day, the difference in the powers and dispositions of men would not permit it to last a week. The state nearest to it seems to be that of the Chinese, where the possessions in land are small; the occupier labours without intermission, and derives from it a meagre subsistence; a bad season arrives, and no one having been able to lay up provision for a great length of

time, distress comes upon the whole district, and myriads die by famine. Let us compare this no uncommon case with the years of scarcity that we have lately witnessed; which were doubtless attended with distress, but in which not a single individual in the kingdom probably died for want of food. To civilization it is owing, that famine, one of the most terrible scourges of humanity, seldom shews her face; and trade, which in this work is considered as the parent of infinite evils, supplies the distresses of every quarter.

We allow to our author, that there is a great disparity in some countries between the rich and the poor man; and that all laws which favour a cast of rich men in exclusion of the rest, are hurtful to the state. Such was the situation of France under its old government; and such would have been the situation of this country, if the power of alienating their estates had not been granted to the nobility, and the privilege of entail was not daily broken in upon by the remedy which the lawyers have discovered against so great an evil. From the want of these precautions, the *noblesse* of France became an intolerable burden to their country, which was shaken off by prodigious efforts: and they, who sought for exclusive privileges, now lament, that by their own imprudence they have lost that property, which would still have maintained them with great respectability. In England, on the other hand, no such cause of complaint can be held out. There may be a few families with large possessions, but the road is not only open to all, but we see it daily frequented by poor men, who by dint of industry purchase great estates. In every county some such fortunate purchaser may be pointed out, and the newspapers daily announce the transfer of landed property from one family to another. Thus the poor man with us cannot be reduced to absolute want, for the parish is his last resource; his industry in general gives him, if homely fare, yet a comfortable subsistence; with diligence and prudence he frequently raises himself above his original level, and his posterity, as in the case of the present Hardwicke family, mix his blood with that of the first nobility in the kingdom.

Dr. Hall divides the people into two classes, the rich and the poor, the poor being by far the most numerous; and their condition is described to be very deplorable: for they are not sufficiently supplied with the necessaries of life: their employments are injurious to health: their minds uncultivated: their moral and spiritual instruction neglected; and they are not happy. Of what country can the author be speaking? Not of England assuredly. We will venture



to assert, that the number in this country which labours under these disadvantages must bear a small proportion to the whole population. Doubtless there are some who have but a scanty share of the necessaries of life, for they are lazy or imprudent: some also are engaged in unwholesome employments, allured by the greater gain to be derived from them; some are grossly ignorant, for they were neglected by their parents: and some are unhappy, and this unhappiness is not confined to the poor, for in this very numerous class not so many put an end to their lives, as in the smaller but richer community. Instead of making the poor the most numerous, it is far inferior in numbers to the richer class, if we make but a just use of these terms, and put among the rich all those who have at their command some of the superfluities of life. To the lord of many thousand acres the inhabitant of a hired cottage may seem poor: but, if in that cottage we see every thing clean and neat, if the housewife on the Sunday prepares a hot dinner for her husband, and shews her children well-dressed, if on the week days they are provided with wholesome food, and the honest industry of the husband provides them not only necessaries, but even ornaments for the cottage, if he sends his children to school, we cannot call this man poor: and how many cottages of this kind may we not see in every part of the kingdom? In the same manner, among the inhabitants of towns, the abodes of dirt and filth are in the outskirts, and are defects of civilization; but when we compare the number, who reside in these hovels, they bear but a small proportion to those, who have decent habitations and comforts within suited to their station. It is not civilization which produces the evil, but the want of it; where meanness, wretchedness, and squalidness prevail, little advantage will be obtained by bringing us all to the same level of misery. To preserve the meaneast from oppression, is a noble object of emulation: to teach the rich their duties is an employment worthy of the benevolent mind: but a few examples of inordinate wealth, and the abuse of the gifts of nature, are not to shut our eyes against the still greater evils which would arise from Agrarian laws and the reducing all to the same uniformity of employment, the anxious care in each individual to provide for his own wants.

Wealth is certainly power; if this wealth is in few hands, as is the case in despotic countries, the worse is the condition of the subject; but, where commerce and manufactures exist, there that power is diffused among greater numbers; and in fact neither commerce nor manufactures can exist, but

where civilization prevails in a high degree; and, consequently, this power is more equally diffused than in despotic countries. Let any one compare England in its present state with its vassalage under the barons: the destruction of the clans, and introduction of manufactures, have given wealth to Scotland: commerce and manufactures will one day destroy slavery in Russia; or, when agriculture is improved, these will follow, and be the parents of greater independence. That this wealth may be abused, we cannot doubt, and the insolence of the lordly baron may be imitated by wealthy manufacturers: and here, instead of inveighing against civilization, if Dr. Hall had been assiduous in marking any pernicious efforts of wealth either in the farmer, the manufacturer, or the tradesman, we would not have withheld from him our tribute of applause. The difficulties in settling the claims of those employed in various trades are considerable, and the combinations subsisting require no small degree of research, whether or not they should be permitted to exist. We would not assign to the wealth of the employer the adjustment of those differences, and perhaps legislators cannot be too little concerned with them. The problem, however, deserves serious consideration, and we shall say, that men have arrived to a high degree of civilization, when their separate interests are consulted with an equal regard to those of their neighbours.

The rich, it seems, are not useful to the poor, but the poor can exist without the rich: but supposing that there were no rich, there would be no poor; and if our six-and-thirty acre men were fixed all over England, we should soon see the want of riches. These men are all, according to our author, to have shovels and spades to till their acres, a wheelbarrow, and other usual tools of a labourer; but he has not been kind enough to tell us where these tools are to be procured. Now the making of a wheel to the barrow, and the iron for the spade, overthrows the whole of our author's system. For the iron cannot be got but by digging it out of the bowels of the earth, either in this or in a foreign kingdom. It cannot be dug at home, because every man is employed in his six-and-thirty acres: or if not, he could not sink shafts and raise smelting-houses, because this would require capital, and an union of skill and strength. The foreign merchant would not bring it, because he would expect something in return, and the superfluity of each man's produce could not be conveyed to the seaside, because this would require waggons, and barges, and merchants, and trade. Now here is seen the use of wealth, which collects corn, and cloth, and

tin, and lead, from various quarters, exchanges them for iron and wood, and a variety of materials, which it disperses again, according to the wants of every village in the kingdom. Our six-and-thirty acre men would fare ill without a blacksmith and a wheelwright: these cannot exist without the merchant. Agriculture, commerce, and manufactures have a mutual dependence on each other, and that country is perhaps the wisest, where each is left to its own operations, and no encouragement or restraint is offered to either.

We cannot agree then by any means with our author in his plans for the amelioration of mankind. We would preserve both manufactures and commerce; and leave man to improve himself by a variety of pursuits. Wherever an inconvenience has been discovered, we should not object to any restraint: but let all our plans tend to the improvement, not the discouragement of civilization. The objections of the author to the primogeniture of entail, we allow to have great force: in part of this country, the law of *gavelkind* prevails, and the result is beneficial; we should therefore easily acquiesce in our author's scheme to give equal rights of inheritance to all the children of a marriage; if the constitution of the country did not allow peculiar privileges to one class, in whose favour, for good reasons, an exception might be made. If manufactures also are injurious to the poor from the diseases which they bring upon them, the prohibition of them by the state is to be encouraged; and no one can deny that the taxes ought to be laid in proportion to the ability of paying them, that the rich man of course should pay in proportion to his wealth, and not make the burden press heavily on his poorer neighbours. These are circumstances which call for the aid of every dispassionate mind, and particularly at this time, when things have been thrown out of their proper channel, and there has been a tendency in this country to reduce it to the state of others, by increasing the number of the poor, and diminishing that of men in moderate circumstances. To remedy the evils introduced by oppressive taxation, by wasteful expenditure, by giving wings to monopoly, and speculation in paper money; to bring back as easily as possible both agriculture, commerce, and manufactures to their accustomed channels, to point out the advantages of civilization, the means of extending them to every class, the evils which fall on the rich by an excess, on one side, and to the poor, by a deficiency, on the other, these are inquiries in which Dr. Hall may hereafter be employed to his own advantage, and that of the public. His present work holds out objects, that

are impracticable ; it is a caricature of the poor and the rich : it sees evils in the worst point of view, and the remedy of them is worse than the disease.

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ART. VII.—*A Voyage of Discovery to the North Pacific Ocean, performed in his Majesty's Sloop Providence and her Tender, in the Years 1795, 1796, 1797, 1798. By William Robert Broughton. 4to. 1l. 5s. Cadell and Davies. 1804.*

THE voyages now undertaken by the command and at the expence of various governments, do honour to the age in which we live, and by enlarging our knowledge of the earth will be found highly beneficial to posterity. In giving a detail of them, writers have had in general one of two ends in view, to amuse or to instruct ; and sometimes these ends are so blended together, that he who seeks for amusement only, is disgusted at the sight of nautical and astronomical observations, whilst the man of science and the navigator lament their paucity and insufficiency. The writer of this voyage does not profess to furnish amusement to the general reader ; he aims at a nobler end : and he scruples not to declare, that he shall ‘ consider his exertions to have been amply rewarded, if this Journal, in the opinion of the scientific and geographical part of the world, is considered as adding to the stock of nautical information, and communicating a more extensive knowledge of the globe.’

We cannot too much commend our author's pursuit, in which, we doubt not, he will be gratified by the concurrent testimony of all who are qualified to peruse and to estimate the value and labour of this kind of publications. It may indeed be styled contemptuously ‘ one of the log book publications of modern navigators ;’ as a late circumnavigator, whose chief end in describing his voyage, was amusement, has chosen to affix this term to the dry details of science, and the occurrences of navigation : but this log-book contains a variety of facts, by which our geography will be improved, and the reader accustomed to reflection will derive much useful information.

The author was appointed to the command of the Providence, about four hundred and twenty tons burthen, on the 3d of October, 1793 ; but as she was to be fitted out at Woolwich, he did not take his departure from Plymouth till the 29th of January, 1795. The course was by the Canary, Cape de Verd, and Trinidad Islands to Rio Janeiro, in

which the ship cast anchor on the 5th of May. From this place she departed on the 24th of the same month, the captain having gone on shore but once on account of the restrictions of the 'Portuguese government, which were unreasonably suspicious.' The course was now bent to Gough's Island, and Van Diemen's Land, and thence to Port Stephens, where she anchored on the 18th of August, and a considerable degree of intercourse was kept up with the natives.

'They were the same race of people as those described to inhabit Port Jackson and Van Diemen's land. They were inoffensive, quiet, and docile; and whenever we approached them, removed their women and children. We found here residing with the natives four Englishmen, who had deserted in a boat from Port Jackson five years before. Five came originally, but one had died; those that remained were miserable half-starved objects, depending on the hospitality of the natives for their subsistence, who occasionally supplied them with a part of their provisions, at all times in no great abundance with the inhabitants. Notwithstanding the wretched state in which they existed, the man who had enticed them to desert refused to come on board. We collected some articles to leave with him to make his situation more comfortable; but in the mean while, being assured he should be well treated, and probably not suffer for his former conduct, he agreed to come off with the others. One or two of these men were married, and left their wives and children with little regret.'

It may be justly doubted, whether the enticing a man away was a generous act to the natives, but certainly the taking away of the men who were married is not to be justified. These men, by the connections they had formed, and from their knowledge, however small, yet superior to that of the natives, might have cast the first seeds of civilization among a rude people, and prepared them for a higher degree of social intercourse.

The ship left Port Stephen on August the 26th, and moored in Sydney Cove on the 27th. Here the captain saluted Governor Hunter on his commission being read to appoint him captain-general of New South Wales, and on October the 13th set sail from Port Jackson, having entered several good seamen from merchant ships and the colony, but abstaining from taking away any of the convicts. 'This is a practice very general in merchant ships, which has tended to corrupt the morals of the South Sea islanders: for in the voyages of the traders to the north-west coast of America, these men have generally deserted by the way, stopping either at the Society or Sandwich isles.' On the 25th of

November they made the island of Ohietorea; on the 28th, Otaheite: and on the 30th cast anchor in Matavai bay. Here they staid till the 11th of December, on which day they set sail, and on the 16th made an island, which the captain named Carolina, and estimated from doubtful bearings, 'taken by a small compass from the mast-head, the angle subtended by a quadrant,' to be in lat.  $9^{\circ} 57' S.$  and long.  $209^{\circ} 35' E.$  On the 1st of January, 1796, they were off the Sandwich islands; and on the 8th moored in Karakaakova bay. Here they had every reason to be satisfied with the conduct of the natives, over whom an Englishman, who had been resident six years in the island, had gained considerable influence.

'A blind chief, whose name was Mahoa, carried on the executive power of the state under the superintendence of Young, and conducted himself with every attention to our wants. The priests at the Morai were also particularly kind to the gentlemen stationed there, and the people, in general, spoke very highly of Captain Vancouver. From the good impression his conduct made upon them, and the favourable sentiments inculcated by Europeans who have or now do live here, I am led to believe that any vessel may now touch at this island in safety, and be amply supplied with refreshments; as every article of European manufacture is considerably fallen in value. The cattle left here by Captain Vancouver had bred and were in excellent order: it is probable they will stock the island, as a taboo is placed upon them for ten years. The goats multiply prodigiously; I added a male and female to their number, leaving them under the care of Young, with a breed of geese and ducks: the first lieutenant also spared them his pigeons. Some grape-vines from Port Jackson and vegetable seeds were planted and sown during our stay. Pumpkins and melons were in no great plenty, though we had excellent cabbages weighing near 2lbs. They had been cultivated at some distance, and were brought as a present.'

On the 1st of February they left the bay, and on the 3d anchored off the village of Rahina, about a mile from the shore, a spot which the captain recommends for the best anchorage in the Sandwich isles. On the 6th they got under weigh, and anchored on the 7th in Whytete bay, where the chief shewed them every mark of respect. Here they staid till the 14th, when they pursued their voyage, and at Atooi found some Europeans, one of whom accompanied them to Yam Bay, for the purpose of collecting yams, and there having been recompensed for his exertions, though unsuccessful, he left them. This man had been transported to Botany Bay, whence he came in an American brig, from

which he deserted, and was then much courted by one of the native chiefs.

On the 22d they sailed for Nootka Sound, but on the 25th altered their course to search for the island Donna Maria Lajara, whose centre is set down in Arrowsmith's charts, by the authority of Mr. Dalrymple, in lat.  $28^{\circ} 30' N.$  and long.  $202^{\circ} 30' E.$ ; but in the run or sight from  $200^{\circ}$  to  $205^{\circ} E.$  they could see no traces of it, and they pursued their original destination to Nootka Sound, at which place they cast anchor on March the 15th. Here they staid till May the 1st, when they took an excursion to Ship Cove, and made various observations on the coast, till they came to Monterey Bay, where they remained a fortnight, and were most amply supplied with excellent fresh beef; but the conduct of the inhabitants was in a high degree unsocial.

As the orders received from the Admiralty directed a survey of the southern coast of the south-west part of South America, upon the idea that Captain Vancouver might not have been able to perform that task, and it was here ascertained that he had executed his commission, the author determined to use his discretionary powers, and after consultation with his officers, determined to explore the coast of Asia, from the island of Sakhalin in  $52^{\circ} N.$  lat. to the Nanking river, in  $30^{\circ} N.$  lat. and to complete the survey left unfinished by Captain Cook, of the Kuriles, Jeso, and Japan. With this view, they left Monterey Bay on the 20th of June, passing by several islands, at which they had previously touched; but at Yam Bay, where the officers had been on shooting parties, and entertained no apprehensions of danger, two of the marines were murdered by the natives.

‘As this unhappy transaction took place without the smallest provocation on our part, I consulted with the officers on the measures necessary to be pursued. Their advice was, at all events, to prevent the natives from getting the bodies, and for us to proceed to Atooi, where, by getting some of the chiefs in our power, we might oblige them to deliver up Tupararo, and the other principals in these horrid murders: we also thought it necessary to make some example on the spot. The boats were therefore manned, and directions given that the mariners should burn every house, canoe, and plantation, within a mile from the beach where the boats were, and should return before sunset. As they went we heard some firing from the pinnace, which occasioned the boats to land without resistance. The natives took care to keep out of the reach of the shot; or if they were near, to drop down on seeing the flash, and then to run away. The houses were soon in flames, and 16 canoes on the beach were burnt or destroyed. All this time the natives assembled in

great numbers armed with spears: two of them had the ill-fated mariners' muskets and accoutrements. As our people advanced they fled, and so prevented any personal atonement for their treachery. In the mean while the bodies were found in about 9 feet water. At 3 P. M. Mr. Mudge returned when the natives immediately rushed into the water, searching for the bodies, and found the grapnel our people had lost in the attack.'

The propriety of the vengeance taken for this murder may be called in question, as the punishing of the ignorant with the guilty is not the best method of instilling into the minds of savages a conviction of the superior excellence of European justice.

Nothing very particular occurred in their voyage to Japan, and they made, after a tremendous gale, the northern extremity of the isle of Nippon, on September the 7th, from which they crossed over to the isle of Insu, and after coasting along Volcano Bay, cast anchor opposite a village about ten leagues from the volcano, on September the 15th. Here they were in a civilized country, being visited by a party of Japanese, who shewed them a chart of the world, apparently constructed in Russia, and a book of the arms of different countries, in which they pointed out those of Great Britain, and one of them had been as far as Petersburg. As there was a Russian on board, the conversation was kept up with tolerable facility, and the next day the Japanese dined on board, and presented the captain with one of their own charts. An interesting but short account is here given of the natives and country, which our limits do not permit us to transcribe.

On the 28th of September, the ship got under weigh, and they now explored the eastern coast of the land of Insu or Jesso, from  $41^{\circ} 49'$  N. to  $44^{\circ} 30'$  N. and from  $140^{\circ} 30'$  E. to  $146^{\circ} 22'$  E. and thence sailed to the E. exploring several islands, till they came to Lat.  $47^{\circ} 20'$  N. and long.  $151^{\circ} 27'$  E.; returning thence and being prevented by the gales from attempting the passage through the straits of Matzmai, they shaped their course for White Point, the south east extremity of Nippon, which they made on the 11th of November, where they set one of their time-keepers, which some time before, through neglect, had been suffered to run down. From this place they directed their course along the southern extremity of Nippon, and so by the Lienchieux islands, which they accurately explored, and on the 11th of December they came to an anchor between the island of Poo Tory and the Grand Lima, where a Chinese pilot agreed to pilot the ship to Macao, and the ship's com-



pany having here delivered up their journals, they made for this port, at which, on the second day, they arrived in safety.

Here the vessel was repaired, and a schooner purchased ; and on the 11th of April, 1797, the two vessels got under weigh, and they steered their course back to the Lienchieux islands. Many good observations were made in this voyage, which was interrupted by a melancholy accident on the 17th of May, when the Providence struck on a coral rock off the island Typinsan, and soon became a wreck. The crew were all saved and sent in the ship's boats to the schooner, with the loss, however, of all their property ; but the natives hearing of their calamity, furnished them with various necessities, and behaved with the utmost kindness. They were not permitted, however, to enter into the town, and their jealousy of strangers was as strong as that of the Chinese. The smallness of the vessel, the number of the crew, and the small quantity of provisions, were strong reasons for a return to Macao, at which place they arrived for the second time on the 11th of June.

After taking in a proper supply of provisions, the author set sail again in the schooner, on the 28th of June, to explore the Tartarian and Corean coasts. With this view they pursued their course through the Lienchieux islands, and by the south and east coasts of Nippon to Volcano Bay in the isle of Insu ; thence through the straits of Matzmai into the gulph of Tartary. They coasted along the western side of the isle of Insu, but were prevented by the wind from entering the strait which separates the island from Tartary. The north-west point of the island is set down at lat.  $45^{\circ} 25' N.$  and long.  $141^{\circ} 27' E.$  From this point they coasted up the gulf of Tartary till they came into  $51^{\circ} 45' N.$  on the eastern, and returned on its western side ; the breadth of its entrance in lat.  $46^{\circ} N.$  being estimated at sixty leagues, and its depth a hundred and twenty leagues, on which the author makes this observation.

‘I named it the gulf of Tartary. It is possible there may be some openings that have escaped our notice in such an extent : and if any, probably on the western side, which the bad weather prevented our making too free with on some days ; and when fair, the wind was contrary. Excepting on the east point we saw no habitations whatever ; nor had we any reason to suppose the coast was inhabited. In general I have found in all countries, wherever they are inhabited, particularly in remote ones, the smoke of fires is always visible and universally made whenever strange vessels appear, as signals of alarm, or to awaken their curiosity ; and I think it most likely no vessel ever appeared in these seas before to excite their admiration.’

Continuing their voyage by coasting along Tartary and the Corea, they came to Tschosan harbour, where they cast anchor. Here the captain and some of the crew went on shore, but on attempting to enter a village they were stopped by the inhabitants, at whose request they retired. In the afternoon they were visited by some people of distinction.

The natives were uniformly kind, civil, and attentive. They would not, however, permit an entrance into the country, and expressed a constant eagerness and anxiety for the ship's departure. With their requests on this head, the commander did not comply by any means so soon as they wished; and in coasting along the eastern side of China, he met with similar proofs of the jealousy entertained of strangers. On the 27th of November, the ship arrived again at Macao, having performed a voyage which will be of the greatest utility to future sailors, on the eastern coast of China, the gulf of Tartary, and by the islands of Japan.

Several charts and sketches accompany the work, and the observations made for the latitude by meridional altitudes, and for the longitude by means of time-keepers and lunar distances, are frequently recorded. In a valuable appendix are given tables of the route of the *Providence* and her tender, the variation of the compass, and the state of the barometer and thermometer during the voyage from the Sandwich islands, July 31st, 1796, till the last arrival at Macao, November 27th, 1797. Here we were struck on comparing together on several days the longitude by account, by watch, and by lunar observations, to find the difference at times between them to be so very considerable. From these tables, and the explanation in the body of the work, every circumstance relative to the voyage may be completely ascertained.

We cannot lay down a volume from which we have derived so much satisfaction without stating a suggestion, arising in our minds on the information obtained by means of the chart prescribed by the Japanese. The gulf of Tartary, the shores of the Lienchieux, and of the Japanese islands, must be well known to the inhabitants of both Japan and China, and in both countries doubtless there are many books and charts which would greatly assist Europeans in the navigation of those seas. For a long series of years the East India company has had a factory at Macao, yet it seems, that hitherto little progress has been made by the English settled there in learning the Chinese language, and they seem to be too much occupied in the drudgery of trade to attend to the improvement of science. Would it not then be of great advantage to send a few persons to this factory, whose sole business should be the pursuit of Chinese

literature? We cannot help repeating a hint which we brought forward on a former occasion, that they who are appointed to the travelling fellowships in the University, might be of great use to their country by taking this voyage, instead of going over the beaten track of a few countries in Europe. They might easily qualify themselves to understand every thing in Chinese relative to geography and navigation, and might thus enrich their country by a knowledge equally desirable to the man of science and the man of commerce. But we must not pursue farther our speculations, and content ourselves with recommending the work before us in the words of the author: 'It is (we believe) a true unexaggerated statement of nautical occurrences, none being inserted which are not founded on fact and the strictest regard to veracity.'

ART VIII.—*Egeria ; or, Elementary Studies on the Progress of Nations in Political Economy, Legislation, and Government.* 8vo. pp. 324. Cadell and Davies.

THE first purpose of an author should be, to write a good book; the second, to write a book that will be read.

The author of the work before us, with many singularities, and with many opinions which seem doubtful, directs the general principles of science to political facts and truths, with so much skill, and applies analogies with so much good faith and good intention, that he has certainly fulfilled the first purpose, by producing an excellent work:—but he has overlooked the second:—for he has attempted to revive the spirit of political discussion at the very moment when all the world has been either disgusted or wearied by it; and he recurs to principles and doctrines, which he treats in vain with some novelty, and with uncommon powers of reasons and of style; because a disastrous and horrible revolution has consigned them, for a time, to a contemptuous oblivion.

In these circumstances the author has imagined Egeria, the goddess of political science, in conference with the spirits of departed philosophers, and preparing some of them to revisit the earth, to correct its errors, and promote its happiness—

The peace of Amiens, among its other illusions, seems to have led the ingenious author into these truly philosophical reveries. But he justly complains,

‘ War drew all attention to itself and to its immediate dangers. Those dangers will be increased or they will be diminished, as the

members of the (British) legislature may be, or may not be induced to attend to their *causes*, in many of those *perversions* of principles and truths which are exposed in these *studies*. PREF. P. 4.

The disposition of British legislators to consider to any immediate purpose the causes of the dangers which menace Europe, as they are stated by this author, will be doubted by many.

He attributes the miseries of the French revolution, and the inefficacy of all the remedies applied to it, more to ignorance than ill intention and crime; and we should imagine that ignorance cannot be removed during the torpor which has succeeded it, and the strong aversion it has produced to any application of philosophical language to political subjects.

If the members of the British legislature are really ignorant of, or inattentive to the first principles of human society, according to this author, and to the circumstances which directly promote or impede their effects, we then must think him not very excuseable in supposing that they would profit by his rapid discussions of the most profound truths, in the disadvantageous form of a dialogue, and intermixed with temporary and popular subjects.

*Egeria*, in a small volume, discusses numerous questions, each of which would require a large and methodical treatise. We have perused, nay we have pondered its *studies*, with more attention than we have bestowed on any work which, for some years, has attracted our notice: and we appeal to all our philosophical readers, nay to the author himself, whether such questions as the following are to be introduced generally, and without minute and demonstrative explanations.

The author seems to assume, rather than to prove, that human knowledge and human invention are only other words for imitations of nature, and analogies from some of its operations, and that truth and error consist wholly in the fidelity or infidelity of the copyist. Thus a political constitution is the counterpart of a physical, produced by laws in nature similar to each other, but strictly appropriated to each.

With all due respect for the author's talents, we think his opinion, though often displayed in an eloquent and captivating manner, is not fairly stated and perspicuously proved. This truth, though it is the foundation of our author's system, he has left surrounded with all the rubbish of common prejudices and common language: and a political constitution may, as it generally does, signify any thing, as the varying

interests of those may require who direct the machinery of public administrations.

We make these observations, not from caprice, or a disposition to cavil, but from a sincere regret that the author did not allow himself time to form his scattered hints into a beautiful or at least a plausible theory, for he seems perfectly capable of it.

After all the labours of political writers, a probable theory of political principles is a desideratum of the most interesting importance.

The author only intimates his system in the following paragraphs.

‘The powers scattered around us, particularly those of the human structure and conformation, furnish models of all kinds of action and all forms of life. All the inventions and all the practical knowledge of man, consists in copying these forms, or copying those who have copied them either directly or by analogies.’

We wish the author had illustrated this doctrine by the discoveries of Newton, or by the poems of Homer.

‘Whether we can render political analogous to sentient beings; acting from the influence of external causes, having a perception of those causes, and a consciousness of that perception: whether the MIND of a society, like that of an animal, may be so formed as to perceive, resolve, and act from impressions and inducements, of what may be called its BODY, are questions of great difficulty and great importance.’ P. 13, 14.

We should be glad to see the countenance of an English privy council, on the perusal of such a paragraph, with a pecuniary loan or an income tax in contemplation.

‘But mental cowardice only starts at mere difficulties.’

Why has not the author solved them? He observes truly that Mr. Locke, and after him Dr. Price, have decided the questions, without solving the difficulties, and asserted ‘that societies should govern themselves.’

If such questions had occurred to professor Kant, he would have written volumes on them, though probably without removing any of their difficulties. The following illustrations, though far from any alliance with the sophistry of Kant, are not satisfactory, and will not be understood by the great mass of political readers.

‘We use the terms *public body*, *public spirit*, and *public mind*; and the analogies of these terms influence the feelings and judgments of

all men, who are not grossly ignorant or actually deranged. Political bodies, barely or imperfectly organised, are impelled by force, like inanimate bodies, which are inanimate because they are unorganised, The parts impelled feel and obey the stroke ; but they have no reaction or perception as whole bodies, which seem in all cases, to be the result of organization.'

Here the doctrine peeps out as it were, and immediately retires from view. History would have opened here a most ample field of instruction, and the author is by no means defective in historical knowledge. He seems fully possessed of that acumen, which might have applied his theory to the actions of governments on the people, and the re-actions of the people on the government.

This reciprocal influence is the source of real liberty ; and to this influence, a certain organization is necessary ; which however the author does not fully explain. The subject is therefore injudiciously left in the labyrinths of organization ; a word applied by the French to every absurdity and every crime ; for they organized insurrection, anarchy, and murder.

It is giving too much credit to his reader to say

' He may anticipate the author's purpose, in directing his attention to a complicated detail of the springs and movements of political constitutions, for the explanation of which *the human capacity has hitherto proved insufficient*.

' How presumptuous those who would take to pieces, in order to reconstruct such bodies, the produce of time and the *operations of various laws of nature*. Chymists, even those who seem to be reviving the extravagancies of alchemy, have not yet pretended to dissolve the human body into elements, in order to improve its construction and health.' P. 29.

The succeeding observation (p. 30) while it throws indirectly on his theory, is replete with wisdom and prudence.

-- 'Who can calculate the good or evil, occasioned by affecting a single movement in the structure of a state, which may have been centuries in acquiring, first its general sensibility, then its passions, and then the considerable or inconsiderable portions of judgment with which it is directed ?

' In discussing questions of such magnitude, the random glances of romantic philosophy or of poetic fancy, will not give the results of numerous and complicated facts, either for public utility, or for the satisfaction of minds accustomed to apply the arithmetic of probability to the occurrences of society, and to appreciate moral phenomena, and the quality of good and evil, with nearly mathematical precision.'

Having passed the depths of his theory, the author, in the third study, accounts for the inequalities of social situations. This comprises something similar to Mr. Malthus's argument in his *Essay on the Principles of Population*. But these studies having been written abroad (Preface, p. 3.) and some years since, though they have reached us but lately, he could not have seen Mr. Malthus's work, and his authorities are Franklin, Sir James Stewart, and those passages of history, ancient and modern, which allude to provisions against excessive population.

On PUBLIC PASSIONS, which the author calls political passions, he brings us nearer home.

‘An animal is perfect or imperfect, as the nerves of all its frame are perfectly or imperfectly united in a common sensorium. And an assemblage of men is a political *body*, or it is not; it has a constitution, or it has not; or, having a constitution, it is perfect or imperfect, as there is or is not a sympathy and connection, or according to the perfection or imperfection of the sympathy and connection of the sensorium with every individual of the assemblage.’ p. 59.

The fifth study is a continuation of the subject. In the sixth, EGERIA, the nymph of political science is introduced; and she thus announces herself to the writer.

‘I am that spirit whose peculiar province it is to check those ruthless fiends, who send forth at pleasure the liveried instruments of desolation to ravage and to destroy. I am EGERIA. I meliorated the Roman character, by a mixture of superstition, the only ingredient that would then blend with it. I mingled the spirit of chivalry with the ferocity of the feudal system. I encouraged the Crusades. I urged the sale and division of hereditary principalities; and favoured the introduction of commerce.

‘When superstition elevated a PRIEST to contend with emperors, I dug up the pandects; revived a taste for letters; and produced the art of printing. I directed the efforts of that art to the emancipation of new portions of the earth; and I shall soon be on the wing to check the abuses of a general and violent revolution, which may operate to the disadvantage of the human race.’

The writer, after the necessary preparations, accompanies the goddess into the nether world; and witnesses her conversation with Solon, Lycurgus, and particularly with Bacon. This study (the seventh) is very interesting; but it is interrupted by a summons of the assembled spirits to attend the judgment of MINOS on EDMUND BURKE. This, of all the attacks on the genius, learning, and utility of Mr. Burke, is the most formidable; and if it had been published during his life, and during the controversies which called out his ex-

traordinary talents, would have attracted universal attention.

There are not in the English language many observations more strongly and more happily written than the following. (Study 8. p. 136.)

*Minos to Burke.*

‘Not far from thy retreat, thou wilt find the first scientific spirits of thy globe, with NEWTON at their head, improving by recollection and conversation.

‘They will teach thee, candidly to examine, how many precise ideas, how many notions accurately defined and intelligible even to thyself, are contained in any or in all thy publications, the analysis of which leaves on the mind something like the effect of a brawling stream on the ear.

‘They will point out thy theories, as labyrinths of petty difficulties, which a sophist only can develop or explain; and when explained, appear to be of no utility or importance. It is not from men who dress up tawdry chimeras, offer vague explanations, and embarrass the simple truth with the jargon of the schools, that the world is to expect the accurate principles of social union; but from those who have profoundly studied the laws which govern the phenomena of the universe, and apply them to all the possible combinations of the moral world.

‘Men have already weighed the air, determined the velocity of light, and disarmed Jupiter of half his terrors, wholly by scientific analyses. And is human society, the asylum, the parent of all human knowledge, to be left to poetic buffoonery, to venal oratory, misleading the refuse of the human race?

‘Hasten to qualify thyself for the instruction of thy disciples; that they may not, like thee, alienate the best friendships, and convert rivals into enemies; that they may not, by retrenching some facts, by misrepresenting others, by groundless insinuations and suppositions, give truth the physiognomy of falsehood, or patriotism that of conspiracy.

‘Thou and thy disciples being but superficially acquainted with the sciences, magnitudes are contemplated, but not computed. All objects, moral and physical, are susceptible of precise valuation; and every species of truth may be submitted to calculation.

‘Thy literature is that of a school, the figures and metaphors of ancient poetry giving false lustre to indeterminate ideas. Thy advocate JOHNSON could only apologise, when the modest LOCKE marked thy inaccuracies, from an unacquaintance with algebraic language, the only language truly analytic and accurate, bearing the nearest analogy to the processes of the human mind, and the instrument most applicable to all the combinations of our ideas.

‘But, instead of soberly determining and fixing men’s ideas, thy works and thy orations, verbose, vague, and destitute of precision,



confound them. There is a noisy turmoil in thy periods, as in thy nature, unfavourable to correct information and knowledge.

‘Thy general phraseology has a glitter for the vulgar eye; not the polish of classic elegance. Compare it with the fine passages of Middleton, or with those of his copyist Junius, it will be the difference of the hatchet and the plane. To paint, thou and thy disciples must daub; to punish, you must mangle; and to kill, you must inflict protracted torments that shall harrow every atom of sensibility. Away to thy retreat! Prepare thyself for revisiting the scenes thou hast contributed to embroil.

‘Science is succeeding eloquence in all the arrangements of Europe. Every step of an aspiring power is under her guidance. She is every where marking the points of security and encroachment, wholly regardless of phrases and orations employed only in the mummerly of audiences and exhibitions.

Be instructed to chase from the councils of thy country the vague brawlers for contention and warfare; and to assist in discovering that vehicle of sensibility which will convey the admonitions of truth, and induce Europe to provide for her own safety.’

The ninth study is a masterly dialogue on liberty; containing several new and important ideas. The tenth, eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth, are on money, national debts, and sinking funds; and they are extremely deserving the attention of the English politician. If this author’s reasoning be just, it is a singular circumstance that, in a country abounding in wealth and advancing in all the appearances of opulence, those who possess the largest portions of that wealth, and those who direct the financial operations of the state, should not yet accurately understand the nature of money, and the properties of public credit.

#### Stewart.

‘You have stated the objections to the *national debt* in their full force. I am glad of it; I feel the strength of my enemy before I attack him.’—‘There is no truth in the proposition that by the national debt ministers become masters of the public income; this is an effect which cannot take place, for reasons which I shall assign in proper time. We see in fact, that a debt of five hundred millions in Britain has not transferred the estate of a single proprietor to the public: nay, if his private folly has not interposed, his income, like that of other proprietors, has been improved.’ P. 215. ‘I would maintain that the credit of Britain, like that of every country is in exact proportion to the goodness of her morals, laws, and constitution; that the national debt has no property in common with a private debt, but is purely and simply a *deposit of general credit*; that its magnitude is a proof of the strength of that credit, and not of the public weak-

ness; and that its tendency and operation is to the preservation, and not to the destruction of the country.' P. 222.

Why does not the patriotism of the author lead him to a full developement and accurate investigation of this important subject? and why do not the governors of the Bank and the financial ministers of the country promote so beneficial an inquiry?

The remaining studies (the 15th, 16th, and 17th) are applications of the author's principles and observations on the state of Europe, under the title of Consular lessons; and their coincidence with the views of Buonaparte, as they have been developed in the last three years, is nearly prophetic.

ART. IX.—*The Plays of Philip Massinger; in Four Volumes. With Notes Critical and Explanatory. By W. Gifford, Esq.* 8vo. London. Nicol. 1805.

OF Massinger, there had been, properly speaking, but two editions before the present. His collected plays were first published in 1759, by a bookseller of the name of Dell; they had been prepared for the press by a Mr. Coxeter. Two years afterwards, (176 ), another copy of this same work was published by Thomas Davies, actor and bookseller, to whom his own life of Garrick, though better than Murphy's, would not have given the immortality Churchill has conferred upon him, in the well known passage of the *Rosciad*:

‘ Davies!—Upon my life,  
That Davies has a very pretty wife.’ \*

Davies's Massinger included an essay upon our old dramatic writers, by Mr. Colman. In the year 1779, Mr. Monck Mason, who, as he confesses, had never heard of Massinger till two years previous to his republication of that unfortunate poet's works, gave to the world his very inaccurate and worthless edition, injuring the author much more by his notice than he could have done by his neglect.

\* ‘ Since writing the above, we have been informed by an old frequenter of the playhouse and its environs, that the pretty Mrs. *Davis* spelt her name without an *e* in the middle of it; but her husband was both actor and bookseller. The same informant also says, that Mr. Wroughton's performance of *Pisander*, in the *Bondman*, a play we shall soon have occasion to mention, was a most spirited and judicious piece of acting. He wore a full-bottomed wig.’

He never consulted, nor even saw, the old separate copies of the plays, but transcribed literally from Coxeter's collection of them (itself an extremely bad one), with the exception of his own numerous and absurd alterations.

With a very different sort of preparation, Mr. Gifford sat down to the work before him. Massinger, he tells us, had been long his study, and we may believe him upon the evidence of his edition of Massinger, which we scruple not to say is in every respect worthy of Mr. Gifford's previous literary reputation.

With every assistance that public or private libraries could afford him, with the first edition of Massinger's plays all in his possession, he began as he ought, by collating these with the successive editions, and found the earliest the most correct. A palpable error might be, and sometimes was, removed in the subsequent ones, but the spirit, and what Mr. G. calls 'the raciness of the author,' only appeared complete in the original copies. We have now then nothing more to wish for in order to form a perfect judgment of the merits of Massinger, and of that rank which he deserves to hold among our dramatic poets. His text is now for the first time presented whole and uncorrupted to the public, and we doubt not that this edition, when its merits shall be duly appreciated, will not only supersede the necessity of any future one, but plainly prove that the two former are so unfaithful, as to warrant our assertion, that Massinger's plays never were decently edited in a collection, till the present year 1805, 165 years after his death, which happened in 1640.

Before, however, we enter fully into detail upon this part of our subject, let us give a short abstract of the life of our author. It cannot be uninteresting, from the light which it will throw upon his productions; he has a claim to this notice, from the celebrity he attained among the more judicious, though less noble and rich of his cotemporaries; and he will in future, we trust, by Mr. Gifford's means, be more generally read and more justly valued by late posterity.

Philip Massinger was born in 1581. His father was Arthur Massinger, a gentleman attached to the family of Henry, the second earl of Pembroke; who did not live long enough to patronize, as he probably would have done, our poet. His son, William, the third earl of Pembroke, one of the brightest characters that adorned the court of Elizabeth, himself 'learned and endowed to admiration with a poetical geny,' as Anthony Wood terms it, and a great favourer of learned and ingenious men, neglected, however,

to support the humble fortunes of young Massinger. Mr. Gifford is at a loss to account for this. Could not the seventh satire of his own Juvenal have admonished him?—

Behold! an actor's patronage affords,  
A surer means of rising than a lord's.

Gifford's Juvenal, Sat. 7.

Massinger, therefore, found, by writing for the stage, that precarious subsistence which he could not find in the favour of the noble Pembroke. But we may here observe, if it is necessary for us to give any reason for the capricious neglect of merit, if the world cannot feel the mournful truth, that

\* *Slow rises worth by poverty deprest—*  
*Nor mark what ills the scholar's life assail,*  
*Toil, envy, want, the patrón, and the jail,*

that another reason offers itself for Pembroke's withholding his niggard boon from Massinger, equally plausible either with the supposition of Davies, that the patron took offence at the client's applying to the lighter studies of poetry and romance at the University, instead of logic and philosophy; or with what Mr. Gifford himself more rationally supposes, namely, that the alienation arose from Massinger's changing the Protestant for the Catholic religion while at college; (but which hypothesis rests solely upon Mr. Gifford's own opinion of the internal evidence of such a fact to be gathered from the poet's works;) Pembroke, let it be remembered, was himself a *versifier*, and therefore, perhaps, liked not a superior near him. Had Lucan never excelled Nero as a poet, Nero might have been Lucan's friend.

However this may be, Massinger left St. Alban's Hall, Oxford, abruptly, and without a degree, and came up to London upon the death of his father, about the year 1606. In those days, Shakespeare, Jonson, and Fletcher, and others of an inferior rank, such as Rowley, Middleton, Field, Decker, Shirly, and Ford, were solely, or in a considerable degree, dependant on the stage. Massinger, therefore, wanted not encouragements to hope for success, nor incentives to emulation. But we hear nothing of him during 16 years, from his first resorting to London in 1606, to 1622, when his '*Virgin Martyr*,' the first of his printed works, was given to the public. He probably during this interval assisted other dramatic writers of established reputation in their works, and under the sanction of their names ushered his share of those joint productions, so frequent in his age,

with more certain emolument into the world. We may take this opportunity of digressing shortly to remark, how delightful would have been the united task of composition to these brother poets, had not their labours been hurried by the calls of want, and their golden visions of future immortality clouded by the fear of temporary disappointment. To Beaumont and to Fletcher, above all others, from the peculiar constitution of their minds, the pleasure of writing their plays together must have been excessive. They are both represented as of a sweet temper; envy had no place in their bosoms, friendship was to them more precious than literary fame; and while the judgment of Beaumont corrected, without offending, the fancy of Fletcher, surely they must have tasted the highest mental enjoyment of which our nature is susceptible. And Massinger was certainly the coadjutor of Fletcher. In p. 15, of his introduction, Mr. Gifford transcribes from the additions to Malone's historical Account of the English Stage, a letter, dragged, as he says, from the dust of Dulwich College, by the unwearied assiduities of Mr. Malone, which establishes this fact beyond a controversy.

*'To our most loving friend, Mr. Philip Hinchlow, Esq. These,*

*'Mr. Hinchlow,*

*'You understand our unfortunate extremitie, and I doe not thincke you so void of cristianitie but that you would throw so much money into the Thames as wee request now of you, rather than endanger so many innocent lives. You know there is xl. more at least to be receaved of you for the play. We desire you to lend us vl. of that; which shall be allowed to you, without which we cannot be bayled, nor I play any more till this be dispatch'd. It will lose you xxl. ere the end of the next weeke, besides the hinderance of the next new play. Pray, sir, consider our cases with humanity, and now give us cause to acknowledge you our true friend in time of neede. Wee have entreated Mr. Davison to deliver this note, as well to witness your love as our promises, and alwayes acknowledgement to be ever*

*'Your most thanckfull and loving friends,*

*'NAT. FIELD.*

*'The money shall be abated out of the money remayns for the play of Mr. Fletcher. and ours.*

*ROB. DABORNE.'*

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\* Robert Daborne is the author of two plays, *the Christian turned Turk*; 4to, 1612, and *the Poor Man's Comfort*, 4to, 1655. He was a gentleman of a liberal education, master of arts, and in holy orders. His humble fortunes appear to have improved after this period, for there is extant a sermon preached by him at Waterford, in Ireland, 1618, where the authors of the *Biographia Dramatica* think it probable that he had a living.

'I have ever found you a true loving friend to mee, and in soe small a suite, it beeing honest, I hope you will not fail us.

'PHILIP MASSINGER.'

'Indorsed:

'Received by me Robert Davison of Mr. Hinchlow, for the use of Mr. Daboeerne, Mr. Feeld, Mr. Messenger, the sum of vii.

'ROB. DAVISON.\*

Does not this letter establish also another fact? The cruel neglect of Massinger by his stupid and unfeeling patrician cotemporaries; but particularly his utter abandonment by that gallant earl, to whose hereditary protection our unhappy poet had so strong a title? to mention nothing of fellow-feeling for the distresses of a man of rare genius in this all-accomplished lord; nothing of common benevolence in this zealous christian, towards the child of misery, who changed the Protestant for the Catholic religion.

But Philip, earl of Montgomery, the brother of the generous Pembroke, made up in some degree for this desertn of principle and of Massinger, by attending and applauding one of that poet's successful plays! Barren compliments! Did they preclude the necessity of his writing for the stage? No; they encumbered him with their useless help, when by his own sole exertions he had struggled through the tide and tempest of public opinion, and reached the shore of safety and success. He did not want them, though with the utmost tenderness of gratitude, the poet returns thanks for this empty condescension that never was productive of any substantial good.

Besides these silent labours of Massinger, when we are told that 'among the old plays which were collected by Mr. Warburton (Somerset Herald) with such *unfruitful* diligence, and applied with more *fruitful* perseverance to the covering of pies and tarts by his cook, no less than ten certainly of Massinger's perished,' it is not probable that he was very idle in this unmarked interval of sixteen years. The titles of these and of some other old plays are enumerated by Mr. Gifford; three of them are said to be found in the Marquis of Lansdown's library. We do not exactly understand whether Mr. G. means that they are also Massinger's; but whosoever they are, they ought to see the light; and if they do not soon appear, we shall be forced to express our free sentiments of the silly vanity daily gaining ground amongst us, of keeping treasures for the sake of keeping

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\* Additions to Malone's Historical Account of the English Stage, p. 488.

them, and in reproof of this miserly passion, we shall apply to it the old adage, with a sincere wish of a speedy accomplishment:

Omne per ignem  
Excoquitur vitium.

'The Parliament of Love,' Mr. Gifford has restored to Massinger, its real author, (as appears from the lately discovered official register of Sir Henry Herbert, the Master of the Revels in Elizabeth's time) and has despoiled Rowley of his borrowed plumes. This beautiful fragment is indeed no inconsiderable ornament to the present edition of Massinger.

Mr. G. has also given us a regular account of the successive publications of those of Massinger's plays which have come down to us, and which are in number eighteen.

We now come to the most interesting part of this introduction. Six weeks before his death, Massinger produced a play we do not possess, called the 'Anchoress of Paussippo;' but his theatrical honours were now approaching to that long oblivion in which they have since been buried. It would be the height of injustice to Mr. Gifford, and of negligence in providing for the entertainment of our readers, if we omitted his concluding remarks upon the obscure and noiseless life of the modest scholar whose character he has so well delineated.

'Massinger died on the 17th of March, 1640. He went to bed in good health, says Langbaine, and was found dead in the morning in his own house on the Bankside: He was buried in the churchyard of St. Saviour's, and the comedians paid the last sad duty to his name, by attending him to the grave.

'It does not appear, from the strictest search, that a stone, or inscription of any kind, marked the place where his dust was deposited: even the memorial of his mortality is given with a pathetic brevity, which accords but too well with the obscure and humble passages of his life: "March 20, 1639-40, buried Philip Massinger, A STRANGER!" No flowers were flung into his grave, no elegies "soothed his hovering spirit," and of all the admirers of his talents and his worth, none but Sir Aston Cockayne dedicated a line to his memory. It would be an abuse of language to honour any composition of Sir Aston with the name of poetry, but the steadiness of his regard for Massinger may be justly praised. In that collection of doggrel rhymes, which I have already mentioned, (p. xiii.) there is "an epitaph on Mr. John Fletcher, and Mr. Philip Massinger, who lie both buried in one grave in St. Mary Overy's church, in Southwark:

'In the same grave was Fletcher buried, here

'Lies the stage poet, Philip Massinger;

'Plays they did write together, were great friends;  
 'And now one grave includes them in their ends.  
 'To whom on earth nothing could part, beneath  
 'Here in their fame they lie, in spite of death.'

'It is surely somewhat singular that of a man of such eminence nothing should be known. What I have presumed to give is merely the history of the successive appearance of his works; and I am aware of no source from whence any additional information can be derived: no anecdotes are recorded of him by his contemporaries; few casual mentions of his name occur in the writings of the time, and he had not the good fortune which attended many of less eminence, to attract attention at the revival of dramatic literature from the deathlike torpor of the Interregnum. But though we are ignorant of every circumstance respecting Massinger, but that he lived and died; we may yet form to ourselves some idea of his personal character from the incidental hints scattered through his works. In what light he was regarded may be collected from the recommendatory poems prefixed to his several plays, in which the language of his panegyrists, though warm, expresses an attachment apparently derived not so much from his talents as his virtues: he is, as Davies has observed, their *beloved, much-esteemed, dear, worthy, deserving, honoured, long-known, and long-loved friend*, &c. &c. All the writers of his life unite in representing him as a man of singular modesty, gentleness, candour, and affability; nor does it appear that he ever made or found an enemy. He speaks indeed of opponents on the stage, but the contention of rival candidates for popular favour must not be confounded with personal hostility. With all this, however, he appears to have maintained a constant struggle with adversity; since not only the stage, from which, perhaps, his natural reserve prevented him from deriving the usual advantages, but even the bounty of his particular friends, on which he chiefly relied, left him in a state of absolute dependence. Jonson, Fletcher, Shirley, and others, not superior to him in abilities, had their periods of good fortune, their bright as well as their stormy hours; but Massinger seems to have enjoyed no gleam of sunshine; his life was all one wintry day, and "shadows, clouds, and darkness," rested upon it.

Davies finds a servility in his dedications which I have not been able to discover: they are principally characterised by gratitude and humility, without a single trait of that gross and servile adulation which distinguishes and disgraces the addresses of some of his contemporaries. That he did not conceal his misery, his editors appear inclined to reckon among his faults; he bore it, however, without impatience, and we only hear of it when it is relieved. Poverty made him no flatterer, and, what is still more rare, no maligner of the great: nor is one symptom of envy manifested in any part of his compositions.

'His principles of patriotism appear irreprehensible: the extravagant and slavish doctrines which are found in the dramas of his



great contemporaries make no part of his creed, in which the warmest loyalty is skilfully combined with just and rational ideas of political freedom. Nor is this the only instance in which the rectitude of his mind is apparent; the writers of his day abound in recommendations of suicide; he is uniform in the reprehension of it, with a single exception, to which, perhaps, he was led by the peculiar turn of his studies.† Guilt of every kind is usually left to the punishment of Divine Justice: even the wretched Malefort excuses himself to his son on his supernatural appearance, because the latter was *not marked out by heaven* for his mother's avenger; and the young, the brave, the pious Charalois accounts his death fallen upon him by the will of heaven, because "*he made himself a judge in his own cause.*"

'But the great, the glorious distinction of Massinger, is the uniform respect with which he treats religion and its ministers in an age when it was found necessary to add regulation to regulation, to stop the growth of impiety on the stage. No priests are introduced by him, "to set on some quantity of barren spectators," to laugh at their licentious follies; the sacred name is not lightly invoked, nor daringly sported with; nor is Scripture profaned by buffoon allusions lavishly put into the mouths of fools and women.'

With Massinger died his works, till the days of Rowe, with the exception indeed of the 'Bondman,' and the 'Roman Actor,' revived by Betterton; and of the 'Virgin Martyr,' the 'Renegado,' and perhaps the 'Old Law,' which were the only plays of this poet acted in the period immediately following the restoration. But Shakespeare was still less fortunate. What must we think of the taste of that age, when we are told that out of a list preserved by Downes the prompter, of twenty-one revived plays, two only were Shakespeare's, and that of the two, one was *Titus Andronicus*!

Rowe revised the whole of Massinger's works, with a view to their publication; but the 'Fatal Dowry' lay in his way, and he found the 'Fair Penitent;' or rather metamorphosed Massinger's excellent drama into his own ill-conducted though melodious poem. Then, like a thief, he sunk the name of his real author, and published that of Shakespeare instead. Mr. Gifford makes some good remarks upon the plot of the *Fatal Dowry*, and justly observes how superior it is to that of the misnamed *Fair Penitent*; but we shall notice this in its place, as well as Mr. Cumberland's essay upon the same subject; and at

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† 'See the *Duke of Milan*, Vol. I. p. 252. The frequent violation of female chastity, which took place on the irruption of the barbarians into Italy, gave rise to many curious disquisitions among the fathers of the church, respecting the degree of guilt occurred in preventing it by self-murder, Massinger had these, probably, in his thoughts.'

present only refer our readers to a most excellent critique on Rowe's play in the 6th volume of Richardson's *Clarissa*.

Mr. Gifford has presented us with a very few useful strictures upon the poverty of the decorations of the ancient stage; but to make Massinger more intelligible, and for a fuller knowledge of this subject, the curious must apply to Mr. Capell's *Notes on 'Antony and Cleopatra,'* an extract from which notes might have been given with advantage by Mr. Gifford. He then makes an avowal of his own intention of publishing very short and merely explanatory notes to Massinger, and of displaying no cheap and miserable black-letter erudition, for which we highly commend him, as well as for not calling in the auxiliary indecencies of an Amner or a Collins to please the prurient, and to swell his volumes. An acknowledgment of his obligations to the reverend Dr. Ireland, Prebendary of Westminster, for the critical remarks at the end of each play, concludes Mr. G.'s introduction.

An *Essay on the Dramatic Writings of Massinger*, by John Ferriar, the persecutor of Sterne, follows. We wish Mr. Gifford had written an essay upon this subject himself—he would have done it much better. There is, we think, neither ingenuity in the observations, nor elegance in the style of Dr. Ferriar. The former are, in our opinion, common-place and obvious, therefore unnecessary; the latter is heavy, flat, and uninteresting. As to the parallel passages of Shakespeare and Massinger, quoted by the Doctor, a child would have discovered them; and though it may be said that this proves the similitude, yet Mr. Gifford, much more sensibly, does not trouble his readers, who are not likely to be children, with such needless illustration. He leaves so easy a task to the exercise of common memories.

With regard to the peculiar style of Massinger, what Dryden said in his *Essay on Dramatic Poetry*, of Beaumont's and Fletcher's language, may be said of that, with equal if not greater propriety. 'I am apt to believe that the English language, in their writings, arrived to its highest perfection, what words have been since taken in, being rather superfluous than necessary.' Mr. Gifford observes, that to Johnson's praise of the qualities of Addison's style, namely, that it possessed 'familiarity without coarseness, and elegance without ostentation,' may be added, if applied to Massinger, strength, sweetness, purity, and simplicity. He further adds, that in the general harmony of his numbers Massinger stands unrivalled; that he cannot admit of any partial exception in favour of Shakespeare, and then proceeds as follows, which is the last quotation we must indulge our-

selves in making from this entertaining introduction, but which, in the part that immediately follows our subjoined extract, as it contains an excellent, though concise account of the decline and fall of dramatic poetry, and indeed of the stage itself after the death of Massinger, with the causes that contributed to this event, we shall strongly recommend to the attentive perusal of those who are interested in these subjects.

‘The claims of this great poet on the admiration of mankind, are innumerable, but rhythmical modulation is not one of them, nor do I think it either wise or just to hold him forth as supereminent in every quality which constitutes genius: Beaumont is as sublime, Fletcher as pathetic, and Jonson as nervous:—nor let it be accounted poor or niggard praise, to allow him only an equality with these extraordinary men in their peculiar excellencies, while he is admitted to possess many others, to which they make no approaches. Indeed, if I were asked for the discriminating quality of Shakespeare’s mind, that by which he is raised above all competition, above all prospect of rivalry, I should say it was wit. To wit Massinger has no pretensions, though he is not without a considerable portion of humour; in which, however, he is surpassed by Fletcher, whose style bears some affinity to his own: there is indeed a morbid softness in the poetry of the latter, which is not visible in the flowing and vigorous metre of Massinger, but the general manner is not unlike.

‘There is yet a peculiarity which it may be proper to notice, as it contributes, in a slight degree, to the fluency of Massinger’s style; it is the resolution of his words (and principally of those which are derived from the Latin through the medium of the French) into their component syllables. *Virtuous, partial, nation*, &c. &c. he usually makes dactyls, (if it be not pedantic to apply terms of measure to a language acquainted only with accent,) passing over the two last syllables with a gentle but distinct enunciation. This practice, indeed, is occasionally adopted by all the writers of his time, but in Massinger it is frequent and habitual. This singularity may slightly embarrass the reader at first, but a little acquaintance will shew its advantages, and render it not only easy but delightful.’

It will be necessary for us to corroborate this favourable opinion of Massinger, which we confess to be our own, by a regular though brief review of his plays, as they stand in the present edition. This, however, we must beg leave to defer to our next number, although we are quite aware of the objection to divided articles, and shall never resort to them but in cases like the present, where the work before us may claim too large a portion of a single review.

(To be continued.)

ART. X.—*Discursory Considerations on St. Luke's Preface, and other Circumstances of his Gospel; in three Letters to a Friend, from a Country Clergyman.* 8vo. pp. 181. Payne. 1805.

THE writer of these Considerations informs us, that after perusing Mr. Marsh's hypothesis respecting the Origin of the three first Gospels in the canon of the New Testament, and the pamphlets on both sides to which that hypothesis has given occasion, he felt considerable pain in seeing so much learning, ability, and acuteness of investigation so unfortunately misled, deviating into much unbecoming asperity, and wasted in querulous altercation. He further intimates that he perceived with deep sorrow, that some points of no small moment were kept up in a state of fruitlessly pendent agitation between the two contending parties without their seeming to make any advances towards a decision of them, even where that decision, in his opinion, might have been obtained without much difficulty.

‘It particularly struck me, (says he) as a circumstance highly extraordinary, that the brief Preface to St. Luke's Gospel, contained in four short verses, written in pure Xenophontic Greek, should at this day, and in the present advanced state of classical literature and biblical criticism amongst us, admit a never-ending question, what it actually declared respecting the writer; whether, (as *issue* in the present case has been *joined* between the parties,) St. Luke, in avouching his credibility as an evangelist, “meant to indicate himself to have been, in a certain degree at least, an eye-witness of the Gospel;” or, “to designate himself merely an accurate investigator and recorder of the facts, as personally witnessed by others.” This circumstance, indeed, seemed to me much to be lamented, as pregnant with detriment to the interests of our holy religion; and what might be materially injurious to the *joy and peace in believing* of the large body and common order of sincere Christians in our national Church.—I was apprehensive lest the obvious consideration, between whom such questions were controverted, might lead to unfavourable conclusions; and might suggest a sarcastic reflection, that “THEY to whom, from their superior literary attainments and high academical and ecclesiastical stations, we might well look up for the best explanations and elucidations of the more mysterious parts of Scripture, cannot agree in giving us a clear unquestionable interpretation of one of the plainest and simplest declarations in it; and are not enabled, even by a long laborious process of investigation and discussion, to bring the point in question to any thing like a satisfactory decision.’

We cannot say, that we ever approve greatly of *argumenta ad invidiam*. And in the present occasion their

justice is remarkably refuted by the country clergyman's own practice and example. For, after expending one whole letter in the investigation of the meaning of this among 'the plainest and simplest' passages of scripture, he finds it necessary, on more deliberation, to write another letter upon the same subject, and to revise and reform the interpretation of the preceding epistle in several material particulars. And after all, we are far from being satisfied, that the meaning of St. Luke is fully mastered by the present writer.

But to let these things pass; this, it must be understood, is the principal inquiry which is agitated in these Discursory Considerations; viz. 'whether St. Luke may be understood to intimate, in his preface, that he was an eye-witness of the principal gospel facts during the ministry of our blessed Lord; or that he only received an account of them from the communications of others, who actually were eye-witnesses.'

The remainder of the first letter is occupied in a critical analysis of the four verses in question. The result of this investigation is communicated in the author's own words, in the following translation or paraphrase.

'After that (or, although) several persons have taken upon them, to draw up a regularly detailed and complete account of those things which have been most fully accomplished among us, (or, in our time.) p. 16.

'As they, who were constituted from the beginning eye-witnesses, and who have since become ministers of the word, have delivered them unto us. p. 22.

'It hath still seemed good to me also, as I have been constantly and attentively present at all of them from the first, to write a particular account from the earliest period to thee, most excellent (and able) Theophilus. p. 38.

'That thou mayest assuredly know the incontrovertible certainty of those matters, wherein thou hast been instructed.' p. 42.

But, as we have already observed, the country clergyman sees reason to be dissatisfied with some parts of this interpretation, and accordingly goes over the ground again in his second letter. The fruit of these *second thoughts* will appear in the following abstract.

'Upon this ground, therefore, I apprehend that St. Luke's Preface, considered in conjunction with the circumstances of his Gospel, must be rendered, or at least understood, nearly as follows:

'Whereas many persons have taken in hand to draw up a regularly detailed and complete account of those things which have been most fully accomplished among us,

'According as (and as far as) they, who were constituted from the

beginning eye-witnesses, and who have since become ministers of the word, have delivered them unto us,

‘It hath seemed good to me also, (as I had before studiously acquired the fullest and most authentic information respecting all the previous circumstances,) to write an account from the very earliest period to thee, most excellent Theophilus,

‘That thou mightest assuredly know the well founded and completely perfect certainty of those matters, wherein thou hast been instructed.’

Our readers will perceive two very important alterations in this second interpretation ; the one relating to the much controverted word *παρηκολουθηκοτι*, the other to the word *ανωθεν*. With regard to the former, the writer renounces the signification of personal presence, which he had avowed and maintained very explicitly in his former letter, and thus reverts much more nearly to the opinion of Mr. Marsh, than that of his antagonist. He is disposed also to lay very great stress on his new interpretation of the word *ανωθεν*, which he attributes to the narrative contained in the first two chapters, respecting the incarnation of Christ, and other particulars previously to the commencement of his public ministry. The first intimation of this interpretation, we are informed, was suggested to him by the excellent lexicographer Schleusner : but afterwards he found that it had been before stated, and adequately insisted upon by ‘the late learned, amiable, and pious Dr. Townson.’ His opinion is ably supported; but, for ourselves, we cannot in any sort accede to this explanation of the word *ανωθεν*. There is one objection, which of itself we deem fatal to it ; and that is the want of the article. To bear such an interpretation it must have been written, *παρηκολουθηκοτι ΤΟΙΣ ανωθεν παιν*, &c. The country clergyman himself, we imagine, will acknowledge the importance of this deficiency, if he will re-peruse his own observations, p. 53—68, where it will be perceived he almost invariably inserts the article, and speaks, in strict propriety, of *ΤΑ ανωθεν παντα*. The second letter contains also (p. 85—95) some very minute, pleasing, and curious remarks on the *τα ανωθεν* (as the letter-writer chuses to call them) of St. Luke, &c.

The subject of the third letter differs considerably from that of the two preceding, but yet has a very pertinent relation to the principal inquiry in this treatise. Beza has declared that because St. Luke was not an eye-witness, he was not the other disciple, to whom with Cleopas, our Lord appeared in the way to Emmaus after his resurrection ; and from Mr. Marsh we have the following authoritative and sum-

mary assertion : ' With regard to the conjecture, that St. Luke was one of the two disciples whom our Lord met, after his resurrection, in the way to Emmaus, there is no more authority for it in argument than there is in history.\*'

The country clergyman is of a different opinion, and conscious of the importance of the inquiry, is desirous of trying whether he cannot reverse the enthymeme of Beza ; so that it may stand, ' St. Luke *was* the other disciple to whom, with Cleopas, our Lord appeared, &c. and *therefore was* an eye-witness.'

It will not be practicable for us to follow the letter-writer through his elaborate criticism on this particular. We must observe, however, that the argument is conducted with very great ability, and impresses us with an extremely favourable opinion of those grand pre-requisites to true criticism, the taste and feeling of the reverend correspondent.

It will be no more than justice to lay before our readers the ultimate result of the whole inquiry of this pamphlet, as it is very well summed up, in the author's own words; and to declare our opinion that it contains a great deal of truth.

'The ultimate result of my "Inquiry," upon the whole, is precisely this:—"St. Luke, in his preface, does not *declare* himself to have been a Disciple of Christ, or an eye-witness of his ministry; but he *by no means* asserts the contrary, neither does he declare himself to have received his Gospel from the communication of others: at the same time he seems to claim for his Gospel a certain degree of high and original authority, which involves an intimation that he was an eye-witness of many things which he has therein recorded:—But further, his Gospel itself affords certain internal evidence, that this was actually so,—and that he was *probably* an eye-witness of all the principal Gospel facts, because he certainly was a Disciple of Christ, and, in one most interesting and important instance, eminently distinguished as such by our Lord himself."—Here then I terminate my "Inquiry:"—but from the fact assumed in the process of it, that "St. Luke was actually thus distinguished by so important an appearance vouchsafed to him," I conceive deductions may well be drawn, to establish the highest possible degree of divine authority in the writings of this eminent Evangelist; while the truly important circumstances, of that "appearance," furnish a certain degree of material illustration to some interesting particulars of his Gospel.'

P. 164.

The 'deductions' alluded to in the latter part of this extract are pursued through the remainder of the work. Their argument is to establish the inspiration of St. Luke, on unques-

\* Illustration of Hypothesis. Appendix, p. 8.

tionable grounds. This important subject is very well prosecuted; and increases greatly the obligations which we feel to the country clergyman, for stepping out of his retirement, and interposing with a degree of courtesy, taste, and learning worthy of his vocation, in this controversy, which has hitherto been a great deal too much distinguished by the demeanour, language, and temper of scholastic warfare.

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ART XI.—*The Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain, displayed in a Series of select Engravings, representing the most beautiful, curious, and interesting ancient Edifices of this Country; with an historical and descriptive Account of each Subject. Part 1. by John Britton. 4to. 10s. 6d. Longman. 1805.*

IN treating on the early progress of civil architecture in this country, the inquirer cannot but lament that of those, who have gone before him, few have been *professional* men. And even in the instances where such have written, they have been so deficient in historical knowledge as to be hardly ever able to apply the principles with which their minds were so familiar. The scholar has been too much occupied by the elegancies of learning to gain an accurate acquaintance with the abstruser doctrines of architectural science; and the man whose profession it was to raise the lofty fabric, has had neither time nor opportunity to blend technical and historical knowledge accurately together.

They who have already written on the subject have treated it both with curiosity and diligence, but not with systematic views; and singular as it may seem, our best writers on the progress of ancient architectural art, have varied so widely from each other, that it is impossible to blend their observations. In a detached view, they afford instruction; but when compared with each other, the reader cannot always reconcile their notions.

Our antiquaries, it should seem, have been rather hasty in their researches; and have usually begun the history of *Saxon architecture* too abruptly. They have broken in upon their subject; without considering that the Saxons brought no style of building with them, from their native woods; that in this island they copied from the few traces their early ravages had left of Roman art; and that it is a due consideration of the latter only, that can instruct us in the true history of the Saxon style.



The **GOTHIC** style, or by whatever other name caprice or whim may call it, (and Mr. Britton is determined never to apply the name) has met with treatment not dissimilar. Our writers have taken infinite pains to methodize it into æras. They have sought its origin in the east and in the west; they have marked its graces; and fondly described its peculiar impressions on the human mind. But not one, we believe, has examined the question, whether the architects of what are called the middle ages, were guided by mathematical principles in adopting the angular arch, or whether they stumbled on it by chance: whether they were theoretical, as well as practical, geometricians.

What may be Mr. Britton's ultimate views in regard to a preface for his work, we know not; but we certainly conceive that the descriptive accounts which are attached to each specimen of ancient buildings, may be rendered more useful by something of a prefatory history, comprising a general view of our ancient architecture, and referring for particular illustrations to such buildings as the work may hereafter have comprised.

In 1769, when Mr. Essex, of Cambridge, undertook a history of Gothic architecture, he applied for information to the late Lord Orford. Lord Orford, we believe, did not think the learning of the man completely adequate to the views in which he had engaged; but gave him a rough outline, the heads of which, as it has never been in print, we shall here recommend to Mr. Britton's notice.

'With regard to a history of Gothic architecture,' says Lord Orford, 'in which Mr. Essex desires my advice, the plan, I think, should lie in a very simple compass. Was I to execute it, it should be thus: I would give a series of plates, even from the conclusion of Saxon architecture, beginning with the round Roman arch, and going on to shew how the Saxons plaistered and zig-zagged it, and then how better ornaments crept in, till the beautiful Gothic arrived at its perfection; then how it deceased in Henry the Eighth's reign; Archbishop Warham's tomb at Canterbury, being, I believe, the last example of the unbastardized Gothic. A very few plates more would demonstrate its change, though Holbein embroidered it with some morsels of true architecture: in Queen Elizabeth's reign, there was scarce any architecture at all: I mean no pillars, or seldom: buildings then becoming quite plain. Under James, a barbarous composition succeeded. A single plate of something of Inigo Jones, in his heaviest and worst style, should terminate the work: for he soon stepped into the true, and perfect Grecian.

‘The next part should consist of observations on the art, proportions and methods of building; and the reasons observed by the Gothic architects for what they did. This would shew what great men they were; and how they raised such ærial and stupendous masses, though unassisted by half the lights now enjoyed by their successors. The prices and the wages of workmen, and the comparative value of money and provisions at the several periods, should be stated, as far as it is possible to get materials.

‘In the last part,’ says Lord Orford (though we doubt whether it should not have been the first,) ‘the chronologic period of each building should be ascertained; and not only of each building, but of each tomb that may be exhibited: for the great delicacy and richness of Gothic ornaments was exhausted on small chapels, oratories, and tombs. For my own part, I should wish to add detached samples of the various patterns of ornaments, which would not be a great many; as excepting pinnacles, there is scarce one, which does not branch from the trefoil, quatrefoils, cinquefoils, &c. being but various modifications of it. I believe almost all the ramifications of windows are so; and of them there should be samples too.’

Such was the plan, as the rough draught of it was originally given. But Mr. Essex, it appears, did not live to perfect his design, and the hints remain for the benefit of those who may now, or in future, undertake the task.

The portion of the work which is now before us, is certainly executed with uncommon spirit; the choice of subjects has been made with judgment; and the author and his artists are equally entitled to our thanks.

The most curious specimen, perhaps, is the church of St. Botolph's priory at Colchester; in its form and general construction one of the most equivocal ruins in the kingdom. According to the best historical testimony, the priory was founded by Ernulph, about the year 1103, early in the reign of Henry I. The reader will of course expect that the edifice constructed for the reception of the monks should exhibit something of that general character which may be supposed to have marked the buildings of the reign. But in this he will be mistaken; for the church of St. Botolph is composed almost entirely of Roman bricks, or wall tiles, with arches, columns, and piers nearly resembling some of those edifices which are unquestionably to be attributed to the Romans, and very dissimilar to any other ancient structure in the country. To the architectural antiquary it is eminently interesting: like the Abbey church of St. Albans, it appears to

have been built out of the ruins of some Roman edifice. Simplicity and solidity of style are its leading features. It has several tiers of *INTERSECTING arches*, and the principal materials are undoubtedly of Roman manufacture. It is accompanied by three views and a plan, by which the reader who has not seen the present remains, may understand their characteristic peculiarities with the greatest ease.

The priory church of Dunstable forms the second specimen, the western front of which is the particular object of illustration. In explaining its architectural characteristics, considerable pains are taken to examine the principal historical data of the building. And though the memoranda relating to it are both obscure and few, the various styles which are concentrated in this beautiful and complex structure are happily illustrated and developed. The first of the three plates for the illustration of this specimen exhibits the western front of the church; the second gives the lower part in detail; and the third is devoted to the particular parts and ornaments.

The tower-gateway of Layer Marney House, in Essex, forms the third specimen; exhibiting the state of domestic architecture in the reign of Henry VIII. It was built by Sir Henry Marney about 1530, at a time when the mansions of our forefathers began to lose their real castellated character, though still retaining many of its peculiarities. Small windows, thick walls, base courts, turrets, and a sort of embattled parapet, it appears, were still continued; and Layer Marney Hall was of this description. The large court which formed the centre of the building measured a hundred and four feet six inches, by seventy-six feet four, and when entire, the building must have been magnificent. The two projecting towers of the gateway, given in the plate, are seventy-three feet high, divided into eight stories each.

The last specimen exhibits the church of St. Nicholas, and the abbey-gateway at Abingdon in Berkshire; the former of which is correctly appropriated to the close of the thirteenth, or the opening of the fourteenth century.

The letter-press of each specimen is completely detached from that of its neighbour. And as the work is unpagged, the different portions may be arranged chronologically, or in any form that may hereafter seem most proper or convenient to the possessor.

If the first part may be considered as a pledge of what the work will be, we readily give it our warmest commendation. In elegance, it has not often been surpassed.

ART. XII.—*Memoirs on Respiration, by Lazarus Spallanzani. Edited from the unpublished Manuscripts of the Author; by John Senebier. 8vo. 7s. Robinson. 1804.*

THE industry and the talents of Spallanzani, in the prosecution of physiological experiment, were long ago evinced by his dissertations on some of the more abstruse parts of the animal and vegetable economy. A considerable degree of respect has been thenceforth attached to his name, and he may be said to hold a distinguished rank among the physiologists of the eighteenth century. He has not, indeed, displayed any views or conceptions of great magnitude; yet he possessed much of the ardour, which is characteristic of genius: and in those partial and insulated inquiries in which he was generally engaged, he never failed to extend the bounds of knowledge, and to open out new paths for useful investigation. On the subject of respiration, although our knowledge of this vital function may be said to have commenced with the introduction of the pneumatic chemistry, he had, it is true, already been preceded by Black, Priestly, and Lavoisier, and other inquirers of distinguished abilities. Still, however, this intricate operation remains in part undeveloped; and that patience in minute and delicate experiment, that indefatigable zeal in the pursuit of every suggestion that presented itself, which characterised the mind of Spallanzani, led us to anticipate that a new ray of light might be thrown upon the subject, by his researches; and we therefore learnt with pleasure that, for some years previous to his death, he had directed his inquiries to this important topic.

The volume before us must be allowed to contain a considerable portion of curious and interesting matter. But the additions to our knowledge consist rather in observations relative to the different modifications of respiration, and to the changes of the function induced by changes of temperature, in the few animals here examined, than in the development of any new facts, which will tend to the farther elucidation of the uses and effects of the function in general.—There is one very important discovery, however, which, while it tends to inculcate the necessity of extreme caution in deducing conclusions from experimental inquiries, throws a certain degree of doubt over all the experiments which have been made on this subject, especially on the smaller tribes of animals. It appears that some of those changes, which have been considered as peculiar to the process of

respiration, are produced by the animals when dead ; and that detached parts of animal matter, also effect similar changes. The results of the experiments relative to this fact, seem to have been invariable.

Prefixed to the memoirs is an account of the life, or rather a biographical eulogium, of the author, in which Senebier has evinced the partiality of friendship, by lavishing on his character the most superlative praise. Perhaps our readers may be interested by an account of the principal occurrences of his philosophical career.

Lazarus Spallanzani was born the 10th of January, 1729, at Scandiano, about fourteen miles from Modena, and was the son of an advocate of some celebrity. At the age of fifteen he went to Reggio ; and soon afterwards, impelled by his increasing desire of knowledge, visited Bologna, where his distinguished kinswoman, Laura Bassa, was at that time one of the most illustrious professors in the university.— Under her guidance he is said to have ‘learnt to prefer the study of nature to that of her commentators, and to estimate their value, by comparing them with the originals which they profess to describe.’ In 1754, he was chosen professor of logic, mathematics, and Greek, in the university of Reggio, where he continued six years ; during which interval, by his observations on the *animalcula infusoria*, he attracted the notice of Haller and Bonnet. In 1760, he received several offers of advancement ; but his patriotism induced him to accept those which were made by the university of Modena ; he remained there till 1768, and published several works which contributed to extend his fame. On the re-establishment of the university of Pavia, he was invited by the Empress Maria Theresa to the professorship of natural history. He was here appointed also to superintend the museum, which he found to be almost a nominal office, in relation to a collection which had no existence ; and henceforth the endowment of this museum appears to have been a prevailing object of his life. ‘He enriched it,’ says his eulogist ‘by repeated journeys by sea and land, in Europe and Asia, across the Appenines, the Alps, and the Krapacks, to the bottom of mines on the remains of volcanoes, and to the mouths of craters.’ This ardour in the investigation of natural objects continued to the latest period of his life, and prompted him to take every opportunity, which the academical vacations afforded him, of prosecuting various journeys, the sole objects of which were the collection of specimens, and the advancement of natural knowledge.— These journeys produced several dissertations from his pen. The permission given him by the arch-duke to travel to

Constantinople, (his salary also being doubled,) induced him, in 1785, to reject the offer of the professorship of natural history in Padua, where his emoluments would have been more considerable. He continued at Pavia, till his death in February, 1799. Besides the dissertations on the vegetable and animal economy, he published many papers in the journals: he entered into a controversy with Needham relative to the production of the animals of infusions, with John Hunter, and with Volta; in all of which, according to Senebier, he was triumphant. He also distinguished himself by refuting the experiment of Götting, who asserted the combustion of phosphorus in azotic gas. When nearly sixty years of age, he undertook a journey, for the purpose of examining the volcanoes of Italy and Sicily, and of enriching the cabinet of Pavia with their productions. This journey gave occasion to his last work of importance, his travels in Sicily; in which he gave a particular account of the volcanic mountains, and of the far-famed Scylla and Charybdis, in the straits of Messina.

On the subject of Respiration, which was the last object of his research, he had undertaken a very extensive series of experiments, beginning with some of the more simple tribes, and proceeding upwards in the scale to those of more complicated organs and faculties. The comprehensive nature of this plan constitutes the peculiarity of his inquiry. For in every part of it, even in that which relates to the *vermes* and insects, he had been anticipated, Vauquelin having already examined some of these, and published an account of his observations in the *Annales de Chimie*, tom. 12.—This distinguished chemist had ascertained that these animals have the same necessity for oxygen as those other tribes which are provided with more obvious and complicated organs of respiration; that they perish in air which does not contain oxygen, or in atmospheric air after its oxygen has been consumed; but that, unlike the superior tribes, they continue to respire until the whole of the oxygen disappears. Previous to his death, Spallanzani had accomplished, or nearly accomplished, the whole range of his projected experiments, and had prepared four memoirs, relating to the lower tribes of animals, for publication. Only three of these have been transmitted to his Genevese friend; but we have the pleasure to learn that the whole of his notes and papers will be forwarded to Senebier, in order to be arranged for the press. In the mean time, the general results, which will be found in these manuscripts, are briefly enumerated in a letter which the professor of Pavia wrote to Senebier, and which is prefixed to these memoirs.

The principal points to which Spallanzani, calls the attention of his friend, are, that living animals consume or absorb oxygen gas independently of the action of the lungs, and that they retain this power after death. In a given portion of atmospheric air, the whole of the oxygen gas was consumed by worms, insects, fishes, and amphibia, as well as by the warm blooded-animals, when dead; and different parts of their bodies, as the muscles, tendons, bones, fat, blood, the shells of insects, and of eggs, in short every animal matter which was submitted to the experiment, with the exception of bile, had the power of absorbing the oxygen, and leaving the azote, and nearly all of them with an equal rapidity, the blood not effecting the separation more speedily than the other parts, nor the venous more readily than the arterial blood. In a given time, however, a considerably larger proportion of oxygen is consumed by the living, than by the dead animal; and the dead animal matter absorbs a larger portion of the oxygen, if it be unmixed with other gases.

These facts, which from the number and variety of the experiments by which they were ascertained, cannot be questioned, evince the difficulty of coming to direct conclusions on this subject, even by the aid of the most accurate instruments of chemistry. They render all experiments on the insect tribes, as well as those relative to the gaseous changes in the egg during incubation, somewhat equivocal. They also cast an additional shade of doubt on the observations of Jurine, and others, in regard to the cutaneous absorption of gases in man. For we are unable to state, how much of this absorption, or interchange of the gaseous fluids depends upon those alterations, which may gradually take place, in common with those of inanimate matter, and how much depends upon the processes of life.

The experiments of Spallanzani, however, confirm the general fact, that these animals (the *vermes* and insects,) have an absolute necessity for oxygen. 'They perish at the end of some days in the exhausted receiver of an air-pump.' And the snails which live on land, the *Helix nemoralis*, *H. Itala*, &c. die when confined under water. 'When the temperature was low, they usually died at the end of three or four days; but in a much shorter space of time when it was somewhat higher.' His experiments likewise corroborate the observations of Lavoisier and Seguin, that during digestion, after a full meal, a larger portion of carbonic acid is evolved. In these animals, however, contrary to what they observed in man, precisely the same quantity of oxygen was consumed, as during a fast; from which he concludes that the carbonic acid, evolved during respiration, is not

generated in the lungs by the combination of the oxygen inspired ; but is separated, already formed, from the mass of circulating fluids.

The animals which were the subjects of the experiments related in these memoirs, were some of the terrestrial *testacea*; slugs, and aquatic *testacea*. In the two former, the organ of respiration consists of a hole in the side of the neck, which the animal opens and shuts voluntarily, at irregular periods: this hole gives passage to the air to a membranous bag or vesicle in the back, with which the blood comes in contact. On the approach of cold weather in the autumn, these animals conceal themselves under ground, the snails hermetically sealing up the orifice of their shells, and the naked slugs rolling themselves into a kind of ball, in which condition they continue lethargic or torpid during the winter. Their torpor takes place about zero of the thermometer (Reaumur's). It appears that during this torpid state no degree of respiration whatever takes place. The small portion of air contained within the operculum of the snails undergoes not the smallest change, till they begin to soften the operculum, preparatory to their coming out. But it is also remarkable, that these snails are affected by heat and drought in nearly the same way as by cold: in hot dry weather they conceal themselves in holes sheltered from the sun, closed up in their shells by the opercula, and become very lean from want of food. Our philosopher seems, however, to have omitted to observe, whether, in this state, respiration is altogether suspended, as during their torpor from cold. But he remarks that the operculum of winter is composed of calcareous matter between two membranes, which forms a complete hermetical seal; while that of drought consists only of membrane: and during their concealment in a drought they become leaner, than during the torpor occasioned by cold; which seems to imply a certain degree of activity in the vital functions.

Of the aquatic *testacea*, the *helix vivipara* was the principal subject of experiment. This animal appears to be destitute of any proper organ of respiration, analogous to lungs or gills; and the skin, in the opinion of Spallanzani, performs that function. The necessity for oxygen, either in the water or in contact with it, for the support of these aquatic worms, was rendered evident by the following experiment: Six of them were put into a tube, half filled with water, deprived of its air by boiling and by the air-pump, and half with azotic gas; and six others into a tube containing the same quantities of spring water, and common air. In the last tube the animals lived about seven days, and the con-



sumption of oxygen gas amounted to .06; whilst in the first all the snails perished in three days.' It is worthy of remark, that this species of *helix* produces its young without copulation, and appears to be, in the strict sense of the word, an hermaphrodite.

From some experiments on the oyster, *ostrea edulis et jacobæa*, and on the *mytilus edulis*, or common muscle, Spallanzani deduced the following inferences.

' 1st. That they absorb the oxygen from the sea water, as we observe by the diminution of the oxygen gas contained in the air, which is in contact with that fluid.

' 2d. That they absorb all the oxygen from the common air, when inclosed in this medium.

' 3d. That when azotic gas is made to rest on the water, they perish sooner than if atmospheric air be employed.

' 4th. That the shells separated from these animals, and inclosed in air, likewise possess the property of absorbing oxygen.' P. 311.

On the whole, this volume is of considerable value. It bears all the marks of ingenuity in devising, and of dexterity and accuracy in executing experiments, which characterize the former productions of Spallanzani. We perceive too the same disposition to give importance to observations of little moment, and to preserve a sort of stately parade in detailing them, with which his other works are somewhat tainted. But this is a trivial *Italian* imperfection, by which he will not be distinguished among his countrymen. We shall look with interest to the publication of his remaining papers. For, though little addition to the general state of knowledge on the subject of respiration is promised in his letter to Senebier, yet his ardent curiosity, which prompts him to pursue every hint that occurs, will, no doubt, have furnished him with a variety of important collateral observations, on the economy of the animals under investigation, which will give no small degree of value to his work. On the subject of torpor in the hibernating animals, that curious provision of nature, by which, during a season of scarcity, a large proportion of animated beings are benumbed, and their functions suspended, until the return of heat and plenty, he has made a numerous set of experiments, from which we may hope much information.

The translator, who has executed his task with fidelity and neatness, has made no mention of himself; so that from the title page, it might be supposed that John Senebier had published these memoirs in English, from the Italian of Spallanzani; whereas the present publication is a translation from the French of the Genevese translator and editor.

ART. XIII.—*Werneria, or short Characters of Earths ; with Notes, according to the Improvements of Klaproth, Vauquelin, and Haüy. By Terræ Filius. 12mo. 4s. Baldwins. 1805.*

IN ancient days the sons of the earth were favoured with peculiar privileges. We read of one whom it was impossible to put to death while he touched his parent soil, so great was the influence which she inspired into her progeny. The efforts of a Hercules were required that this monster might suffer the punishment of his atrocities in the region of the air, where he was forcibly held and strangled by the muscular arm of the demigod. In these latter times we, alas ! no pattern of vigour, are called to encounter another of the off-spring of Terra, that has lately sprung to existence on the bosom of his mother. Unlike his brother of antiquity however, he deals not in the arm of flesh, nor stalks abroad murdering, and ravishing, and plundering, to the terror and astonishment of the weakly race of men : he rather imitates the song of the syren, and would lure the unwary into his toils by mineralogy in blank verse.

This idea, equally novel and ingenious, is certainly well calculated to excite some feelings of surprise, which the perusal of the work will not tend to dissipate. The design of the author, it appears, is that his sweet strains should slip into the workhouse of the brain more readily than vulgar prose, and draw along with them a due portion of the crabbed nomenclature of the Wernerian school. With the blushing hope of success, he announces his willingness to be ‘ led from the earths to the metals, and from the metals to the inflammables :’ yet though it be true, as he says, that every boy can tell how much easier he got his Latin grammar in heroic verse, than his Greek in unmeasured prose, there are some small differences between a grammar and a sysem of mineralogy, which we shall not lose time to point out. But the principle of versifying science, especially imperfect science, is not to be admitted ; and lest we should next be attacked by Euclid in rhyme, or Newton, in anapæstics, we proceed to give a few instances of the author’s style of writing, which, in our opinion, cannot fail of proving a sufficient criticism on his work.

He begins with an enumeration of the earths :

- ‘ The purer earths,
- ‘ At present known are, silex, alumine,
- ‘ Lime, magnesia, baryt, strontian,
- ‘ Adamantine, jargon ;—
- ‘ Of which the six most common are the first.’

This harmonious enunciation of the heads of his work, is not chosen for extraction from its peculiar metrical properties, but may serve as a specimen of the forgetfulness of his goddess mother to bestow on her son a pair of ears.

Upon lime, the first division of the author's performance, we have some lines of measured prose, none of which exceed each other more than a tenth of an inch, by which rule, and the word of his mouth, we suppose they were created into verse. But the facts are also many of them false and mistaken in a chemical view. Pure lime we are told with a kind of sublime extacy,

- 'Of yellow hue is shapeless found
- 'Of earthly texture, not far from Baïæ,
- 'And in the upper mountains of Auvergne,
- 'As Monet writes, and learned Falconer tells.'

The varieties of calcareous spar are enunciated with poetical minuteness,

- 'Sometimes immixed we see calcareous spar with baryt's  
yellow sulfate ;'

And again,

- 'With apices protruding through
- 'Pyramids of crystals secondary
- 'The crystallized six-sided cones are soon
- 'By curious eyes in cabinets and sales
- 'With joy descried.'

The eyes of stone-hunters are certainly very curious, and so, it must be allowed, are the verses of the son of the earth.

'Galenas cubes,' he informs us, 'must never be forgot,' nor a great many other things which we shall not stop to enumerate. Swine stone, we learn, smells like blue John, which smell, however, does not arise from bitumen, and therefore 'to some other cause is owed.'

The terms of chemistry have borne very hard upon our poet. He eagerly but unsuccessfully labours to raise the low and to soften the harsh. It would be unnecessary, and might be tedious, to proceed further in minute detail, but we assure our readers that our critique has been very candid, and that passages as bad as we have quoted may be found in every page. Perhaps the author may succeed better in prose, as we infer from the tenor of his notes. But the poem is wholly free from poetical spirit, from the remotest attempt at harmony, and from accurate information ; while it possesses not even the merit at which it aimed—that of being more easily committed to memory than unmeasured prose.

# MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

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## RELIGION.

ART. 14.—*Remarks on a Publication of M. Volney, called 'The Ruins,' &c. by the Rev. William Cockburn, M.A. Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge; and Christian Advocate in that University.* Hatchard. pp. 30. 1804.

THIS tract being the first-fruits of an institution in the University of Cambridge, which is likely to make frequent appeals to the notice of the public, it may be proper, in the first place, and once for all, to communicate to our readers what we know respecting the nature and objects of that institution. This information they will be enabled to gather, satisfactorily enough, from the following original paper, which imparted, from authority, the first public intelligence relating to the Christian advocateship.

*Cambridge, Feb. 25, 1802.*

'The late reverend John Hulse, having bequeathed to the University of Cambridge certain estates for the advancement of religious learning, and having directed in his will that out of the rents and profits, so soon as annuities and other incumbrances would admit, an annual stipend should be given to some learned and ingenious person of the degree of master of arts, or of bachelor or doctor in divinity, and of the age of thirty years or upwards, and then resident in the said University, as shall be by the Vicechancellor, the master of Trinity College, and the master of St. John's College (appointed trustees for the disposal of this benefaction), or any two of them, thought the best qualified, and by them or any two of them successively elected for any term not exceeding five or six years, in order to compose some proper and judicious answer or answers every year to all such new and popular or other cavils and objections against the Christian or revealed Religion, or against the Religion of Nature, as may in the opinion of the said trustees, or any two of them, seem best or most proper to deserve or require an answer, whether the same be ancient or modern objections, but chiefly such as are most modern, and especially such as have appeared in the English language of late years against Christianity, and which may not seem to have received a full and sufficient answer, if any such there shall be, unto the year preceding such election; as likewise to be ready to satisfy any real scruples or objections in a private way that may be brought, from time to time, by any fair and candid inquirer against the same: such writer to be called, the Christian Advocate; and such his written answer to be in English, and only against notorious infidels, whether atheists or deists, not descending to any particular controversies with sects among Christians themselves, except some new or dangerous error, either of superstition or enthu-

siasm, as of Popery or methodism, either in opinion or practice, shall prevail; in which case only it may be necessary for that time to write or to reason against the same; and such treatise or treatises to be every year printed; the expence whereof shall be deducted out of the stipend, and the remainder shall be paid or given every year to the several authors successively as a reward for the same. But no person shall be ever re-elected, or at any time, after he has once filled the said office, appointed thereto again.

'The Vice-chancellor, the Master of Trinity College, and the Master of St. John's College do hereby give notice, that the estate appropriated to the office above mentioned, under the present annuities and incumbrances, admits of an annual stipend of forty-five pounds to be given to the person who shall be elected to the same. And that such persons as may be desirous of becoming candidates for the said office, being qualified as the will directs, do give in their names to the Vice-chancellor, on or before Monday, the eleventh day of December next: the election to be on Christmas-day, or within seven days after.'

Mr. Cockburn, it will be seen, has undertaken to break his first spear against the 'Ruins' of M. Volney. After selecting such passages from that work as seem most to require animadversion, he proceeds to reply to them one by one, in due form, according to the rules of literary warfare, and the measures of his own prowess. For the sake of his cause, for the credit of the institution, the respectability of which will doubtless depend much upon its early efforts, and from our unfeigned respect for the university in which Mr. Cockburn is elevated into a post of such distinguished eminence and hazard, we could have wished that those powers had been greater. We see nothing to which we can give a higher name than that of the most ordinary mediocrity.

ART. 15.—*The Union of the Christian Body stated. A Sermon preached in Lambeth Chapel, on the 28th of April, 1805, at the Consecration of the Right Rev. Henry Bathurst, LL. D. Lord Bishop of Norwich, and published at the Command of his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury. By Richard Prosser, D.D. Prebendary of Durham. 4to. p. 19. Payne. 1805.*

AFTER a minute investigation and illustration of the apostle's meaning in the words of the text (Ephes. iv. vers. 15, 16), Dr. Prosser proceeds to deduce from it some important considerations, such more especially as seemed to have an intimate relation with the occasion of his discourse. He here shews, that the Christian body has received from Christ its head, great and effectual powers, not only towards its unity, but also towards its growth; that from the same source it has derived, both the parts of its internal constitution, and also the very law of their movements: that the unity of the Christian body was by divine design and appointment; and that all its powers are to conspire together in the same design of mutu-

ally aiding and helping each other, and of 'building up the body in love.'

'But, if after all, (says he) there should be found those who will sow the seeds of dissension, and endeavour to disunite the integrity of the Christian body, what remains for the true members of Christ's church, but to apply every serious and earnest endeavour "to bind up and to heal;" what remains for all those who preserve a dutiful adherence to our established church, but to confirm the more their deference of heart to the meek simplicity, yet expressive solemnity, in the forms of her religious worship—to the unaffected yet fervent strain of piety which pervades her Liturgy—and to all the various operations, and instruments of her superintendence? What remains for those especially who bear her appointments of official and ministerial trust, but to let "charity have her perfect work,"—to watch with greater solicitude over the fold of Christ, to preserve it united and safe; and either to lose none that have entered into it, or to lead homewards those that may have strayed: That in the end, "in the dispensation of the fulness of times might be gathered together in *One*, all things in Christ, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth.'\*

The discourse is composed in a grave and serious manner, becoming the occasion by which it was produced.

**ART. 16.**—*A Sermon preached at the Parish Church of St. Andrew by the Wardrobe and St. Anne, Blackfriars, on Tuesday in Whitsun Week, May 22, 1804, before the Society for Missions to Africa and the East. By the Rev. Thomas T. Biddulph, M.A. Minister of St. James's, Bristol, and Chaplain to the Right Hon. the Dowager Lady Bagot. 8vo. pp. 110. Seeley. 1804.*

IN this discourse Mr. Biddulph has discharged the duty which was imposed upon him, of recommending the propagation of the gospel in heathen nations in a respectable manner. The pamphlet contains also the report of the committee, a list of subscribers and benefactors, and an appendix of some other interesting particulars. It appears that the occasions of the society, and the promising appearances which they have of success in their pious endeavours, prefer an importunate claim for additional contributions and encouragement.

**ART. 17.**—*The Use and Abuse of Reason, in Matters of Faith, a Sermon, preached at St. Chad's, in Shrewsbury, at the Triennial Visitation of the Hon. and Right Reverend James, Lord Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, May 28, 1805. By Samuel Butler, M. A. Head Master of Shrewsbury School, and late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. 12mo. pp. 22. 1s. Longman. 1805.*

THE public is much indebted to those of the clergy in conse-

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\* Eph. ch. i. ver. 10.

quence of whose request, conveyed by a letter to Mr. Butler, he was prevailed upon to print this visitation sermon. It does credit to his powers of discrimination and reasoning. Yet he is very justly sensible that so important a subject can be but very inadequately investigated within the narrow limits of a modern discourse.

ART. 18.—*Preddestination to Life : a Sermon preached at Lee-croft, Sheffield, April 18, 1804, before an Association of Ministers, and published by Request. By Edward Williams, D. D. 2d Edition. corrected and enlarged. 8vo. pp. 54. 1s. 6d. Williams and Smith. 1805.*

FOR the discussion of *his* subject, Dr. Williams has taken to himself more 'ample room,' and, in our judgment, not without considerable advantage to his matter, and credit to himself. The *nature* of his subject is such as forbids us to enter into it at large: We shall only observe, that in the *manner* in which it is treated, we are gratified with the seriousness, the industry, and the piety of its author. The notes, in which some particulars touched upon in the body of the discourse are further pursued, are much to the purpose, and add to the value of this publication.

ART. 19.—*The Scriptural Analogy and Concord of St. Paul and St. James, on Christian Faith, a Sermon, preached, May 9, 1805, in the Parish Church of St. Mary, Reading, at the Visitation of the Rev. the Archdeacon of Berks; by the Rev. Arthur Onslow, D. D. Dean of Worcester, and Archdeacon of Berks. pp. 16. Rivingtons. 1805.*

WE do not perceive that Dr. Onslow has suggested any thing very novel or profound in this attempt to harmonise the discordant expressions of St. Paul and St. James. But the discourse is well composed; and the reflections which it contains are seasonable and judicious.

ART. 20.—*The Exemplar of Divine Worship, as exhibited to St. John in the Apocalypse, stated in a Discourse on Rev. iv. 1. By the Rev. R. B. Nickolls, LL. B. Rector of Stony Stanton, Leicestershire; and Dean of Middleham, in Yorkshire. pp. 83. Hatfield. 1805.*

WE collect from the body of this sermon that it was preached on Trinity Sunday. It treats of the mystery which is commemorated on that day.

'There are three methods (says Mr. Nickolls) of contemplating this subject, without entering into those doubtful disputations and metaphysical subtleties, which have in them more pride of understanding than piety of heart; and leave the mind of the inquirer darkened rather than enlightened.

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manner; he has been guilty of much indecency himself (particularly in page 12,) in recommending decency to others. How such trash can have gone through two editions we are at a loss to conceive.

ART. 23.—*The Song of the Sun, a Poem of the Eleventh Century: from the more ancient Icelandic Collection called the Edda. Imitated by the Rev. James Beresford, A.M. &c. &c. 8vo. Johnson. 1805.*

THIS is indeed a *coup de soleil*. We felt our brains strangely injured by the stroke which Mr. Beresford has inflicted upon us. His *Norns* have grilled all the reviewers. Conceive us, gentle readers, peering from under our green shades, to peruse this dazzling performance. Luckily for us it is not *hot-pressed*, or we should have melted like ‘the dish of butter that pitiful-hearted Titan kiss’d.’ We read with tolerable coolness to the following stanza, where we first burnt our fingers; and we hope that the lemon-juice which we used to assuage our pain, may, if it will prevent him from shining on us again, increase that of the ‘bard of the sun.’

‘Nine days, ye Norns, in your sad chair I sat,  
Till hurried thence, on death’s pale horse, to flight;  
What time that sun, by forest nymphs abhorr’d,  
Shot thro’ the dank obscure a damned light!!!!

Had Mr. Beresford attended to his nouns instead of his norns in this poem, it might have been better for his own credit and his reader’s quiet. He evidently loves the ‘dank obscure;’ but his attempts to illuminate it are unsuccessful.

ART. 24.—*Juvenile Essays in Verse, with Notes Critical and Explanatory, &c. Small 8vo. Printed for the Author. Warwick. 1805.*

THIS little volume is the production of a very young person, whom we would by no means discourage from a further cultivation of his poetical talent, but who has done ill, as all writers do who publish their youthful lucubrations, in giving the world a performance upon the whole so crude and imperfect. In the preface there is an error of the press, or one of a more unpardonable nature, that we cannot pass without notice. ‘Some prolegomena to every work, however frivolous or insignificant, is deemed indispensable.’ In page 8, there is a most inapposite quotation:

‘Lucretia silent,—solitary,—sad,  
Thought on the faded honour of her bed,  
And thinking languish’d.’

The parallel passage quoted is

*Virtutem videre, et intabescere relictâ.*



To say nothing of the barbarism of altering a classical author's words, a voluntary dereliction of virtue, which is the cause of the regret described in this line, never was so unjustly applied to any character as to that of Lucretia.

We cannot conscientiously select any passage for approbation from the tragedy of Brutus; from the minor poems we are happy in being able to transcribe some spirited verses:

'As on the summit of some craggy rock,  
A tow'r shall stand unmov'd by ev'ry shock,  
I high 'mid the clouds display its awful form,  
And brave the fury of the bursting storm,  
Some fated flash shall pierce its threefold wall,  
And one stupendous ruin bury all—  
So firm awhile the veteran hero stood  
And youthful ardour warm'd his freezing blood.'

Our readers will here ask who is this hero? Sir Ralph Abercrombie, whose death the poet proceeds to describe; but immediately after the above simile, crowds his description with another, which neither does credit to his taste nor his poetical ardour.

The following paraphrase of 'O fortunati nimium, &c. &c.' is not *unhappy*.

'Happy, thrice happy is the life that flows,  
'Mid rural scenes, in innocent repose!  
And happiest he who far from tumult, strife,  
And all the thousand ills of busy life,  
Where some calm spot primæval quiet yields,  
Contented ploughs a few paternal fields,' &c. &c.

If this author, when he publishes again, will deliberate a little longer upon the papers he chooses out of his port-folio, and take rather more pains in correcting and revising them before they see the light, we have not a doubt, we shall be able, consistently with our duty, to welcome his return with mutual congratulations.

ART. 25.—*Raphael, or the Pupil of Nature: a Poem; in two Volumes, 12mo. By Edward Walker. Longman. 1805.*

A long list of subscribers, and a dedication by permission to the Duchess of York, prefixed to this poem, preclude the necessity of the author's assertion in the preface, that the love of scribbling, or the ambition of becoming an author, did not occasion his writing the present work; and at the same time, they make the real cause of it so apparent, that we must beg leave to doubt the pretended one, of 'a passionate fondness for nature and delineation.' Mr. Walker lays claim to 'poetic and graphic ingenuity;' how far he is entitled to the praise of the former, let the following passage evince:

'But when disgusting ugliness appears,  
Dislike and opposition it declares,

And never into action should be brought,  
 Where pure, unsullied harmony is sought:  
 For nature, and the purest taste, reject,  
 Whatever is the cause of bad effect:  
 Thus blue and scarlet when combin'd, produce,  
 A colour hateful, and unfit for use,' &c. &c.

Book the 4th.

Of such stuff is Raphael, or the Pupil of Nature, for the most composed; the author rhymes 'am,' and 'Man,' and talks of 'meandrous streams,' &c. &c. Grub-street is run mad.

### POLITICS.

ART 26.—*Remarks on the probable Conduct of Russia and France towards this Country. Also on the Necessity of Great Britain becoming independent of the Northern Powers for her maritime Supplies, and recommending (as the only Means of obtaining that most important Object,) the Encouragement of the British Shipping Interest, and the Cultivation of Naval Stores in Upper and Lower Canada; including Observations on the Report of the Society of Ship Owners, the Commerce of the Mediterranean, the Canal, Wet Docks, and other Improvements of the Port of London, and on the British Settlements in North America. Dedicated to the Right Honourable William Pitt. 8vo. pp. 107. Asperne. 1805.*

THE Author of this pamphlet, like many other private politicians, seems to be of opinion that his majesty's ministers are either totally ignorant or totally regardless of the real interests of the empire; and as is usual on such occasions, he with the utmost facility points out in general terms the only means of saving this unfortunate devoted country.

Make our strict code of navigation laws still more strict; become independent of Russia for maritime supplies, cultivate hemp in Canada, take off the duties on shipping; laugh at the construction of wet-docks, canals, and tunnels; consider the West India trade as of infinitely less importance than that of the Mediterranean; and the glory of old England will once more be preserved and perpetuated! It would be altogether an unavailing and unprofitable attempt to enter into an argument with this gentleman upon the multifarious topics he has introduced, which are handsomely delineated in the title-page; and receive very little additional illustration in the pamphlet itself; but we believe it is not the first time that personal feelings upon the subject of the Bell Rock; Ramsgate harbour; and the wet docks; have converted a ship owner into a general political oracle; incapable of keeping to himself his important speculations upon the rise and fall of empires.

ART. 27.—*Appendice aux Recettes Extérieures. Analyse des Comptes de l'An. XIII. publiés à Paris, en Février, 1805. Par Sir Francis D'Ivernois. 8vo. De Boffe. 1805.*

OF this publication, it will simply be necessary to announce, that it is intended as a supplement to Sir F. D'Ivernois's larger work, 'Les Recettes Extérieures' (noticed in our review for March last,) and that the author here endeavours to prove the truth of the positions contained in that work, from the budget of the year XIII.\*

### MEDICINE.

ART. 28.—*An Apology for believing in the Metallic Tractors, with some Account of the Perkinian Institution, for the Benefit of the Poor. By Henry Grimstone, Esq. Second Edition, 12mo. Hatchard. 1805.*

We cannot but applaud the disinterested zeal of this humane apologist, who judiciously confines the operation of his potent instruments to the 'human frame,' and does not search for his apologies in the stable, the sheep-fold, and the dog-kennel. In truth we believe all that he asserts, and a great deal more. For we have not only *seen* similar cures performed by the Perkinian points, but by the 'eductor' of Dr. Bache, (which, by the bye, we recommend to this institution as a more ingenious machine,) and also many others by the pipe stoppers, painted sticks, &c. which were recommended by Dr. Haygarth. In a charitable institution, however, where these operations are performed *free of expence*, we are not disposed to ridicule them. To this mode of Perkinism Dr. Caustic's words apply :

'Why, to be sure  
If we by fancy's aid can cure,  
Then why not use imagination,  
A cheap and simple operation ?'

The *six guineas* in this case remain in the pockets of the patients ; and as to their aches and pains, 'si populus vult decipi, decipiatur.'

ART. 29.—*Tables of the Materia Medica, or a systematic Arrangement of all the Articles admitted by the Colleges of London, Edinburgh, and Dublin; exhibiting a concise View of the most material Circumstances respecting them; together with a Number of original and selected Formulæ; to which is subjoined, a Table of all the secondary Salts employed in Medicine. By Jeremiah Kirby, M. D. 8vo. 4s. Murray. 1805.*

IN this age of indolence and superficial inquiry, tables, epitomes,

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\* The year XIII. commenced on the 23d of September, 1804.

and vade mecums meet with numerous purchasers. But they constitute a mode of instruction which is particularly to be deprecated in professional subjects, and most particularly in medicine; in which, if in any case, 'a little knowledge is a dangerous thing.' Although we strongly object to the system, we do not, however, intend any particular censure on the tables of Dr. Kirby; who may safely challenge a comparison with any of the epitomising fraternity, for a scientific knowledge of his subject, and accuracy of detail. He has arranged the articles of the *Materia Med.* under 18 classes; of which the class *Emmenagoga* might perhaps without impropriety have been omitted. We shall copy one article as an example of the nature of the compendium.

CONVOLVULUS Scammonium. E.

*Scammonium.* L. D.

Asia Resin. Pulv. Bol. Pil. gr. 5.---15.

a. Pulvis Scammon. comp. L. gr. 8.---15.

E. gr. 10.---30.

b. cum aloë. L. gr. 5.---12.

c. Electuar. Scammonii. L. D. gr. 15.---30.

Hydrop. Vermes.

We do not know what induced the author to rank *wine* among the tonics and antispasmodics, and to omit it in the catalogue of stimulants: nor are we satisfied that *arbutus uva ursi*, and *sub-borax sodæ* (*borax*) more properly belong to this class. On the whole, however, the arrangement merits approbation.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 30.—*Prospectus and short Explanation of a Plan upon which M. du Mitand has been employed some Years; the Object of which is, to simplify, approximate, and assimilate the grammatical System as well of the ten principal Languages spoken in Europe, as of the two learned ones, Greek and Latin: to build them all on the French Tongue, from which they will diverge as from a central Point, to form afterwards different Branches, in an Order analogous to their Affinity or Proximity, &c. Printed for the Author, No. 67, Chancery-lane. 1804.*

ART. 31.—*M. du Mitand's Letter to the National Institute of France, explanatory of his Prospectus, and of his Plan for assimilating and simplifying the twelve most useful Languages; with three Letters addressed to him by the Secretary of that Assembly on that Subject. 1804.*

OUR limits will only allow us barely to mention and to recommend the labours of M. du Mitand, as ingenious and useful; and to observe, that his plan seems to have met with the approbation of the National Institute of France, which, however, has not yet been

formally expressed, in consequence of the hostilities which suddenly commenced between the two countries during the correspondence of M. du M. and the secretary of that society.

ART. 32.—*Outlines of English Grammar; calculated for the Use of both Sexes at School; in which the practical Rules of the Language are clearly and distinctly laid down, and the speculative Difficulties as much as possible avoided. By John Walker, Author of a Critical pronouncing Dictionary, Elements of Elocution, &c. 12mo. Johnson. 1805.*

WERE all the grammars that have been written on the English language collected in one spot, they would form a pile *instar montis*, huge as Plinlimmon or the Peak of Teneriffe.

Mr. Walker, whose talents are well known to the public, has been induced to add his mite to the general heap, from an idea that there is a class of pupils beyond the age of childhood and under that of maturity, for whose use preceding grammars were not perfectly adapted. For this middle class therefore a middle grammar seemed to be wanted; and he has endeavoured to supply this deficiency, first, by the catechetical method (which is not exactly new, as Priestly had done the same thing), and secondly, by the adoption of terms used in Latin grammar, and of the Latin forms of construction as far as the nature of the language will admit. In the space of 118 pages Mr. W. has comprized the most essential points of grammar, avoiding the abstracted and metaphysical points, which tend rather to puzzle than to instruct; with brevity and perspicuity for its recommendation, there is no doubt but this publication will attract the attention both of schoolmasters and the public in general.

ART. 33.—*The young Mathematician's Assistant, or Schoolmaster's Guide, being a short and comprehensive System of Arithmetic, with vulgar and decimal Fractions, Algebra, &c. By George Bagley, Teacher of the Mathematics. 4to. Kirby. 1805.*

THE plan of this little compendium of school instruction is useful, though its execution is but indifferent. According to the common course of teaching arithmetic, &c. at schools, much time is lost and ink spilt, in writing out the rules of the operations, with the reasons of those rules, and the questions for example subjoined. To obviate this difficulty, the present compendium is printed in a small quarto form, about the size of the common school copy-books, so that when thickly interleaved, it may form at once a system of rules and examples, the latter being intended to be worked out at length on the blank pages. The utility of this plan in arithmetic algebra, and fluxions, (if not in geometry, geography, &c.) is obvious.

In his compilation, Mr. Bagley has drawn from good sources, but has sacrificed too much to condensation. Here is not only 'multum,'

but 'nimium in parvo.' The consequence is, that his rules and explanations are given in a compressed form, indeed, but frequently in a very awkward and confused manner. Whatever is designed for young learners, should be written so plainly that it may be impossible for them not to comprehend it. Perspicuity is the first object; next, precision; lastly, brevity. Neither do we approve of Mr. B.'s new notation of fractions, by placing a mark of parenthesis between the denominator and the numerator, so as to represent the division of the latter by the former. It is true, that a fraction may be considered as denoting the quotient arising from such a division; but this does not justify a departure from established usage. Upon the whole, however, Mr. B.'s labours deserve commendation, were it only that they hold out to teachers a convenient method of abbreviating their trouble, without impeding the progress of their pupils.

ART. 34.—*Thoughts concerning the Uses of Clay Marl as Manure: Thoughts or Queries concerning the Uses of Agricultural Salts in the Manufacture of Manures, and the proper Modes of decomposing Pit-coal, Wood, Peat, Sods, and Weeds for Manure; with an Appendix, concerning the pincturing of Wood for its Preservation by Coal-tar, Paint, and the Erection of Kilns at New Malton, Yorkshire, to extract Tar from Pit-coal, and use the Coke in the Calcination of Limestone. By the Hon. and Rev. James Cockrane, Vicar of Mansfield, &c. 8vo. 2s. Mawman, 1805.*

ON every attempt to improve the actual modes of agriculture, and augment the products of the earth, we must ever look with respectful attention: and we consider the author of this little tract as evincing more true patriotism than those who pile volumes upon volumes of political declamation. The very ample title-page renders a more particular analysis unnecessary, especially as all who are interested in agricultural speculations will read the entire work. We shall only observe, that the author, although but a young agriculturist, who seems not yet to have experienced the difference between theory and practice, recommends the use of clay-marl, and 'peat fresh from the bog, boiled in sea water, salt brine, or solution of rock-salt,' as affording an advantageous manure. If this be a fact, and we have no reason to doubt it, it matters not what may be the author's chemical theory of the process of boiling, whether, as he hastily supposes, the peat be oxygenated, or, what is more likely, a muriate of carbon be formed. Yet we think that our patriotic and honourable author ought to have improved his acquaintance with chemistry, since the first publication of his *Queries*; and that he should have given more results of practical experience rather than theoretical speculations, which are of little value without a more profound chemical knowledge. The ashes of pit-coal, wood, peat, and fermented weeds, are also recommended for manures. Indeed, since the experiments of Mr. Tennant and Dr. Pearson, it is evident that all salts, with the exception of pure or calcined magnesia, may be usefully

employed as manures. Not that they are actually the food of plants, but that they are 'condiments, the salt, pepper, and mustard, to facilitate the digestion of the food,' as Dr. Pearson has happily expressed it in his communication to the Board of Agriculture on the salt of peat or sulphate of iron (vulgarly copperas), now so advantageously used as a manure for clayey lands in Bedfordshire.

With regard to the appendix, on the advantages of puncturing wood by means of the instrument here delineated, and 'paying it afterwards with pit-coal tar, it is a subject which ought to arrest the attention of the admiralty board, but experience enables us to say that this, used as paint, will not resist the action of the sun. As to the manufacture of pit-coal tar, and coal-oil varnishes, from the process of making coke, could it be done without a great waste of coals, we should wish the use of coke to become fashionable for domestic and culinary purposes in London; that the health of the industrious citizens might be no longer endangered by the carbonaceous matter with which the atmosphere of London is continually surcharged. We trust, however, that no *charlatan* will be suffered to avail himself of this hint to deceive the public.

ART. 35.—*A general Dictionary of Chemistry, containing the leading Principles of the Science, in Regard to Facts, Experiments, and Nomenclature. By W. Nisbett, M. D. 12mo. pp. 415. 8s. 6d. boards. Highley; 1805.*

THE title-page of this volume led us to expect nothing better than a compilation; but even as a compilation, in the present state of chemical knowledge, it is shamefully imperfect. Dr. Nisbett, although he has viewed chemistry rather as a therapist than a chemist, in speaking of bitters, seems not to have known that it contains muriate of magnesia, from which carbonate of magnesia (the magnesia of the shops) may be manufactured. Alkalies and earths are confounded. The editor of the appendix, which forms half the volume, seems no less antiquated, and his work still more incomplete than the preceding, although he has cut some useful pages from Dr. Thomson's Chemistry. At 'eudiometer' we are referred to 'eudiometry,' but find it under the word 'air.' Something very irrelevant is said of *livra* and Dr. Black; at *test* we are referred to the word *cupel*, and no mention is made of chemical tests, &c. Upon the whole, we know not whether the ignorance or the indolence displayed in this chaos of alphabets, calls most loudly for our censure.

ART. 36.—*Vocabulary, intended as an Introduction to the Study of the Synonymes of the Latin Language. By John Hill, L.L.D. et Lit. Hum. 12mo. Edinburgh, Constable; and London, Longman and Rees. 1805.*

OF two evils chuse the least. To those of our readers who are determined to purchase either the one or the other of Dr. Hill's

philological publications, for the sake of cheapness and convenience, (utility is out of the question) we recommend the Vocabulary in preference to the Synonymes. Of that work, the present is rather an abridgment than an introduction to its study; we have already, in our Review for March last, fully expressed our opinion of the former, and now beg leave to refer to the reasons there adduced in support of that opinion, which will equally serve for the condemnation of the present performance.

ART. 37.—*Rural Scenes, or a Peep into the Country, for good Children.* 12mo. 2s. 6d. Darton and Harvey. 1805.

ART. 38.—*The Telescope; or, moral Views for Children.* 12mo. 2s. 6d. Darton and Harvey. 1804.

ART. 39.—*Domestic Recreations; or, Dialogues, illustrative of natural and scientific Subjects.* By Priscilla Wakefield. 18mo. 2s. 6d. Darton and Harvey. 1805.

THREE very pretty little books, for the use of children; they are ornamented with wooden cuts, and admirably adapted to the purpose for which they are intended. Great improvements have been made in books of this description within the last few years.

ART. 40.—*Observations on the Duke of Richmond's extensive Plans of Fortification, and the new Works he has been carrying on, since these were set aside by the House of Commons, in 1786.* By the Author of the Short Essay. 8vo. London. Robinson. 1805.

THIS volume includes a republication of the Short Essay, which, as the author reminds us, chiefly occasioned the famous debate and division in the House of Commons, on the Duke of Richmond's projected works for Portsmouth and Plymouth, that was determined by the casting voice of Mr. Speaker Cornwall. With regard to the question of the expediency of fortification, as it stands at issue between this writer and the Duke, we do not feel ourselves authorized on such an occasion to rise like Nestor, and compose the quarrel between Pelides and Atrides; although we may observe that abuse has been liberally dealt out by both parties, upon the 'ignorance, folly, and fallacious estimates' of their opponents. It is difficult to decide in whose favour the Billingsgate preponderates; but we think the following specimen bids fair for the meed of aggravating insult. After comparing his Grace to Drances, and himself to Turnus, this author quotes some lines from Virgil, gives Dryden's translation of them, and then makes a most irrelevant remark.

'As I know your Grace's juvenile studies were rather directed to the abstract sciences than the *Belles Lettres*, I have taken the liberty to subjoin the translation, to make the original perfectly intelligible.'



Not contented with the above, Turnus adds a note :

‘The reader will readily perceive this observation to be ironical, as it is well known that his Grace, though so passionately fond of fortification, has little or no acquaintance with any of the abstract sciences.’

If Turnus meant this for argument, we should be inclined to side with Drances, but, in fact, his book contains much useful observation, particularly where it compares Vauban’s, or the customary construction of military works, with that of the Marquis of Montalembert.

**ART. 41.** *A Grammar of the Greek Tongue, upon a new and improved Plan. By John Jones, Member of the Philological Society at Manchester. Longman. 12mo. 1805.*

WE do not recommend this grammar to the use of schools, not because any abstruse erudition burthens its pages, but because it is for the most part a translation of the Eton grammar, and the idiom of the Latin language will allow the rules to be compressed into a much smaller compass than that of the English. As Latin therefore is acquired before Greek in our schools, the memory will be more assisted by the old Eton, than by the new Manchester grammar, in retaining the rules of the latter language. We do not think the following sentence of Mr. Jones’s preface, argues well for the perusers of his work. The writer owns ‘an unawed freedom of mind and latitude of investigation, which dispose him to think for himself on all topics of common inquiry, and to deviate from the common track of opinion whenever that track appears to deviate from nature and reason.’ Accordingly we find, page 120, Mr. Jones differing from Dr. Vincent’s treatise on *εἰς* and *ἐπὶ*, and asserting the Doctor’s scheme to be unphilosophical; and at page 230, affixing a meaning to Professor Porson’s translation of a line in the Orestes of Euripides, which, had Mr. Jones read the professor’s whole note, he could not have affixed, and then quarrelling with his own interpretation.

In another page of Mr. Jones’s grammar the professor is supposed not to understand the meaning of a genitive case; and Valkenaer and Wakefield not to be aware of the real cause of the beauty of a Mr. line in Bion.

But the novelty and improvement of Mr. Jones’s plan consist in the principles of his grammar, which are such as were suggested by a study of the Oriental languages, particularly of the Hebrew. Here Mr. Jones is certainly successful in his derivation of many Greek words from that great parent root, and its various branches, but in his referring all languages to one, he out-generalizes even Whiter himself.

The author promises to give the world a Greek and English lexicon, to assort under one root substantives and verbs, which have been separated by long and various usages, to acquire a full command of the language by a perusal of all its authors (long life to Mr. Jones!), to recognize under the wide differences of character

and termination its primitive terms in the Hebrew, Chaldean, Syriac, Arabic, Persian, and Coptic; and thus to settle their primitive senses, and to engage, *it may be*, (modestly adds Mr. Jones,) a more able person in the work; he shortly promises also to give the world a small volume, illustrative of the subserviency of Oriental philology to the purposes of a Greek lexicographer. Mr. Jones's third promise is to publish a Latin grammar.

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatus?

With regard to his threatened lexicon, that is to be, he informs us 'not like the lexicon of Stephens, nor even that of Scapula, a leaden reservoir of Grecian learning, but a silverurn.' &c. &c. &c. The volume concludes with some paradigms of verbs, which are neither on a new nor an improved plan.

ART. 42.—*Sketches relative to the History and Theory, but more especially to the Practice of Dancing, &c. &c. by Francis Peacock. Aberdeen. 8vo. Angus and Son. 1803.*

THESE sketches are written by an old gentleman of eighty-two, for sixty years of his life a dancing master, and in his youth the pupil of a Desnoyer, a Glover, and a Lally, whose excellence as performers and teachers of this art must yet be remembered by many. Mr. Peacock has of course, with these advantages, strong claims to our notice and favour; but had he not, the generous motive that induced him to give this publication to the world, would almost have disarmed the severity of criticism. 'The small emolument,' Mr. Peacock says, 'that may rise from these Sketches, he means to appropriate as his mite towards a humane institution, namely, a lunatic hospital lately established at Aberdeen.'

Mr. Peacock begins by strengthening his cause, and recommending the art of dancing under the sanction of great authorities, Mr. Locke and others. His chapter on the origin and antiquity of this art displays much learning, and ingenuity in bringing it to bear upon his favourite point; and includes a very full and satisfactory account of the different dances that obtained chiefly among the Greeks and Romans. The author does not undertake to dilate much upon our modern fashionable steps, except upon those which are mostly practiced by his own countrymen, and, as might be expected, particularly upon the Highland reel.

Some curious remarks upon Chorography, or the art of writing down dances by characters, for a series of years adopted by the most celebrated professors of dancing throughout Europe, some useful hints to young teachers, and still more useful observations on the defects of the body, with proposed expedients for preventing or correcting the progress of those defects in youth, where Mr. Peacock shews much anatomical knowledge—these several interesting subjects, each very well handled, with a few judicious extracts from Mr. Weaver's scarce Essay, and a most respectable list of Scotch subscribers, conclude this lively and pleasing little volume.

**ART. 43.** *A Treatise on the Art of Bread-making, wherein the Cultivation of Wheat, the Mealing Trade, Assize Laws, and every Circumstance connected with the Art are particularly examined. By A. Edlin. 12mo, pp. 240, 4s. 6d. boards. Vernor and Hood. 1805.*

THIS is a very clever and accurate little treatise, which comprises in a few pages a highly interesting and immense fund of useful and practical knowledge. We cannot give a better account of it than in the writer's own words. 'I commence,' says he, 'with the natural history and cultivation of wheat. The manner of preserving and grinding the different sorts of flour, are next treated of. The analysis and synthesis of wheat are then considered. I next proceed to detail several experiments, which appear to elucidate the nature of yeast, and, by combining its constituent principles with the saccharine extract of flour, endeavour to unfold the mode by which fermentation in bread is produced. After giving such an idea of that interesting process, as, from a variety of experiments, appears to me the most reasonable, I pass on to the several preparations of bread, dividing them into three kinds, and offering such observations upon each as the nature of the subject naturally gives rise to. Next follow a few remarks on the structure of a bakehouse, and several approved methods of generating and preparing of yeast, which may be made with facility in the most remote corners of the globe. And, finally, is detailed a connected view of all the laws at present in force, respecting the manner of regulating the assize of bread, both in town and country.

'If it should be asked for whose use is such a work designed? I answer, for everyone whose curiosity may lead him to study a beautiful and interesting branch of experimental philosophy. To the frugal housewife, who would enjoy the luxury of eating good undulterated bread, such directions are given that with very little labour and trouble, she may soon learn to grind her own wheat, separate the flour from the bran, and make it up, and bake it into bread. To captains of ships, to military men, and such as travel into unfrequented countries, such plain and easy instructions are laid down for making good bread, as may easily be put in practice. Even the baker may find several observations, that will prove serviceable in the prosecution of his business, particularly the abstract and tables of the assize laws, that, being derived from authentic sources, will preclude the necessity of his consulting a variety of acts of parliament, which unless carefully digested, appear to contradict one another.'

The reader will perceive, from this sketch, that Mr. Edlin's work embraces many unhackneyed topics of considerable importance, to every class in society. We have pleasure in saying that he writes upon them clearly and satisfactorily. His industry in collecting materials has been very considerable, and he has, (with few exceptions) applied to the best sources. The first chapter, 'on the

cultivation of wheat,' is particularly well drawn up, and agreeably enlivened by notes, in which quotations from various writers, often from our rural poets, are introduced; though we see no reason for introducing the impure poetical jargon of 'nuptial rites, vegetable impregnation,' &c. into such a work.

Mr. E. says, that, after his papers were prepared for the press, it was suggested to him 'that the subject might be made more complete by instituting a series of experiments, similar to those of Dr. Stevens and the Abbé Spallanzani, to determine what preparations of bread are most easy of digestion, and consequently most proper for the nourishment of mankind.\* In this inquiry Mr. E. informs us that he has made some progress, and declares his intention to pursue it, should the present work be favourably received.

For our parts, we most earnestly wish him to proceed in every investigation relating to a subject on which he has already bestowed pains with so much success; a subject which has hitherto been very imperfectly discussed, and which eminently deserves the most diligent consideration.

The author, who lives at Uxbridge, is already known to the public, by two small medical treatises on the gout and malignant sore throat, and we may justly recommend the perusal of this little work to all who regard the health of the people, to farmers, parish-officers, bakers, and all those concerned in the culture or preparation of the primary necessary of human life.

\* It is worthy of the talents and industry of the author to examine, in his inquiry, if some of the other gases would not be equally efficacious with carbonic, in augmenting the digestibility of bread; and to determine, now that fermentation is no longer considered necessary to digestion, whether the soporific power of farinaceous matter be diminished, by the stomachic stimulus of the gas, or merely by its mechanical attenuation rendering this matter more soluble in the stomach.

#### ERRATA, in our last Number.

Page 424, l. 8, for *Borophthalmy* read *Psorophthalmy*.—p. 428, l. 20, for *Hay* read *Hey*.—p. 428, l. 28, for *Hay* read *Hey*.—p. 434, l. 21, for *further* read *thither*.—p. 434, l. 45, for *hic* read *his*.

THE  
CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE THIRD.

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Vol. VI.

OCTOBER, 1805.

No. II.

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ART. I.—*The Inferno of Dante Alighieri. Canto 1. 17. With a Translation in English blank Verse, Notes, and a Life of the Author. By the Rev. Henry Francis Cary, A. M. 8vo. 7s. Carpenter. 1805.*

TO proficients in Italian literature, no evidence will be requisite to convince them of the extreme difficulty of the task which Mr. Cary has undertaken ; nothing less than to give ‘a version of the Divina Commedia, so faithful as, with the assistance of the notes, to enable one moderately skilled in the Italian tongue to understand the original text, and which at the same time shall not be totally devoid of interest to the mere English reader.’ But to those who are yet strangers to the lineaments of the original, the subjoined sketch of its more striking features may not be without its use, in enabling them to judge of the degree of likeness preserved in the translation.

Dante has every claim to the character of originality, which the severest critics admit as valid. His manner, sentiments, and opinions, his diction and versification, are entirely self-formed and peculiar. To his ‘adventurous song,’ the words of Milton might have been applied in their fullest sense—

‘ It pursues  
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme ;’

and among all the poets of succeeding ages and various countries, we believe, that with the exception of the author of *Paradise Lost*, there is not one who can be considered as his counterpart. Though the palm of superiority must be conceded to our countryman, in the scientific conduct and artful diversification of his narrative ; in the concealment and gradual disclosure of his catastrophe ; in the perpetual variation and interchange of the scenery from hell to earth, from earth to heaven, through the ‘anarchy’ of night

and chaos, and the whole compass of the universe ; in the higher importance, and ineffable majesty of the characters ; in the more refined taste and elevated style ; in the general interest and sublimity of the poem : yet in newness of thought and contrivance ; in rapidity of invention and fertility of imagination ; in learning,\* in powers of description and vivid painting ; in the happy representation of natural gesture, and courteous and graceful deportment ; in unaffected dignity and simplicity ; in virtuous indignation and pure morality ; in nerve and energy ; in the manly, pathetic, and terrible sublime ; in these respects Dante fills, in some an equal, in others a superior rank.

The period when he wrote, was at the day-break of modern literature ; and he appears to have been one of those who most exulted in the dawn of returning knowledge, and who adventured farthest in research and theory. Tiraboschi mentions with wonder, as a proof of his surpassing his contemporaries in natural philosophy, that he anticipated one of the opinions of Galileo, expressed in the following words : ‘Vino altro non è, se non luce del sole mescolata con l’umido della vite.’ ‘Wine is nothing but the light of the sun mixed with the juice of the vine.’

E perchè, meno ammiri la parola,  
Guarda ! calor del sol, che si fa vino  
Giunto all’ umor, che della vite cola.

*Purgatorio, C. 25.*

‘That you may wonder the less at what I say, observe the heat of the sun, which becomes wine, when joined with the liquid which flows from the vine.’ But the limits of physical science afforded not sufficient range for the universality of his genius, which strove to explore the infinite expanse of the immaterial world. No stronger instance can be given of the boldness of his mind in abstract speculations, than the choice he has made of a subject, which obliged him to lay the scene of action in the supernatural abodes of angels and devils and the unbodied spirits of the dead. With unexampled intellectual courage he was the first who dared to stamp the moral instructions of the muse with the authority of the christian revelation ; and without discarding the use of the heathen mythology, introduced what may, without impropriety, be called a new mythology, a sacro-profane machinery, having, like the former system, truth for its groundwork, but being, like that, disfigured by the intermixture of

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\* L’Erudizione per quei tempi vastissima.’ TIRABOSCHI.

bigotry and superstition. How far this revolution in poetry was advantageous to the cause of religion, or how far the author of the innovation has transgressed against the evangelical precepts of charity and humility, in assuming the office of the distributor of eternal rewards or punishment, are questions which might fairly admit of discussion. It may be urged in his vindication, that he improved the moral tendency of his art, and raised its importance; and that, in compensation for the irreverence of introducing the heavenly powers as the actors in a poem, he has, by their presence, thrown over his work an air of awfulness and sanctity, which give it an effect upon the conscience and the heart, often approaching in degree to that produced by the warning voice of scripture itself. He never disgraces his subject by the licentiousness of fancy, in which the succeeding poets of his country too freely indulged; and never employs celestial agents for the attainment of any unworthy or trifling end.\* He is ever strictly virtuous and submissively pious, and the sense of the power and omnipresence of the Deity seems to go before and guide his steps, wherever his reason or his imagination conducts him.

To the zealous but misguided warfare of the crusaders, was owing the birth of chivalry, which forms the most distinguishing characteristic of the epocha which preceded the revival of literature. Dante, versed in the cabinet, and a veteran in the field, jealous of his honour, and established in his faith, could not be otherwise than caught by a spirit so congenial with his feelings and accommodated to his station. The consequence has necessarily been, that there is diffused throughout his work a high colouring of romantic adventure, with its usual accompaniments, courtesy of behaviour, and generosity of sentiment, and not without a deep shade of animosity and violence. The latter effect is perceived in the party malevolence and religious intolerance which too frequently betray themselves, and cloud the general purity of the work. Here, however, we are to look for the first considerable draught of the moral features of the chivalrous ages, which, with whatever imperfections they are otherwise chargeable, frequently displayed, in the manners of the higher and more accomplished ranks of society, a dignified suavity and benevolence rarely exceeded in periods of advanced refinement.

It seems not improbable that the example of Dante

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\* Ariosto and Tasso are charged with these faults.

suggested to the painters the transfer of their art, from false to true religion. It is well known that Michael Angelo employed his powerful and congenial talents in sketching the scenes of the poem upon the margin of the copy which he possessed. In deserting the fables of antiquity, whatever may have been lost of fanciful decoration and voluptuous elegance, has been much more than replaced by the purer and nobler species of the sublime and pathetic, derived from the source of the sacred writings. In vain would all human ingenuity have laboured to conceive any thing equal to the maternal tenderness of a Madonna, or the heroic humility of a suffering Redeemer. As much as truth excels fiction, and pre-eminence in goodness is superior to every other endowment, so much the more grand and affecting, in the eyes of a believer in revealed religion, are those paintings which act as a lively comment upon the history of the christian faith. This remark may be extended to the sister art. Those who with Dante look up to Homer as the

‘ Signor dell’ altissimo canto,’

‘ The monarch of sublimest song,’

will not surely permit their admiration so to blind their judgment, as to prevent them from acknowledging, that the subject, characters, sentiments, in short, the elements of the Iliad and Odyssey, are inferior in intrinsic dignity and pathos to those of the Paradise Lost or the Divina Commedia. Thus much may be given up, without affecting the supremacy of the Grecian, as the father of the art, the Poeta Sovrano, the original delineator of the forms of nature, the inventor of the Epopee, and the unrivalled master of the most sonorous, full, and inexhaustible stream of poetical inspiration.

It may, however, be alleged, that whatever advantage Dante may have derived from the gravity and elevation of his subject, he has been to an equal degree a loser by the damp which its very nature must throw upon the reader. Are not the concerns of the other world too serious to be the means of producing delight, which is acknowledged to be the principal end of poetry? And is not a poem a vehicle of too light a frame for the conveyance of religious instruction? To some minds of an effeminate weakness, the horrors of the Inferno are intolerable; and to others, whose judgments are swayed by ridicule, the moral tyrant of the day, they may appear absurd: but to those who have neither morbid delicacy, nor hacknied feelings, nor corrupted hearts, we conceive that the great fundamental truths of our religion,



not the less perhaps for being brought forward under the guise of poetical fiction, must ever be in the highest degree interesting and instructive. The terrors of a state of retribution are undoubtedly painted by Dante in their strongest colours, and his Hell is still more horrible than that of Milton, because in the one case the sufferers are men who had a real individual existence, and in the other, spiritual beings and devils, in a great measure the creatures of the imagination. After all, if it be admitted that too gloomy and severe a cast pervades the poem, it must, on the other hand, be granted, that such would naturally be the style of a man of strong mind and impetuous feelings, tossed in civil commotions, and harassed by reiterated disappointments, exiled from his country, a wanderer, and a dependant on precarious bounty. All is not, however, of so dark a hue. The attention, wearied with its passage through the burning deserts and sable air of the *Inferno*, is at intervals seasonably relieved and delighted by arriving at some beautiful spot, fresh with the verdure and fragrant with the flowers of poesy.

‘Guignemmo in prato di fresca verdura  
Genti v’eran, con occhi tardi e gravi,  
Di grande autorità ne’ lor sembianti:  
Parlavan rado, con voci soavi.  
Traemmoci così dall’ un de’ canti,  
In luogo aperto, luminoso e alto,  
Sì che veder si potén tutti quanti.  
Colà diritto, sopra ’l verde smalto,  
Mi fur mostrati gli spiriti magni,  
Che di vederli, in me stesso, n’ esalto.’

C. 4, 111.

See also C. 14, 94, &c.

‘We came  
Into a mead with lively verdure fresh.  
There dwelt a race, who slow their eyes around  
Majestically mov’d, and in their port  
Bore eminent authority; they spake  
Seldom, but all their words were tuneful sweet.—  
We to one side retir’d, into a place  
Open and bright and lofty, whence each one  
Stood manifest to view. Incontinent  
There on the green enamel of the plain,  
Were shewn me the great spirits, by whose sight  
I am exalted in my own esteem.’

Often the terrors are alleviated by pleasing similes;

‘Quale i fioretti, dal notturno cielo,  
Chinati e chiusi, poi che ’l sol gi’ imbianca.

Si drizzan tutti aperti in loro stelo,  
 Tal mi fec'io, di mia virtute stanca.  
 E tanto buono ardire al cuor mi corse,  
 Ch' i' cominciai, come persona franca.' C. 2, 127.

' As flowrets by the frosty air of night  
 Bent down and clos'd, when day has blanch'd their leaves,  
 Rise all unfolded on their spiry stems;  
 So was my fainting vigour new restor'd,  
 And to my heart such kindly courage ran;  
 That I as one undaunted, soon replied.'

The radical defect of the *Divina Commedia* is at one and the same time a proof of the originality of the genius and modesty of the disposition of its author : we mean the choice which he has made of the middle style, for a subject which seemed to demand the highest elevation. Assuredly with more humility than judgment, he has declined assuming the epic style, and abstained from bestowing upon his work in vesture, the dignity which in substance it possesses. But the wonder is the greater, that he should so frequently have strength sufficient to exalt a low and familiar style to the highest pitch of grandeur. Long dissertations have been written to ascertain the species of this composition, and the decision has necessarily been that it is 'neither comedy, nor epic, nor any other regular composition.' (*Tiraboschi.*) Milton has decidedly improved upon the model of his precursor through the realm of spirits, not only by the loftier diction which he has adopted, and indefatigably supported, but by the mechanism of his fable, which has enabled him to concentrate the powers of his poetry upon comparatively a few objects, and by his courage in freeing himself from the trammels of rhyme, which appear in many instances to have cramped, or at least biassed the versification of Dante. As if every thing belonging to this extraordinary performance were destined to be of unquestionable originality, Dante invented a new kind of versification, which we are told was at first unacceptable to his countrymen : and a diction, unrivalled in strength, closeness, and precision, yet often anomalous and daring, and bidding defiance to imitation. Dante could not be an imitator, even when he strove to assume the character. He says, near the beginning of his poem :

' Or se' tu quel Virgilio, e quella fonte  
 Che spande di parlar sì largo fiume ?  
 Risposi lui, con vergognosa fronte.  
 Oh degli altri Poeti onore e lume,

Vagliami 'l lungo studio, e 'l grande amore  
Che m'han fatto cercar lo tuo volume.  
'Tu se' lo mio maestro e 'l mio autore :  
'Tu se' solo colui, da cu' io tolsi  
Lo bello stile, che m'ha fatto onore.

C. 1, 79.

'And art thou then that Virgil, that well-spring  
From which such copious floods of eloquence  
Have issued ? I with front abash'd replied ;  
Glory and light of all the tuneful train,  
May it avail me, that I long with zeal  
Have sought thy volume, and with love immense  
Have conn'd it o'er. My master thou and guide.  
Then he from whom alone I have deriv'd  
That style, which for its beauty into fame  
Exalts me.'

Yet the general resemblance between these poets is very faint, and the particular passages borrowed from the Mantuan bard wear a different dress and mien when transferred into the possession of the Florentine.

Nothing seems to be less the result of study or imitation, than the structure of the Italian poem, and nothing perhaps is less deserving of either study or imitation. In the *Inferno*, the strata of the dead are scientifically allotted and arranged according to their several crimes; and we are conducted from circle to circle with as much regularity of method, and formality of detail, as a traveller would use in leading us through the different provinces of an empire. Many territories, many individuals, many incidents pass in review, but we are scarcely detained long enough in one spot to gain a permanent interest in the manners and characters of the inhabitants, and one prospect rapidly succeeds and confuses the remembrance of another, till the effect produced upon the mind, becomes that which results from accumulation, rather than selection. Yet the representation of the prudence, condescension, and tenderness of Virgil, and the susceptibility, earnestness, and reverent attention of his follower, lay a strong hold upon our affections, and irresistibly detain us in their company. We are not, however, kept in any painful fluctuation of hope and fear. Plot or catastrophe there is none. Virgil we know has his doom unchangeably fixed; and Dante, we cannot forget, must have returned from the abysses of hell, and quitted the realms of bliss, before he could have presented himself to us as the narrator of his own adventures. With regard to Beatrice, she is

too spiritual, and seated too high in the supernal sphere, to be considered as within the range of human sympathy.

In Dante's description of ghostly beings, some incongruities will be found, but let the vastness of the design, and the few materials afforded him by the works of his predecessors for the erection of so stupendous a pile, let all the difficulty of the undertaking be duly considered, and this and every other censure will be lost in admiration. That he was enthusiastically admired by his countrymen, and honours bestowed upon his memory, which might seem to insure to his name the meed of immortality, are facts sufficiently evidenced by the title of *Divina*, soon conferred by general suffrage upon the *Commedia*, and by the institution of lectures, the sole business of which was to explain and illustrate that great work, an office which immediately became an object of ambition to the most learned men of the age. Several causes have operated in the progress of time to abate the admiration, perhaps of his Italian readers, and certainly of those who live in a different country. The very similitude of the poem must have impressed a religionist of those days in the most lively manner. But the fabric of papal superstition, which was then a commanding citadel, attractive by its splendor, and formidable for its strength, is now a decayed, a tottering, and an almost neglected ruin. Since the doctrine of purgatory has been exploded, and masses for the dead deemed unavailing, since reason has been restored to her due prerogatives, and faith grounded exclusively on the word of God, such alterations have taken place in our religious sentiments as must necessarily render the opinions of Dante in many instances obsolete, in many erroneous, in many pitifully absurd. Another drawback upon the pleasure of the reader arises from the continual references to the history of a distant country in remote and distracted times. It is not to be expected that we should feel with such vivacity as those who were actors or eye-witnesses, or who lived before the minuter features of the times were obliterated, or who were descended from the same ancestors, or born in the same country, with the heroes recorded in the verse. In some instances an ample commentary is indispensable, and in others the requisite information is either lost or as yet buried in the chronicles of contemporary historians. The consequence is, that many individuals are introduced to us by name, of whose merits or demerits we are compelled to remain in helpless ignorance. Dante is, however, by no means confined to his national history, he expatiates freely over the various regions of the known world, and culls from every

elime the flowers best suited to his design. Another circumstance which very much tends to diminish the interest, is the state of literature, which had not then purged itself of scholastic subtleties and mysticism. The taste of the present age is disposed to grant very little consideration to science which is not founded upon the evidence of the senses, nor reducible to mathematical demonstration: and perhaps too little mercy is shewn to those flights of the imagination which presume to pass the borders of the visible creation. Suppose, however, it should be admitted that there is something of the barbarous in the style of the father of the Tuscan school: it is the barbarism of the co-eval style of architecture, and, like our Gothic edifices, is capable of affecting us with the sublimest feelings of delight and reverence. If the construction wants the proportion and disposition of the Grecian models, it has, in the true spirit of the Gothic, uniformity in the general effect, with a perpetual variety in the constituent particulars.

To give a faithful, natural, and spirited resemblance of such a poet, is a labour demanding no inconsiderable talents and learning. But by whatever established test of the merits of a translation the present specimen is tried, it will be found deserving of very high estimation. Not, indeed, without occasional approaches to servility, Mr. Cary is literal to a degree, which we think has never been exceeded in any poetical, and scarcely in any prose translation which has hitherto appeared in the English language. Very rarely has he added to, or diminished aught from his original. The very idioms are compelled to enter into another tongue (see c. 9, 97, and c. 14, 67, &c.) In numerous passages, nearly the identical sound is transfused, and the effect upon the ear is essentially the same, and the wonderful instances of imitative sound in the original, are dexterously copied in the translation. As in the following, c. 1, 22.

‘E come quei, che, con lena affannata,  
Uscito fuor del pelago alla riva,  
Si volge all’acqua perigliosa e guata.’

‘And as a man with difficult short breath  
Forespent with toiling, ’scap’d from sea to shore,  
Turns to the perilous wide waste, and stands  
At gaze;’

where the verses seem to breathe hard; and in the third Canto,

‘Vidi una insegna  
Che, girando, correva tanto ratta  
Che d’ogni posa mi pareva indegna.’

C. 3, 52.

' I beheld a flag  
Which whirling ran around so rapidly  
That it no pause obtained.'

In the abrupt beginning of the fourth Canto,

' Ruppemi l' alto sonno nella testa  
Un greve tuono, sì ch' i' mi riscossi,  
Come persona, che per forza e desta.'

' Broke the deep slumber in my brain, a crack  
Of heavy thunder, that I shook myself  
As one by main force rous'd.'

And the fearful description of Cerberus in the sixth Canto,  
v. 13.

' Cerbero, fiera crudele e diversa,  
Con tra gole caninamente latra  
Sovra la gente, che quivi e sommersa.  
Gli occhi ha vermigli, e la barba unta, e atra,  
E'l ventre largo, e unghiate le mani:  
Graffia gli spirti, gli scuoja, ed isquatra.'

See also C. 5, 84. C. 7, 13, and 126. C. 10, 81, &c. &c.

' Cerberus, cruel monster, fierce and strange,  
Through his wide three-fold throat barks as a dog  
Over the multitude immers'd beneath.  
His eyes glare crimson, black his unctuous beard,  
His belly large, and claw'd the hands, with which  
He tears the spirits, flogs them, and their limbs  
Piccemeal disparts.'

The concentrated diction, and antique simplicity of the venerable author, are happily transferred by a judicious choice of blank verse, the measure best suited in English to a poem of so grave a cast: blank verse of the Miltonic stamp, learnedly musical, more abundant in the strength and spirit of its melodies, than in polished smoothness, and mellifluous cadences. The abruptness of the original, and somewhat of that which Tiraboschi, with too much of Italian delicacy, calls an '*insofferibil durezza*,' are to be found in the English version, and both Dante and his translator, it will be thought by many,

' Tienen ancor del monte e del macigno.'

' Still *smack* of their rough mountain flint.' c. 15, 63.

We are aware of Dr. Johnson's decree in a similar case. 'The translator is to exhibit his author's thoughts in such a dress of diction as the author would have given them, had his language been English; *rugged magnificence* is not to be

softened: hyperbolical ostentation is not to be repressed, nor sententious affectation to have its points blunted. A translator is to be like his author: it is not his business to excel him.' (*Life of Dryden.*) Under cover of such a decision this translation might find itself completely shielded. But with all due deference to so great an authority, we scarcely think it possible for a translator to give a general adequate resemblance, unless he excel in parts: when his author has left him far behind in one place, he must endeavour to save his distance by gaining upon him in another. The negligences which are lost amid the splendor and ease of the original, must become much more conspicuous, and consequently will obtain much less indulgence at second hand, where the same freedom and vivacity of execution are scarcely attainable by the powers of the artist. The rigid exactness with which Mr. Cary has adhered to the very words of the text and their collocation, has at times imposed a degree of restraint and hardness of construction upon his version. [C. 2, 96, is obscure both in the text and the translation.] Into this he was probably led by the example of Milton, whom he has in several passages as closely imitated, as Milton before him imitated Dante. The marks of imitation are very discernible in the following passages—

'Temp-era dal principio del mattino :  
E'l sol montava 'n su, con quelle stelle,  
Ch' eran con lui, quand 'l amor divino  
Mosse da prima quelle cose belle,  
Si ch' a bene sperar m'era cagione  
Di quella fera la gajetta pelle,  
L'ora del tempo, e la dolce stagione.'

C. 1, 37.

'The hour was morning's prime, and on his way  
Aloft the sun ascended with those stars  
That with him rose, when love divine first mov'd  
Those its fair works: so that with joyous hope  
All things conspired to fill me, the gay skin  
Of that swift animal, the matin dawn  
And the sweet season.

'Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,  
If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn  
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,  
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.  
Thou sun of this great world, both eye and soul  
Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise  
In thy eternal course; both when thou climb'st  
And when high-noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st.'

P. L. b. 5, 166.

'Lo giorno se n'andava, e l'aer bruno  
To glieva gli animai, che sono 'n terra,  
D'alle fatiche loro.'

C. 2, 1.

'Now was the day departing, and the air  
Imbrown'd with shadows, from their toils releas'd  
All animals on earth.'

'Where the unpierc'd shade  
Imbrown'd the noontide bowers.'

P. L. b. 4, 245.

'Per altravia mi mena 'l savio duca,  
Fuor della queta, nell' aura che trema :  
E vengo in parte, ove non è, che luca.'

C. 4, 149.

'Another way  
My sage guide leads me, from that air serene,  
In'to a climate ever vex'd with storms ;  
And to a part I come where no light shines.

Save on that side which from the wall of heaven,  
Though distant far, some small reflexion gains  
Of glimmering air less vex'd with tempest loud.'

P. L. b. 3, 427.

'Thou hast vexed me with all thy storms.' Psalm 88, 6.

There is an evident inequality in the success of Mr. Cary's labours, perhaps in no small degree occasioned by a similar defect in the text: some parts seem to have had originally a much more easy and fortunate passage into English, and shew greater marks of after-care than others, which appear to have come in an evil hour, and to have lain ever since their production in their first rude and unshapen condition.

But all these defects, amounting to but a trifle in the aggregate, both as to quantity and quality, are amply recompensed by a general display of animation, energy, judgment, and taste, by unusual fidelity and uncommon felicity in uniting the languages by pure and appropriate English, and considerable critical knowledge of the Italian, by a diction neither vulgar nor attained without the diligent study of selected models, and by the display of a kindred spirit, and the possession of a correspondent faculty of poetical elocution.

The prefixed life is something meagre: the author seems rather to have anxiously established a few leading facts, than diligently amassed all that could have been collected on so interesting a subject.

The edition is neatly and correctly printed, upon a plan new or uncommon from the English press. Dante has divided his poem into short cantos, and Mr. Cary has annexed



to each separately the notes belonging to it. Different opinions, in this luxurious age of literature, will be entertained of the convenience of this arrangement.

The notes consist of short explanations of allegorical allusions, historical or biographical notices, parallel passages, &c. &c. and convey much entertainment and information. More might be added, and the numerous host of Italian commentators would afford a copious supply of particulars new and interesting to the generality of English readers.

Upon the whole, every encouragement is due to this gentleman in the prosecution of his arduous task. Both the proficient and the novice in Italian literature are under obligations for the specimen he has given of a faithful and spirited translations (in many passages answering the purposes of a commentary) of an author whom he justly characterises "as one of the most sublime and moral, but certainly one of the most obscure writers in any language." And the mere English reader will find, that so far from being totally devoid of interest (the modest hope expressed by Mr. Cary) the subject will forcibly detain his attention by the affections of pity and terror, and the manner of the execution, by merits, which give it indisputably the superiority over every other attempt at transmuting the original into the language of this country.

We subjoin the famous passage from the beginning of c. 3. 1. which may fairly for all parties be compared by our readers with the corresponding passage in the versions of Mr. Hayley and Mr. Boyd, to the former of which Mr. Cary will be found to approach perhaps too nearly, though in all probability unconsciously.

"Through me you pass into the city of woe:

Through me you pass into eternal pain:

Through me among the people lost for aye.

Justice the founder of my fabric moved:

To rear me was the task of power divine,

Supremest wisdom, and primeval love.

Before me things create were none, save things

Eternal, and eternal I endure.

All hope abandon ye, who enter here."

Such characters in colour dim I mark'd

Over a portal's lofty arch inscrib'd:

Whereat I thus: "Master, these words import

Hard meaning" He, as one prepar'd, replied:

"Here thou must all distrust behind thee leave:

Here be vile fear extinguish'd. We are come

Where I have told thee we shall see the souls

To misery doom'd, who intellectual good

Have lost." And when his hand he had stretch'd forth  
To mine, with pleasant looks, whence I was cheer'd,  
Into that secret place he led me on.

Here sighs with lamentations and loud moans  
Resounded through the air pierc'd by no star,  
That e'en I wept at entering. Various tongues,  
Horrible languages, outcries of woe,  
Accents of anger, voices deep and hoarse,  
With hands together smote, that swell'd the sounds,  
Made up a tumult, that for ever whirls  
Round through that air with solid darkness stain'd,  
Like to the sand that in the whirlwind flies.'

ART. II.—*Observations on the Poor Laws, and on the Management of the Poor in Great Britain, arising from a Consideration of the Returns now before Parliament. By the Right Hon. George Rose, M. P. 8vo. pp. 44. 1s. 6d. London. Hatchard. 1805.*

THE intention of the right honourable author, in publishing this pamphlet, is to engage the serious attention of all those who have any means of procuring information upon the subject, to what is truly stated to be one of the most difficult problems of government,—the management of the poor.

The system of poor laws, which, with the alterations suggested by circumstances, has subsisted in England above two centuries, is certainly open to several weighty objections, and has even called forth the unqualified disapprobation of authors of acknowledged ability. We still, however, agree with Mr. Rose, that the system itself, as a theory, is on many accounts intitled to respect, and that its failure in producing all the beneficial effects expected from it, is chiefly to be attributed to the practical defects in carrying the law into execution, and not to substantial error in the principle on which it is founded.

Nothing can be more simple or more rational than the general arrangement made in the reign of Elizabeth. Convinced by experience that the operation of voluntary benevolence was inadequate to the just and necessary relief of meritorious indigence, that unfortunate and deserving objects of charity frequently suffered all the horrors of want, unnoticed and unknown, while the importunities of the idle and profligate levied ill-bestowed contributions upon the generous and humane, provision was made by a fair and equal assessment, under the management and superintendence of respect-

able householders and magistrates, for the relief of the old, the lame, the blind, and the friendless, for repressing idleness, for giving employment to all those who were not incapable of labour, and putting out to be apprentices such children as could not otherwise be maintained or employed. To deny the abstract propriety of such regulations is impossible; but when we are told that a sum not less than 4,267,000*l.* is annually expended on account of the poor, of which near 200,000*l.* is spent in law-suits; that workhouses are the nurseries of vice; that the labour of the poor is totally unproductive, or rather all attempts to employ them altogether abortive; it must be confessed there is reasonable ground of suspicion, that the system is radically bad, that it has been wickedly perverted, or ignorantly and negligently carried into execution. Notwithstanding, however, the many and great defects attached to the practical operation of the poor laws, we cannot hesitate in agreeing with the right honourable author, that it would be unwise and impolitic hastily to repeal and abandon the whole system, and leave so important a department of political economy open to the effects of partial or fortuitous measures, or the no less precarious influence of new experiments or wild speculations.

That compulsory rates for the maintenance of the poor are altogether unnecessary, and that every beneficial effect may be produced by the voluntary contributions of the rich and generous, are favourite and plausible topics of declamation; and the law and practice in other parts of the united kingdom have been repeatedly brought forward in support of such propositions.

The opinions generally entertained upon this subject, as far as regards Scotland, Mr. Rose states to be altogether erroneous. In opposition to the unqualified remarks of Mr. Malthus and Sir F. Eden, he is so far correct; but the short account he gives of the information he has received on this head, affords but a very indistinct view of the comparative condition and management of the poor in the respective countries, and no apology appears requisite for attempting to elucidate this subject by the introduction of the following facts and observations.

It is certainly true that, contrary to the generally received opinion, there is a striking coincidence between the statute law of England and Scotland, relative to the management of the poor. Some acts were passed in England for the punishment of vagabonds, and regulation of beggars, in the reigns of Edward III. Richard II. and Henry VII. in the years 1349, 1388, and 1494. In the reign of Henry VIII. in the

years 1530 and 1535, justices of the peace were authorized to grant licenses to the poor and aged to beg, and vagabonds were subjected to severe punishment. In Scotland, so early as the year 1424, sheriffs and baillies of burghs are invested with similar authority.

The same regulations, with additions, are enacted in 1457, 1503, and 1535. In the time of Edward VI. 1549 and 1552, some improvements and alterations take place. The same occurs in Scotland by an act of 1551. The present system of assessment, and the appointment of overseers first arose in the reign of Elizabeth, 1572. The very same plan is adopted in Scotland by the act of 1579. It is further improved and completed in England in 1576, 1597, and 1601. Additional acts are also passed in Scotland in 1592, 1597, and 1600, containing a most important regulation, which will presently give rise to some observations, that the execution of the act is intrusted to the kirk-session in every parish, under the superintendence of the presbytery. It is unnecessary to take notice of the long list of statutes which have since passed in England, with a view to obviate the increasing difficulties that have obstructed the operation of the original system. No alteration of consequence has taken place in Scotland. It may only be proper to observe that the first partial creation of workhouses took place in England in 1662, and an act for the establishment of correction-houses was passed in Scotland in 1672. We shall now take the liberty of throwing out a few hints as to the causes of the manifest difference between the situation and management of the poor in the two countries. The general law is to this moment in principle the same in both. In England, however, it at first gradually, and of late years most rapidly, has given rise to an enormously expensive and inefficient establishment; while in Scotland, from better fortune or superior management, the poor are, at little expence, comfortably provided for, and the original compulsory law hardly known. The chief defects of the English system, as at present in practice, are evidently defects of management, and are more or less to be attributed to the nature of the appointment and the conduct of parish officers, to the laws of settlement and removal, to the mode of giving relief, to the absolute want of, or casual and negligent education of the poor, and to the erroneous impressions which the system in general has made upon the minds of the public, and particularly upon those unfortunate beings whom it is intended to protect and relieve. The offices of churchwarden and overseer are annual; they are generally assumed with reluctance, and

independently of the pleasure of exercising a little brief authority, the individuals upon whom the task is imposed are glad to get rid of it on as easy terms as possible. Improvements suggested by humanity or economy are seldom attempted. Surrounded with difficulties, and harassed by disputes and law-suits, the most intelligent and best disposed officers have no encouragement, during the short period they retain their situations, to propose amendments, much less to carry into execution any permanent plan of improvement. In Scotland, on the contrary, the management of the poor has been intrusted to the kirk-sessions, a select body of men, holding their offices for life, remarkable, generally speaking, for their superior respectability and exemplary conduct, treated with universal respect in the parish, and exercising their functions with mildness and paternal beneficence.

The laws of settlement and removal, too, in England, though well intended, have been productive of most mischievous consequences. They formed no part of the original plan, and the statutes on which they are founded have given rise to more legal discussion than those on any other subject whatever, exclusive of the severity with which the miserable poor are treated in the care of parishes contending, it may truly be said, for the punishment and not for the relief of the unfortunate sufferers. No such compulsory law exists in Scotland: strictly speaking, a pauper may in some cases be removed, but humanity and the true principles of charity forbid it. Where a reasonable claim is advanced, it is attended to; money is more easily transported than the persons who stand in need of it, and shame and ignominy are avoided.

The mode of giving relief is also a subject of the utmost importance. It clearly appears from the returns now before parliament, that the relief given to those in workhouses, costs the public about four times as much per head as what is bestowed on the poor out of workhouses. For this reason alone, and others which we have not leisure to enlarge upon, Mr. Rose is unquestionably justified in throwing out the hint, that the 9th of Geo. I. demands revision, and ought to be repealed, or materially altered. Even as to those who are not in workhouses, we are afraid that sufficient attention is not paid to the varying circumstances of the paupers; nor can it well be expected. Generally speaking, one half of the time of the overseers, while in office, is occupied in collecting arrears of former rates, and attending generally to their accounts. There is neither time nor opportunity to become

acquainted with the conduct and real wants of those who make applications. The relief not being received as a matter of charity, but rather claimed as a right, the worthy and unworthy are too commonly confounded in one mass; the modest and unassuming become the most destitute, while large sums are improvidently bestowed to the encouragement of idleness, insolence, and profligacy. In Scotland, as has already been remarked, the business is in the hands of the kirk-session, of which the minister is moderator or chairman. From the permanent nature of their office, from the character they have to support as the superintendants of the moral and religious conduct of the parishioners, from custom, and from a strong sense of duty, they became intimately acquainted with the actual condition and merits of the poor; the relief given is privately bestowed with discriminating care, the full beneficial effect is economically produced, idleness becomes a reproach, and where admonition fails; the vicious and profligate are restrained and punished by the hand of the civil power, as expediency or necessity may require. A circumstance which greatly facilitates this laudable arrangement, is the manner in which the poor's fund is chiefly raised. Unfortunately, in England, it would appear that soon after the introduction of general assessments, the poor's rate, instead of being resorted to as a necessary aid to supply the deficiency of voluntary contributions, totally superseded them, and except for partial and special purposes, collections for the poor are not in use. In Scotland, on the contrary, the old charitable system of regular collections at the church doors was never abandoned; it has uniformly been recommended and encouraged by the clergy in their respective parishes; almost every individual cheerfully contributes his mite, not considering it as a burden, but the performance of an agreeable christian duty; with a full conviction of the useful and faithful application of the fund. From the prudent management already alluded to, the money so raised, which has increased in amount with the improving state of the country, has been the chief, and in many parishes, the only necessary means of procuring adequate relief for the proper and truly unfortunate objects of charitable compassion. Whether the supposed introduction of different habits and sentiments arising from the progressive improvement in manufactures and commerce, may break in upon the present practice, increase the number of poor, and render the aid of compulsory measures more or less necessary, is a question which involves most important considerations. Alterations of a moral or political tendency de-

serve at all times to be watched with scrupulous attention ; but in any probable stage of society, as far as relates to the management of the poor, it must be acknowledged that voluntary contributions, economically managed, and aided when necessary by compulsory rates, must claim a decided superiority over the almost exclusive operation of heavy assessments, levied with difficulty, and negligently and im-providently distributed.

With respect to the education of the poor, much remains to be done. It is frequently remarked that the poor have nothing to do with learning. If it be merely meant that liberal studies are inconsistent with the exercise of menial and laborious occupations, the observation is well founded ; but it is equally true that moral and religious instruction, together with a degree of useful information, adapted to the different conditions and pursuits of each class in the community, will uniformly have a corresponding good effect on the mind and conduct of a rational being. The superior advantages which have been enjoyed in Scotland in this respect, have been long acknowledged. The early establishment of parochial schools, where it has been usual for the children even of the poorest class, to receive instruction at the small expense of one penny per week, the admonitions and periodical visits and examinations of the clergy, and the shame and reproach attached to those who are ignorant of their catechism, or cannot read their Bible, have unquestionably raised the character, and improved the condition, of the lower orders in Scotland, have arrested the progress of vice and idleness, and have rendered the maintenance and management of the poor a comparatively easy task, and a work of real benevolence.

The general impression upon the public mind is of material consequence, in carrying into execution the laws respecting the poor. It is much to be regretted, that in England, charity, kindness, and compassion are hardly known or acknowledged to form any part of the system. The poor's rate, instead of being considered as a necessary and charitable fund to sooth affliction, and administer relief to the unfortunate, is in general estimation supposed to be an enormous and unreasonable tax, capriciously imposed, reluctantly paid, or rigorously extorted. The poor themselves feel no proper anxiety to use the means which may prevent them from becoming chargeable to the parish ; they demand assistance as a right, receive it without gratitude, and use stratagem and imposition to increase their allowance. In Scotland, there is a laudable reluctance to become, or to be

known as, the objects of charity on the books of the session ; the money is raised in the true spirit of charity, and not felt as a burden ; it is bestowed with pleasure, and received with humility and thankfulness.

Such are the distinguishing features in the management of the poor in England and Scotland. We have, of course, been able only to present a faint outline of the subject, sufficient, however, to give a more distinct view of it, than can be collected from the few observations to be found in the pamphlet before us. Upon this, indeed, as well as upon other points alluded to by the right honourable author, his object is to excite the attention and labours of others, rather than to enter into an ample discussion of the subject himself. We are happy to observe, from such authority, that the system is likely to undergo a full and careful examination in parliament, perfectly satisfied, that under favourable auspices, many objections may be done away, and considerable improvements gradually introduced, without the danger of a total repeal of the existing laws, and without having recourse to new and uncertain experiments.

ART. III.—*Considerations on the General Conditions of the Christian Covenant ; with a View to some important Controversies.* By Joseph Holden Pott, A. M. Archdeacon of St. Alban's. Second Edition. 8vo. pp. 136. Rivingtons. 1805.

ΑΑΗΘΕΥΕΙΝ ΕΝ ΑΓΑΠΗΙ, to speak the truth in love, seems to be the honourable principle by which the Rev. Archdeacon has been actuated in the composition of this very respectable pamphlet. It is written with a truly charitable and christian temper and moderation, well calculated to conciliate the esteem of the most inveterate adversary ; and forming but too striking a contrast with the impatience and intolerance which have appeared so often on both sides of the controversy to which these considerations refer.

The general design of this tract is stated by its author in the following manner :

‘ It will now suffice once more to declare, that it is the purpose of the foregoing pages, to set forth with entire sincerity the grand doctrines of the fall and ruin of man's nature ; of the one sufficient sacrifice for sin ; of the needful influences and efficacy of divine grace, in every period of the christian life ; of justification by faith, by faith alone, as that term generally taken describes the whole method of acceptance for Christ's only sake, distinguishing the covenant of



grace from that of works; or as that term more narrowly restrained respects the faith of individuals as a special instrument in receiving what is freely given; or as that term describes the leading principle of the christian service.\* But it has been the author's purpose also to shew that in all respects these doctrines include and imply the general conditions of the gospel, which are constantly required from those to whom the free gift of salvation is proposed, becoming thus the real ground of their probation.

'It has further been a main design of these pages to shew that such distinctive doctrines, with every fundamental article of faith and practice with relation to our access to the Father, through the Son, and by the Holy Ghost, and with regard to every necessary rule of holiness, stand apart from some particulars of tenet and opinion which, whether true or false, may be interwoven with them, or detached from them; as indeed they have been by very many both before and since the reformation. A real bond of union therefore subsists still, though too often industriously overlooked between those who contend together; and on that solid ground there should subsist a mutual friendship, and a strict forbearance from all misplaced and injurious censures. Let men on either side consider what would be the consequence if they could succeed in forcing their opinions on the public standard. The result must be, what every good man ought to deprecate, and what the public wisdom of our church has carefully precluded, needless and yet inevitable separation.'

In pursuance of these views, Mr. Pott commences his considerations with producing those passages of the New Testament which appear to him to justify and to demand the use of the term *condition* in reference to the christian covenant. After establishing this part of his argument to his own satisfaction, but we fear, in a way somewhat too concise and general to content the opposite party, he proceeds to shew, and we think with virtue, truth, and justice on his side, that the doctrine of conditions is perfectly in consonance with the most implicit belief, and explicit avowal of the grand gospel principle of our justification by faith, in every sense of those words which is deduceable from scripture, or countenanced by the authority of the church of England.

In like manner he applies this test of the gospel conditions of repentance, faith, and obedience to the scriptural doctrines of election and of assurance, and shews that he who maintains the necessity of those christian graces as *conditions* properly so called, may yet, with the sincerest good

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\* Upon which view of the matter, see two excellent Discourses of Bp. Sherlock. Sermon, XIV. in 2 parts.

faith, and agreeably to the soundest and strictest principles of religion and argument, avow his belief that man's salvation is by grace only, and that every good and perfect gift cometh down from the Father of lights.

Towards the conclusion, the respectable author thus apologizes for having permitted himself to be seduced into this controversy.

' Suffice it now to remark, that if an apology be requisite for having departed in these pages from the salutary rules which the pious prelate lays down in the passage above cited, it must be collected from the necessity of meeting those assertions in which the Sum of Christianity is placed in nice opinions which stand apart from the main Articles of the Christian Creed, and from the common rules of Christian duty.

' What course can they pursue who dislike the themes of controversy, and particularly disapprove them in the exercise of public teaching, where they serve to engender strife, and to divide men's minds? What course can they take who love and esteem every zealous servant of the Lord for his work's sake, and are ready to bear with such as differ from them, to rejoice in all the good they do, and to concur with them in the joint labours of the same ministry, but are unwilling to be cast out from all part and lot in the matter for the sake only of such differences? Must they sit still when many an effort is made to withdraw the hearts of those committed to their pastoral care, and to depreciate their instructions? Must they silently permit themselves to be held out to the world as men who are either ignorant of Gospel truths, or averse from all sound doctrine.

' Are they the doctrines of the reformation which are called in question? By no means. The same differences which exist among us, exist in that church whose errors have been cast out so happily from our communion. The Dominican and Franciscan, and more recently the Jansenist and Jesuit, have the same variance between themselves which we have. It is the old dust of the schools which still makes the cloud in which the scuffle is prolonged. It would perhaps abate the zeal of some for such venturous speculations, if they would consider from what sources they have been chiefly drawn, and how little benefit is likely now to follow from revising those intricate and endless subtleties, and confounding them with the necessary grounds of Christian faith.'

A considerable quantity of notes or short dissertations is subjoined, exceeding the body of the work in extent, and we think in value also. In the *Considerations* themselves, though we have perused them with great attention, we are not sure that we are always masters of the writer's argument, and are inclined to think that it might be aided and relieved by a few additional touches, to render it in some parts more

clear, definite and explicit. In the notes indeed, we meet with some assistance : and several additional particulars are there exceedingly well and happily disputed and illustrated. The reader will find many very valuable observations on several subjects nearly connected with the principal question. Such are those to shew that justification by faith and by grace are to be regarded as equivalent expressions ; those which respect the reconciling of St. Paul and St. James ; in what sense it is true, that good works are *signs* or *evidences* of faith ; those which relate to the expression ' justification before God,' and to the term '*second* justification ;' that justification implies more than pardon ; in what sense the doctrine of imputation is true and scriptural ; the metaphorical illustration of the tree and its fruits ; the different acceptations of faith ; in what particulars the protestant and popish theories of justification agree, and where they differ ; the doctrine of præterition and some others. On all these particulars, this pamphlet contains such observations as constitute it one of the best productions which have appeared from the ranks of those who are anxious to oppose and repress the pretensions and efforts of certain men, who have succeeded pretty well in disturbing the peace of the church under the appellation of Calvinists, and some other names which ought equally to have been avoided and disclaimed by themselves, and are to be deprecated and deplored by every sincere christian.

ART. IV.—*Gifford's Massinger. (Concluded from p. 77.)*

MASSINGER may be considered by all our readers as a revived author, and to most of them we believe he will be a new one. Let us therefore endeavour to do him justice by calling the attention of the public, and we wish we might hope of the stage,\* (though the Reynoldses, Mortons, and Dibdins of the day should attempt to drown our humble expostulations in their discordant clamour), to the various excellencies of his dramatic plots, of his skill in rhythmical modulation, of his ably delineated, and adroitly supported characters. Let us be ashamed to possess such native treasures, and to neglect them any longer for the unnatural spawn of monster-breeding Germany, or the philtered drivel of licentious France.

To begin with the 'Virgin Martyr.' This is not one of

\* Mr. Kemble has made some laudable, but unsuccessful attempts to bring this much injured and neglected author into notice.

Massinger's most happy efforts. Yet there are very beautiful passages in it, as the following, from the speech of Dorothea, when under the torture, will amply testify.

‘ Thou fool !  
That gloriest in having power to ravish  
A trifle from me I am weary of,  
What is this life to me?—not worth a thought;  
Or if it be esteem'd, 'tis that I lose it  
To win a better: even thy malice serves  
To me but as a ladder to mount up  
To such a height of happiness, where I shall  
Look down with scorn on thee, and on the world;  
Where circled with true pleasures, placed above  
The reach of death or time, 'twill be my glory,  
To think at what an easy price I bought it.  
There's a perpetual spring, perpetual youth,  
No joint-benumbing cold, or scorching heat,  
Famine, nor age, have any being there,' &c. &c.

But the refinement of modern taste would be shocked at the appearance of an evil spirit on the stage, in the character of a secretary to a zealous persecutor of the christians in the reign of Dioclesian, and of an angel as a page to the Virgin Martyr. Yet we can tolerate Mr. Lewis's ghosts, and the still more unnatural men and women who nightly walk the stage as real personages, and such as are to be found in ordinary life! The remarks of Dr. Ireland upon the play of the ‘Virgin Martyr’ are, we think, extremely sensible, and his analysis of the characters, and the due applause that he allots to the poet's management of each, entitles him to the honours of sound and judicious criticism. But we cannot agree with him in his approbation of one trifling incident in the piece, which is the mission of Angelo to Theophilus with the basket of sacred fruit and flowers. However just and beautiful in language the allegory of fruit and flowers, as applied to the joys of heaven, may be, yet we cannot help being struck with the impropriety of introducing ‘apples from heaven’ into the business of the scene. If the lobby in Massinger's days was haunted by the numerous *rotaries of Pomona*\* that now infest it, the minds of the audience must have been recalled to ‘fine China oranges, and a bill of the play,’ in the part of the Virgin Martyr. Neither has Mr. Gifford perfectly satisfied us in his remarks upon this play; where, in one of his too

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\* This phrase belongs to a modern novel writer. We claim no credit from it.

frequently enjoyed triumphs over the *oscitancy* (a conceited word) of Mr. Monck Mason, about whom no body cares one farthing, he does not allow that editor the common credit of having made perhaps a very obvious, but certainly a very just observation, upon the vast inferiority of Massinger's supernatural agents compared with those of Shakespeare, in point of that indescribable air of wildness which alone can interest us in the appearance of miraculous beings on the stage. The latter could give a strange reality of existence to fairies and to witches; but Massinger, with angels and devils to set at work, has made them walking gentlemen till the conclusion of his play, when in the glorious vision of the beatified Dorothea, and in the undaunted firmness of Theophilus under his tortures (although by the way we think his conversion rather too sudden) he rises into a very noble strain of enthusiasm and sublimity.

The comic scenes of this, and we may here take occasion to observe, of the generality of these plays, are fortunately so dull as to prevent any feeling but disgust in the perusal of their obscenity. This was the vice of the age, but no temporary customs or manners can excuse the violation of an eternal duty; fortunately for Massinger, he has not this crime to answer for, although he is too often guilty of similar offences. Decker was the author of these impurities, which appear more gross as contrasted with the exalted strain of piety displayed by Massinger in this very drama; and more extraordinary, as Decker himself was capable of writing some exceedingly beautiful scenes in it, intermixed with the rank odour of others of his composition. It is probable indeed that most of the comedy (as it must be misnamed, to distinguish it from the tragical parts of Massinger's plays) was written by some one or other of his numerous coadjutors. He had no pretensions to wit in the sense of lively repartee; though he had the greatest claims to humour, in the sense of natural delineation of comic character.

The 'Unnatural Combat,' from the horror of its subject, which involves an incestuous passion, and the slaughter of a son by his father, though it was acted by the 'king's majesty's servants at the Globe,' would not, we think, be presented with much success on the boards of Drury Lane or Covent Garden. The young Roscius indeed, might perform Malefort junior; and there would be one advantage in the early death of the character, that the unnatural absurdity of a boy sustaining the part of a man, would be sooner removed from the sight of the insulted spectators.

But, as Dr. Ireland well observes,—'This piece is not to

be considered so much in its plot, as in its characters: and these are drawn with great force and admirable discrimination. The pity felt at first for old Malefort is soon changed into horror and detestation; while the dread inspired by the son is somewhat relieved by the suspicion that he avenges the cause of a murdered mother. Their parley is as terrible as their combat; and they encounter with a fury of passion and a deadliness of hatred approaching to savage nature.'

Our readers will perceive that we talk to them of these plays as to persons acquainted with Massinger; we wish them to become so, from a conviction that they will receive great entertainment from his works; and by these scattered intimations of the powerful style of writing which they will find both in the poet and his commentators, we are endeavouring to excite their curiosity, and to lead them insensibly into studies which will fully repay the application of their leisure hours.

'The Unnatural Combat,' although we agree with Mr. Gifford, in opposition to the sentiments expressed concerning this play in the *Biographia Dramatica*, that it is not adapted to theatrical representation, will yet, from the mysterious anticipation of some unknown evil that pervades the opening scenes, and forcibly chains down our attention to the gradual developement of the extraordinary plot, ever be a favourite in the closet with all lovers of high-wrought passion, and of wonderful catastrophe. Surely the following short passage will induce our readers to the perusal of that which is so infinitely superior to any thing we can offer to their notice. They will perceive the original of Milton's 'Horror plum'd.' Just at the moment that the son and father are going to engage, the old man exclaims,

'Who trained thee up in arms but I? who taught thee  
Men were men only, when they durst look down  
With scorn on death and danger, and contemn'd  
All opposition, till *plumed victory*  
*Had made her constant stand upon their helmets?*  
Under my shield thou hast fought as securely  
As the young eaglet, cover'd with the wings  
Of her fierce dam, learns how and where to prey.  
All that is manly in thee I call mine:  
But what is weak and womanish, thine own.'

'The Duke of Milan' is a sublime exertion of poetical ability: what but the most ardent imagination (for history has little to do with this play, except that it awakens our attention to the opening) could have conceived such a scene

as the third of the first act? Sforza sits in state with his beloved Marcelia at his side, 'the mistress of the feast,' and does honour to her birthday. A courier arrives from Pavia, where the armies of Charles the Fifth and Francis the First are about to engage. Sforza is the ally of Francis, and of course stands or falls with him; but Sforza is absorbed in love, and after a moment's anxiety, which Marcelia interrupts most gently and affectionately, he throws away the letter, and bursts forth:

'Out of my sight!

And all thoughts that may strangle mirth, forsake me.\*

Fall what can fall, I dare the worst of fate:

Though the foundation of the earth should shrink,

The glorious eye of heaven lose his splendour,

Supported thus, I'll stand upon the ruins,

And seek for new life here. Why are you sad?

No other sports! by heaven, he's not my friend,

Who wears one furrow in his face. I was told

'There was a mask.' &c.

*Si fractus illabatur orbis, &c. &c.*

Then, when another courier enters—But we will not anticipate the pleasure of our readers.

Dr. Ireland concludes his observations upon this play in a manner worthy of his character as a divine and a critic. Indeed he seldom fails to unite the offices of both, in his pious as well as acute remarks, upon the particular moral to be drawn from the actions and the destinies of Massinger's most exquisitely managed characters. We are glad he has done so; for although St. Chrysostom always went to bed with an Aristophanes, and endangered the safety of his family by a nightly perusal of the 'Frogs,' yet in this carping age, some surly censor of the amusements of the clergy might have objected to a Reverend Doctor's turning theatrical commentator, had he not taken care to mix religious advice with critical observation.

We are so far from harbouring such an objection, that we think Dr. Ireland by such an appropriation of his *subcisa tempora*, not neglecting, as we are confident he has not, his paramount duties, has consulted at least the entertainment of the world in general, much more than he would have done by

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\* Mr. Gifford has well answered the cavils and the alterations of our modern editors of ancient poetry:

'Our ancestors did not count their syllables on their fingers.'

favouring it with a translation of the works of the eloquent Bishop of Cæsarea.

The story of the 'Bondman' is founded on the Life of Timoleon the Corinthian, as recorded by Plutarch. The revolt and subsequent reduction of the slaves to their duty is taken from Herodotus, or more probably from Justin, or indeed Purchas (in his *Pilgrims*), as all these last mentioned authors repeat the tale. The tale, however, more especially the catastrophe, is trifling enough, and does little honour to those who invented, or those who adopted it; but the beautiful episode founded upon it, and which is Massinger's own, is an inimitable piece of art.

So far, or nearly so far, Mr. Gifford. We will add that we wish to see the Bondman again upon the stage; and the caprice of the public, who heard it with listless ears in 1779, may, for aught we know to the contrary, be delighted with it in 1805.

According to our plan of recommending each play to notice by the selection of some beautiful and striking passage, and from a wish of proving our assertion respecting the excellence of Massinger's versification, we shall present our readers with an extract from the Bondman. It is a speech, as Mr. Gifford truly says, in which 'the rhythm is so perfect, that it drops on the ear like the sweetest melody.'

Two lovers are upon the point of parting. Leosthenes trembles for the constancy of Cleora in his absence. She resents his jealousy.—

*Cleora.*—'Can you think  
I may be tempted?'

*Leosthenes.*—'You were never proved.  
For me, I have conversed with you no further,  
Than would become a brother. I ne'er tuned  
Loose notes to your chaste ears; or brought rich presents  
For my artillery, to batter down  
The fortress of your honour; nor endeavour'd  
To make your blood run high at solemn feasts  
With viands that provoke the speeding philtres:  
I work'd no bawds to tempt you; never practis'd  
The cunning and corrupting arts they study,  
That wander in the wild maze of desire;  
Honest simplicity and truth were all  
The agents I employ'd; and when I came  
To see you, it was with that reverence,  
As I beheld the altars of the gods:  
And love, that came along with me, was taught  
To leave his arrows and his torch behind,  
Quench'd in my fear to give offence.'



We cannot refrain from extending this extract a few lines further.

*Cleora*.—‘ And ’twas

That modesty that took me, and preserves me,  
Like a fresh rose, in mine own natural sweetness;  
Which, sullied with the touch of impure hands,  
Loses both scent and beauty.’

(*Sic virgo, dum intacta manet, &c.*)

*Leosthenes*.—‘ But, *Cleora*,

‘ When I am absent, as I must go from you,’ &c. &c.

This is the mixture of description and of pathos that constitutes the true beauty of dramatic poetry. Where shall we find, in the strict observance of the unities, or in the classical chorus, such delightful tenderness, such honest genuine feeling, as pervades the pages of Shakespeare and of Massinger, and the other ancient glories of this land of poetry?

Concerning the plot of the *Bondman*, we may observe, with Dr. Ireland, that Massinger never writes with more effect than when he combines his own fancy with somewhat of real history. In this case the reader will not expect that the history should proceed in a regular order, or without the admission of foreign incidents, or that it should maintain to the end the commanding interest with which it begins. It is enough for Massinger if he can secure attention at the outset, through the remembrance of some important event, and if, under cover of this, he can prepare the part which imagination is to supply. It is on these principles that he has proceeded in the *Bondman*, and produced a piece which, with a few exceptions, is at once stately and playful, impressive and tender. He matures the love under cover of the history; till at length the interest changes, and the history becomes subordinate to the love. But we must check ourselves, or we shall run on to tediousness in these remarks; only let us ask our modern playwrights, in which of their dramas will they point out such management as has been shewn in the conduct of the above story?

‘ The language and ideas of the “*Renégado*,” (says Mr. Gifford) ‘ are strictly catholic,’ notwithstanding which it seems to have been a favourite with the public, and notwithstanding which the author may have been a protestant. At least we cannot allow the truth of the contrary to be established merely by internal evidence of such a nature: Mr. Gifford indeed only contends for the probability of the circumstance.

The different effects of remorse upon differently constituted

minds are admirably pourtrayed in this play. The recovery of the tender, but misguided Vitelli, is of a gentle nature ; the pangs of repentance are violent in the bosom of the vindictive, licentious, and atheistical Renegado. Hear the workings of his guilty conscience in the following impressive lines.

*Enter GRIMALDI with a book, (i. e. the Bible.)*

*Grimaldi.*—‘ For theft, he that restores treble the value,  
Makes satisfaction ; and, for want of means  
To do so, as a slave, must serve it out,  
’Till he hath made full payment. There’s hope left here.  
Oh ! with what willingness would I give up  
My liberty to those that I have pillaged ;  
And wish the number of my years, though wasted  
In the most sordid slavery, might equal  
The rapines I have made ; till with one voice  
My patient sufferings might exact from my  
Most cruel creditors a full remission,  
An eye’s loss with an eye, limb’s with a limb,  
A sad account ! yet to find peace within here.’

Dr. Ireland dismisses his readers, at the conclusion of the Renegado, with a most salutary admonition.

‘ The chief lesson to be drawn from this play, is to be on our guard against vicious habits. Gross sins make repentance a terror. The return to duty is most easy and consoling, when the departure from it has been neither long nor wilful :

‘ Breve sid quod turpiter audes.’

The ‘Parliament of Love,’ which, as we have already mentioned, is only to be found in this edition of Massinger, is a most delightful fragment. Mr. Gifford has much merit in recovering it from the mouldering and imperfect state of the manuscript lent him by Mr. Malone. The plot is founded upon those celebrated courts, or Parliaments of Love, said to have been holden in France during the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, for the discussion of amorous questions, and the distribution of rewards and punishments among faithful and perfidious lovers. The origin of these institutions is due to the lively imagination of the Troubadours ; but whoever wishes more perfect information upon so curious a subject, must make interest with the Rev. R. Nares, for a sight of the curious old volume called ‘Arresta Amorum,’ or ‘Arrets d’Amour,’ with a perusal of which he favoured Mr. Gifford ; who indeed calls it an elaborate piece of foolery, and says he read it with equal wearisomeness and disgust.

Charles VIII. sate upon the throne of France at the period in which the supposed events of Massinger's drama took place. He was the gayest monarch of that gay nation; fond of masks, revels, dances, and the society of the ladies, to a culpable degree. He thus opens this extraordinary parliament:

*Charles.*—‘ Our thanks to all.

But wherefore come you in divided troops?

As if the mistresses would not accept

Their servants' guardship, or the servants, slighted,

Refuse to offer it? You all wear sad looks;

On Perigot appears not that blunt mirth,

Which his face used to promise; on Montrose,

There hangs a heavy dullness; Cleremond

Droops even to death; and Clarindore hath lost

Much of his sharpness: nay, these ladies too,

Whose sparkling eyes did use to fix the court

With various inventions of delight,

Part with their splendour. What's the cause? From whence

Proceeds this alteration?’

Can there be any thing more natural, simple, sprightly, flowery, and elegant than this speech? Indeed the perfect novelty and rare merit of this piece recommend it to an uncommon share of notice.

The plot of the ‘Great Duke of Florence’ is raised on the slight materials afforded by our old chroniclers in the life of Edgar, materials which we have since seen worked up by Mr. Mason into the beautiful drama of *Elfrida*. It is impossible not to be charmed with the manner in which this play is written. The style is worthy of the most polished stage. It neither descends to meanness, nor affects a blustering magnificence, but preserves an easy elevation, and a mild dignity, and affords an excellent model for the transaction of dramatic business between persons of high rank and refined education.

Giovanni, the nephew of the duke, falls in love with the daughter of his tutor. He thus laments his high birth as an obstacle to the success of his attachment.

*Giovanni.*—‘ Greatness, with private men

Esteem'd a blessing, is to me a curse;

And we, whom, for our high births, they conclude

The only freemen, are the only slaves.

Happy the golden mean! Had I been born

In a poor sordid cottage, not nurs'd up

With expectation to command a court,

I might, like such of your condition, sweetest,  
 Have ta'en a safe and middle course, and not,  
 As I am now, against my choice, compell'd  
 Or to lie grov'ling on the earth, or raised  
 So high upon the pinnacles of state,  
 That I must either keep my height with danger,  
 Or fall with certain ruin.

\* \* \* \* \*

' For, had I been your equal,  
 I might have seen and liked with my own eyes,  
 And not, as now, with others'; I might still;  
 And without observation or envy,  
 As I have done, continued my delights  
 With you, that are alone, in my esteem,  
 The abstract of society; we might walk  
 In solitary groves, or in choice gardens;  
 From the variety of curious flowers  
 Contemplate nature's workmanship and wonders;  
 And then, for change, near to the murmur of  
 Some bubbling fountain, I might hear you sing,  
 And from the well tuned accents of your tongue,  
 In my imagination conceive  
 With what melodious harmony a quite  
 Of angels sing above their Maker's praises!

\* \* \* \* \*

' And all this I must part from.'

We will here appeal to our readers and ask them if they can in their imagination conceive more melodious harmony, or more chaste feeling, even in a lover's bosom, than the above?

Having now, we hope, beyond a controversy, established our general assertions of Massinger's excellencies, we will not too closely pursue our first plan, or tire our readers with too many quotations. In the 'Roman Actor' we shall only say that the defence of his profession by Paris is a most noble and animated passage; that the episodes, which in themselves we cannot allow with Mr. Mason to be tedious, all contribute to the plot, and display marks of Massinger's usual dexterity. Let us here take notice of an ingenious observation of Dr. Ireland's, which we omitted in our review of his remarks upon the Bondman. 'Massinger is fond of fulfilling expressions in a sense not intended by the speakers. Timagoras unconsciously says that Pisander was "brought for his sister's service, and Archidamus bids him treat her with particular care and reverence," the very circumstance

which gains her affections. In the Duke of Milan too, Sforza and Marcelia wish that, after a life of unvaried happiness, one grave may receive them; and they are buried together, after she has fallen by his hand. He is fond of reserving some injured person, whose late appearance may justify what has been done, and hasten the conclusion of the plot. He reserves Statilia for the sake of vindicating Pisander, and reminds us of Eugenia, whose wrongs explain the vengeance of Francisco.' Have we not raised an inclination in our readers to enter into the actions of Massinger's characters? They are indeed, as we premised, most ably delineated, and adroitly supported throughout these dramas. The plots too, we must have made to appear interesting, and the versification we have proved to be admirable, which were the three points we undertook to establish.

'The Maid of Honour' is of the higher order of Massinger's plays; nor will it be very easy to find in any writer a subject more animated, or characters more variously and pointedly drawn. There is no delay in introducing the business of the drama; and nothing is allowed to interfere with its progress. Indeed this is by far too rapid; and event is precipitated upon event without regard to time or place. But Massinger acts with a liberty in this respect which it would be absurd to criticise, and in which he is countenanced by all the writers of his age. After Dr. Johnson's defence of Shakespeare upon the same point, the critic will be hardy who shall again retail the dogmas of Aristotle against the opinions of that celebrated preface.

Massinger, as we have already hinted, was not unknown to Milton. There is another proof of it in Father Paulo's speech, scene the last of the Maid of Honour. There is surely a similarity in the cadences, as well as in the measure and solemnity of the thoughts of *Il Penseroso*, with what follows—

'Look on this Maid of Honour, now  
Truly honour'd in her vow  
She pays to heaven: vain delight  
By day, or pleasure of the night  
She no more thinks of: this fair hair  
(Favours for great kings to wear)  
Must now be shorn; her rich array  
Changed into a homely gray.  
The dainties with which she was fed,  
And her proud flesh pampered,  
Must not be tasted; from the spring,  
For wine, cold water will we bring,  
And with fasting mortify  
The feasts of sensuality, &c. &c. &c.

On many other occasions Milton certainly remembers Massinger, and most frequently in his representations of female purity, and the commanding dignity of virtue. Were we not afraid of sermonizing too much, we would present our readers with Dr. Ireland's excellent practical application of the lesson that arises from the conduct of the principal character of this play.

The fondness which Massinger seems to have felt for 'the Picture,' was not misplaced. The circumstance on which it is founded is indeed sufficiently fantastical, and was disallowed by the philosophy of his own age: but this is no serious hindrance to the effect of the piece. It is distinguished by a peculiar liveliness of fancy, and an intimate knowledge of the heart. It is sportive and tender; it amuses and affects us; and a vein of humour more brisk than usual, relieves the impression of the serious events. Mr. Kemble made an attempt to revive this play; his exertions were discountenanced by an ill-judging public, but he shall have the tribute of our applause. We cannot, however, wonder at the failure of any thing that possesses real merit, on a stage that is occupied by pantomime and farce, and where the chief actor is a child; it matters not how meritorious as a child, as long as there is an evident violation of nature and probability in his supporting the character of a man. We have done our duty, when discussing a theatrical subject, in the repetition of these hopeless sentiments.

There is so much sterling merit in the 'Emperor of the East,' its incidents and characters are so diversified, that the reader is inclined to look over the want of unity in the story itself. The action indeed of a play should be one and entire; or if an episode is introduced, it should be such as contributes to carry on the plot. This, of the three unities, is the only one we think material to be observed. But this reservation being made, we cannot fail to admire the powerful contrast between the chief personages of this splendid drama. Let others decide which is Massinger's best play; we, as in reading Shakespeare, are at a loss to choose a favourite out of so many excellent ones.

We are now come to the 'Fatal Dowry.' The pathetic and interesting scenes of this domestic drama have such irresistible power over the best feelings of the reader, that Rowe determined to avail himself of their excellence; and to form a second tragedy on the same story. How he altered and adapted the events to his own conceptions, is told by Mr. Cumberland with equal elegance and taste in the *Observer*. Davies and Mr. M. Mason have made clumsy remarks upon this now hacknied subject; but after all that has been said,

Mr. Gifford has stated the comparative merits of the two plays more concisely and more clearly than any other author, and Dr. Ireland has thrown additional light upon the subject, in his pointing of the moral to be drawn from the *Fatal Dowry*; which, as Mr. G. also observes, is so infinitely superior to that of the *Fair Penitent*; that while the one is not only very pure but very forcible, the other is little better than a specious apology for adultery. Rowe has lavished the most seducing colours of his eloquence on *Lothario*, and acted throughout the piece as if he studied to frame an excuse for *Calista*: whereas Massinger has placed the crime of *Beaumelle* in an odious and proper light. *Beaumelle* can have no followers in her guilt: no frail one can urge that she was misled by her example; for *Novall* has nothing but personal charms, and even in these he is surpassed by *Charalois*. For the unhappy husband of *Calista*, Rowe has evinced no consideration; he has, on the contrary, made him 'a whining puppy;' while Massinger has rendered *Charalois* one of the most interesting characters that was ever produced on the stage.

*Beaumelle*, who falls a sacrifice, in some measure, to the artifices of her maid, the profligate agent of young *Novall*, is much superior to *Calista*. Indeed, the impression which she made on Rowe was so strong, that he named his tragedy after her, and not after the heroine of his own piece. *Beaumelle* is truly the fair penitent, whereas *Calista* is neither more nor less than a haughty and abandoned strumpet.

These remarks render it unnecessary to bring any of Mr. Cumberland's in support of our opinion, which is entirely in favour of the original contriver of this fascinating tale. The story indeed takes a much wider range in his hands, than in those of his imitator; and by that means presents a very affecting scene at the opening, where young *Charalois* is discovered, attended by his friend *Romont*, (the archetype of *Horatio*,) waiting with a petition in his hand, to be presented to the judges, when they shall meet, praying, like *Cimon*, the release of his dead father's body, which had been seized by his creditors, and detained in their hands for debts he had incurred in the public-service as field-marshal of the armies of Burgundy. Massinger, to whose share this part of the tragedy devolved, (for it is a joint production of his and *Nathaniel Field's*,) has managed this affecting introduction with consummate skill, and has by those means interested us for the events that are to befall his hero in the course of the drama.

But, as Dr. Ireland justly says, although this fine play has obtained more than usual notice from the critics, yet

less has been said of its direct than its relative merits, and the Fatal Dowry has been chiefly studied for the sake of a comparison with the Fair Penitent. Let us pass then with pleasure from this exhausted inquiry, to a great moral, which after all the discussion bestowed upon this play, is as yet fresh and untouched. The critic then continues, 'Charalois slew an offending wife, and the partner of her crime, with his own hand, and was himself slain. Vengeance belongs to heaven; and by the divine will, the administration of it for moral purposes is vested in the laws. To avenge our own cause is to despise the seat of justice, and the order of Providence; and to involve ourselves in guilt and the punishment of it. Virtue must employ only virtuous means in the coercion of vice itself. Her injuries will therefore wait upon the laws; for in the very forms of justice, there is virtue.'

The speech of young Charalois, which, when Dr. Ferriar called it too metaphorical for his situation, in a funeral procession; he should have remarked belonged to Field and not to Massinger, is highly poetical at least, and we hardly know where to draw the line between pathos and description in so tender and beautiful a passage.

'How like a silent stream, shaded with night,  
And gliding softly with our windy sighs,  
Moves the whole frame of this solemnity!

\* \* \* \* \*

Whilst I, the only murmur in this grove  
Of death, thus hollowly break forth.'

Fatal Dowry, Act II.

But let us hear a little of Massinger himself. When young Charalois offers to become a prisoner for the ransom of his father's body, although, (he exclaims to his creditors,)

——— 'Although

I know there is no music to your ears  
So pleasing as the groans of men in prison,  
And that the tears of widows, and the cries  
Of famish'd orphans, are the feasts that take you,

\* \* \* \* \*

Yet rather than my father's reverend dust  
Shall want a place in that fair monument,  
In which our noble ancestors lie intomb'd,  
Before the court I offer up myself  
A prisoner for it. Load me with those irons  
That have worn out his life; in my best strength,



I'll run to the encounter of cold, hunger,  
And chuse my dwelling where no sun dares enter,  
So he may be releas'd.—

Such is the hero of Massinger; he disdains all comparison with the suivelling Altamont of Rowe, and still more with his profligate favorite Lothario. Nor let us forget that the one author has boldly thrown events into the course of his action, which the other has related with insipid tameness.

We may cursorily observe, in this place, that there are in this play, and in some of the others, songs introduced, of no merit whatever; they were probably not the composition of Massinger, or even of his coadjutors, but supplied *ad libitum* by the players from their own stores and the bookstalls of the day. They are indeed utterly unworthy of any other origin.

It is unnecessary to say any thing of the 'New Way to pay old Debts.' It is a comedy, which, to the credit of the audience that approve it, is still a favourite on the theatre, and which affords, in the character of Sir Giles Overreach, ample scope for the talents of Mr. Cook. We may, however, just observe, that the popular farce of 'Raising the Wind,' is in its general idea, and in the opening particularly, stolen from this play of Massinger's, as usual, without acknowledgment.

'Of the "City Madam," we agree with Mr. Gifford, that it is not easy to speak in appropriate terms of praise;' but with a stroke of his masterly pen, Dr. Ireland has most happily delineated the chief character, that of Luke Frugal. 'The sufferings from his former profuseness, and perhaps the exhaustion of its pleasures, might well prepare him for future avarice; nor are such changes unfrequent in common life.' Luke's address to his money is so superior a passage, that we feel called upon to consult the amusement of our readers by extracting at least some part of it—the miser has just been viewing his newly acquired hoards.

*Enter LUKE.*

'Twas no fantastic object, but a truth,  
A real truth; nor dream: I did not slumber,  
And could wake ever with a brooding eye  
To gaze upon't! it did endure the touch,  
I saw and felt it! Yet what I beheld  
And handled oft, did so transcend belief  
(My wonder and astonishment past o'er)  
I faintly could give credit to my senses.  
Thou dumb magician (*taking out a key*), that without a  
Didst make my entrance easy to possess [charm  
What wise men wish and toil for!

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \* In bye corners of  
 This sacred room, silver in bags heap'd up  
 Like billets saw'd, and ready for the fire,  
 Unworthy to hold fellowship with bright gold  
 That flow'd about the floor, conceal'd itself.  
 There needs no artificial light; the splendour  
 Makes a perpetual day there, night and darkness  
 By that still burning lamp for ever banish'd!  
 But when, guided by that, my eyes had made  
 Discovery of the caskets, and they open'd,  
 Each sparkling diamond from itself shot forth  
 A pyramid of flames, and in the roof  
 Fix'd it a glorious star, and made the place  
 Heaven's abstract or epitome! Rubies, sapphires,  
 And ropes of orient pearl, these seen, I could not  
 But look on with contempt.

\* \* \* \* \*  
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'I am sublimed! Gross earth  
 Supports me not; I walk on air! Who's there?'

*Enter Lord LACY, &c. &c. and disguised as Indians.*

'Thieves! Raise the street! Thieves!' &c. &c. &c.

If there are two heads to our dramatical Parnassus, surely Shakespeare and this poet must divide the seats upon their tops. Besides the character of Luke, the 'City Madam' has many other claims upon our favour. It is a powerful and pregnant composition, and has the effect of history, satire, and comedy united. The object of this play is formally stated at the conclusion; and most useful, if duly attended to, would be the very sensible lesson which it conveys.

Sir John thus addresses Lady Frugal:

'Make you good  
 Your promised reformation, and instruct  
 Our city dames, whom wealth makes proud, to move  
 In their own spheres; and willingly to confess  
 In their habits, manners, and their highest port,  
 A distance 'twixt the city and the court.'

In the prologue to the 'Guardian,' the players allude (probably) to two pieces of Massinger's, which were condemned on the first representation. What the names of these unsuccessful plays were, we know not; for the modesty of Mr. Francis Ludlow Holt was in the age of Massinger almost unknown; nor did authors, generally speaking, venture to obtrude those plays upon the closet, which the stage had con-

demned. Ben Jonson did indeed, when his *Tale of the Tub* and *Magnetic Lady* failed of success, with his usual arrogance, attribute it to a want of taste in the audience.

The peculiarity of this play is, that the licentiousness which is indulged to a greater excess here than in almost all the other of Massinger's pieces, is not punished at the conclusion with that justice for which he is usually to be commended, and with that remembrance of the claims of virtue for which he elsewhere assumes a proper credit. Perhaps, however, having been disappointed twice in pleasing the public, Massinger thought he would consult their taste instead of his own. A consideration of this kind has frequently made a man write below his ability. The '*Guardian*,' however, with the above-mentioned exception, contains scattered beauties of no ordinary value: the developement of the wild and extravagant plot, indeed, is too sudden and confused; and as it is commonly made with great art in these plays, the defect is more observable. But not to enter into the causes of these blemishes, which we allow, let us rather direct our readers, with Dr. Ireland, to the fourth scene of the second act; and also cursorily notice, as we pass, the better known description of Durazzo's Rural Sports, which has so often been commended. But in the former scene, we see a weariness of existence, and a contempt of danger, heightened by the peculiar situation of the character, yet mixed with tenderness and compunction; we hear the same just sentiments against too great a fondness for this perishable life, which we had before admired in the *Picture*, and are more interested for the person who expresses them. There is, as has been well expressed, a moral melancholy in the appearance of Severino. The versification of the *Guardian* is, even for Massinger, particularly beautiful.

'The very *Woman*' was acted 'at the private house in Black Friars' with great applause. It is indeed a most delightful play; although the maxim on which it is founded, that women have no reason for their 'love or hate,' is as far from truth as it is from gallantry. Our critics have justly observed, that every reader must feel the peculiar charms of the scene where Don John relates to Almira his real history, under the appearance of another person. Her strong curiosity prompted by her love, the growing conviction of her own misconduct, and the effect of his discovery, are represented in the liveliest manner; and this is the more remarkable, as Massinger is not generally happy in the management of artificial meanings and double situations.

'The *Bashful Lover*,' in which the character of Galeazzo

teaches us 'that modesty is essentially connected with true merit,' bears many marks of the heroic or chivalrous manner, or of both together. For history is, as usual, violated in this play, and persons who lived, and events which happened in different ages, are with little ceremony brought together. But the wonder is, that our old poets should have been able to excite the interest they did, with all these disadvantages. One thing indeed may be observed, that the novels from which they borrowed their plots, chiefly constituted the reading of their cotemporaries, and these novels themselves were not more faithful to history than the plays to which they gave a foundation; so that the audience were prepared for the liberties of the dramatist, who called his characters from the farthest corners of the earth, and made them meet upon the stage, and combined facts or fables of the most remotely separated æras:

*Dissociata locis concordi pace ligavit.*

'It would be very desirable to know,' says Dr. Ireland, 'from what book of strange adventures this and the plot of some of the other plays are derived: but this is a piece of information I am wholly unable to give.' We think it of little importance whether we possess this knowledge or not. The play of the 'Bashful Lover' is agreeably written, some of the characters are well drawn, and several of the scenes have considerable effect. It is then of no consequence from whence Massinger borrowed his materials. They must have been better than we suspect them to be, if he has not in most instances made the best use of them, which is all our concern.

Of the 'Old Law,' which is said to have been written by Massinger, Middleton, and Rowley, in conjunction, there is but one edition, the quarto of 1656, which appears to be a hasty transcript from the prompter's book, made, as Mr. Gifford very reasonably supposes, when the necessities of the actors, now grievously oppressed by the republicans, compelled them for a temporary resource to take advantage of a popular name, and bring forward such pieces as they yet possessed in manuscript.

This drama was once very popular. But the difference of its style and manner, in the most considerable part, from the usual writing of Massinger, makes it probable that he had no very large share in the composition of it. Extravagance, indecency, and meanness disfigure the subject of this play, and it labours with frequent obscurity of thought and ruggedness of versification. Yet it is impossible not to be touched by occasional passages, which in tenderness

and beauty are hardly excelled by any in Massinger. His manner is chiefly to be perceived in the second scene of the fourth act, and where Cleanthes and Leonides fondly expatiate on the happiness of their contrivance, at the very moment when their security is about to be interrupted.

We have thus performed our promise of giving a regular though imperfect review of all Massinger's plays. If we have induced any of our readers to form a wish of becoming better acquainted with one of the greatest poets of our country, hitherto little read and partially commended, we shall rejoice in the success of our labours.

Taking Dr. Ireland's excellent criticisms upon this author for the basis of our own, and hardly ever finding any reason to differ from him, we have endeavoured to allot to each drama its adequate degree of merit. We shall now offer a few general strictures upon the beauties and defects of Massinger's writings, upon the causes of his being passed over so long in silence and neglect by his countrymen; and lastly, upon the comparative rank which we think he ought to hold among our dramatic poets.

The chief objection to these plays is the licentiousness of language, and occasionally of incident. These are faults which cannot be defended; but, as has been observed, the characters who are guilty of this laxity, are for the most part justly punished in the catastrophe. This is more than can be said for the characters of any of our author's cotemporary dramatists. Neither has Massinger much comic wit; so that his impudent jests, if they can be called jests, are less dangerous than those of Shakespeare. This, however, reflects no merit upon Massinger; when he was indecent, he doubtless thought he was humorous. The incongruities of his stories have been also mentioned; but again, they are not greater than those of other plays of the same age, and they are generally softened down by some adroit arrangement, which reconciles them to probability in the unravelling of the plot, and which also is seldom the case with his rivals. Massinger never appears to have begun writing, before he had laid a plan; so that he does not offend with errors of negligence like Shakespeare, and forget, in his progress, his design at the beginning. We may add to these imperfections, so modified, of Massinger's subjects and language, the too frequent display of common-place mythological learning, although Johnson is so enormous an offender this way, that Massinger compared to him is faultless. Pedantry indeed does not appear to be the vice of the latter.

To turn to the more pleasing duty of remarking the beauties of our author, these will be found to consist chiefly in the description of the business and passions of men, with judgment, feeling, and discrimination. He does not soar into the imaginary world of Shakespeare; he once indeed deals with supernatural beings, not successfully, and once with magic; but he is generally contented to dwell among his fellow-creatures, and to enter into their pleasures and anxieties with the minutest regard to truth and nature. He has indeed a justness of principle, which Dr. Ireland observes to be admirably fitted to the best interests of human life; nor is there any writer of his class from whom more maxims of prudence, morality, or religion may be drawn. His political character is that of a true patriot. Let us then take the antidote with the bane; and allow him due praise for these passages, as we have censured him for those of a contrary tendency. With regard to the sweetness of his versification and the purity of his style, enough has been said. He is there, we think, superior to all rivalry.

Speaking of the period soon after Massinger's death, Dr. Ireland says, 'Perhaps for about twenty years the stage was altogether silent. It might have been expected, however, that the Restoration, which revived several of the plays of Shakespeare, and more of Beaumont and Fletcher, would have done some justice to Massinger.' He then continues to account for this neglect as follows—we shall transcribe his words, as we think they contain the most plausible reason that can be given for so extraordinary a circumstance, and which has induced many to say rashly, that Massinger cannot have much merit because he is not more known.

'It appears that the prevailing taste of those times was such as his scenes were not much calculated to gratify.—An extraordinary attachment burst forth to the swift turns and graces of the stage, as Dryden terms them, and to the chase of wit, briskly pursued in dramatic conversation.—These qualities do not distinguish Massinger: they were supposed at that time to be possessed by Fletcher alone; and this probably was the reason of the marked preference which he obtained; for we know from Dryden, that two of Fletcher's plays were acted for one of Shakespeare's. As to the wit of Jonson, it was considered as too stiff for that age. But the chief injustice seems to rest with Dryden himself. In his *Essay on Dramatic Poetry*, he praises others for qualities of which Massinger might have been adduced as an example; and blames them for failings

from which he was free, and probably this was a sufficient warrant for succeeding critics to pass by a name which so great a man had appeared not to know or not to value. As to the attempts in the last century to make Massinger known through succeeding editions of his works, they call for some acknowledgment on account of their motive; but the performance can hardly be mentioned without indignation. Lord Bacon somewhere talks of the disservice done to literature by the "*rash diligence*" of some "in the correction and edition of authors." One would think he had looked forward to the treatment of poor Massinger by Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason. But it is time that obscured merit should at length appear in its proper light: and Massinger has found from the present editor what has been so humanely wished for him, a vindication of his name in a pure and accurate text.

It is but doing justice to the present editor to add, that from our own knowledge, we can pronounce the above statement to be perfectly correct, with regard to the repeated and indeed innumerable faults of his two predecessors, and the extreme accuracy of his own performance.

To give to our author his just degree of merit, as compared with Shakespeare, Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, is now the only remaining part of our duty, except indeed that we shall previously say a few words of Massinger's imitations. These are not numerous; they are chiefly from Shakespeare, and as imitations, extremely happy. But of Massinger's own imitators more may be said. The plagiarism of Rowe has been already censured; to Milton our author gave more than he himself borrowed from any one; to Farquhar he lent the Old Mirabel of the Inconstant, in the Durazzo of the Guardian; which character Farquhar in his turn lent to Mr. Sheridan, in the Sir Anthony Absolute of the Rivals; and to Lee, we will more confidently than Dr. Ireland assert, Massinger suggested Theodosius, or the Force of Love, in his Emperor of the East, which is a composition as much above the former, as genuine passion is superior to affected vehemence.

Massinger may surely be sometimes called sublime, although the last mentioned critic doubts it. Our quotation from the Duke of Milan, and that from the Unnatural Combat, would we think, go some way towards giving him this character. And he has not a single play that does not abound in passages where the language and the sentiments are equally elevated; but we wished to shew the variety of his powers; and therefore we instanced his sprightliness, his affectionate delicacy and

warmth in love-scenes; and in the speech of the Miser, an assemblage of some of the highest united beauties of descriptive and moral poetry.

He does not indeed, like Shakespeare, seize the soul, and in a moment pierce it with terror or affliction; but he softens it with compassion, love, and tenderness. His aim in tragedy, in short, is rather to excite the gentle, than the violent passions; and yet when he so chuses, he can stir up these also with no common strength. So that upon the whole, as a tragic writer, we think him superior to all but Shakespeare; and when we say that he is

Proximus huic, longo sed proximus intervallo,

we must also venture to say that perhaps Beaumont and Fletcher, and Old Ben, are at as great a distance from him as he is from Shakespeare.

His comic talent is not equal to his tragic power. For the great support of comedy is dialogue, and in this he is deficient. But his plots are good, his characters better, and his moral often the best possible. He does not often extort a laugh from us unexpectedly; but he always exhibits the deepest knowledge of human nature; he sets its follies in the strongest light, and is ever consistent in the management of his characters, and judicious in the means he uses to bring about events. With the allowance that must be made for the difference of manners between his age and our own, we see in his comedies very much what is passing in the world before us. And allowing the correctest resemblance in point of manners to be kept up by the modern comic characters of the stage to their patterns in real life, can we say that they are successful copies of our hearts and actions? Are we indeed so romantically generous, 'so firm in friendship, and so fond in love,' as we are represented on the theatre? or, to do ourselves justice, are the most silly of us so silly, or the most sullen so misanthropical?

There is none of this *outré* painting to be seen in Massinger. He never outstepped the modesty of nature, nor had he occasion so to do, for he had talent enough to perform the very difficult task of describing God's creatures exactly as they are. This faculty our present authors do not possess; they are therefore obliged to bring ghosts and goblins to their aid; and the still more imaginary race of beings, which consists of 'innocent adulteresses,' 'generous robbers,' and 'sentimental braziers.' With joy should we see them banished for ever from the stage, and their puppet-show actors together with them. Then we might perhaps hear



some one of our veteran performers repeat, amidst the acclamation of a well-judging audience,

Let honest Massinger be heard to-night,  
And teach our modern witslings how to write.

ART. V. *Essays, biographical, critical, and historical, illustrative of the Spectator, Tatler, and Guardian.* By Nathan Drake, M.D. Three Vols. 12mo. 1l. 4s. Sharp. 1805.

ON opening these miscellaneous volumes, the first object which struck our eyes was the picture of Dr. Nathan Drake himself, as if in the very act of writing a 'literary hour.' His pen is in his hand, and he forcibly recalls to our mind the appearance of Mr. Thomas Dilworth, in the frontispiece of that incomparable spelling-book, where the story of Harry and Tommy is told, as Dr. Drake would say, 'with much amenity,' and the moral of 'don't care was his ruin at last,' impressed upon the rising generation 'with great vigour and perspicuity.' It has been the plan of Dr. Drake, also, in the work before us, 'to preserve a *perspicuous* unity of design, which, though occasionally digressive in its parts, might have a mutual subserviency in all its departments.' The title-page, perhaps as clearly as the above sentence, explains what Dr. Drake's book was intended to be, namely, an accompaniment to Sharpe's edition of the periodical writers. Some general observations on the state of literature and manners in England, at the commencement of the 'Tatler,' in 1709, constitute the first part of these Essays; biographical and critical sketches of Steele, the second; the same of Addison, the third; the same of their occasional correspondents, the fourth; and the fifth and last part 'delivers' (as the Doctor phrases it,) 'observations on the effects of the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian, on the taste, literature, and morals of their age.' We have already by a few detached expressions, introduced those of our readers who are unacquainted with Dr. Drake's style, to its general manner, but the following passage, with which we shall begin our review of the present publication, will be an ample specimen of the Doctor's mode of writing, at the same time that it will shew his opinion of the characteristic qualities of our most celebrated periodical authors. Vol. 1st, page 20.

'In Addison we discern the amenity and ideal grace of Raphael; in Johnson the strength and energy of Michael Angelo; in Hawkes-

worth the rich colouring and warmth of Titian; the legerity and frolic elegance of Allani in the productions of Moore, Thornton, and Coleman; the pathetic sweetness of Guido in the draughts of Mackenzie; and the fertility and harmonious colouring of Annibale Caracci, in the vivid sketches of Cumberland.'

We will venture to add that in Dr. Drake's own essays, we meet with all the qualities, (which it would be tedious to enumerate), of all the painters in the Truchsessian Gallery which is still open for the inspection of a liberal and enlightened public, at the rooms in the New Road, nearly opposite Portland Place, admission, one shilling.

Immediately after Dr. Drake's opinion, follows that of 'an elegant author,' as the Doctor styles him, d'Israeli. 'When I hold a volume of these Miscellanies (the Spectator, &c.) and run over with avidity the titles of their contents, my mind is enchanted, as if it were placed among the landscapes of Valais, which Rousseau has described with such picturesque beauty. I fancy myself seated in a cottage, amid those mountains, those vallies, those rocks, encircled by the enchantments of optical illusion!!! I look and behold at once the united seasons. "All climates in one place, all seasons in one instant." I gaze at once on a hundred rain-bows, and trace the romantic figures of the shifting clouds. I seem to be in a temple dedicated to the service of the goddess of variety.' D'Israeli's Miscellanies. Page 22. Fudge! Fudge! Fudge! more than grew in the country which the Baron Munchausen saw, covered with Fudge.

It is not by such hands as these that Addison and his associates or followers are to be delineated. Not that we mean to compare Dr. Drake to d'Israeli; they certainly are 'Arcades ambo;' but the latter must be allowed the palm of absurdity. He, however, is not our subject at present; a fertile one for ridicule he has ever proved, and we resign him with regret; we must console ourselves with the Doctor.

We lately called the present age of literature, the æra of republication: it seems to have been a sort of prophecy, for Dr. Drake's essays had not then reached us. In the insulted name of common-sense, of what utility to any one besides the author, can long and repeated extracts from books in the hands of the whole world, be considered? Are we at this period to see *Addison revived*? Although our authors indeed have forgotten him. Must the whole of the character of the Tory fox-hunter be *now* submitted to our admiration? Must many, almost complete, papers from the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, *Guardian*,

Freeholder, and Lover, be now, as if for the first time, transcribed, commented upon, and illustrated by the farthing candle of criticism? Must stories at which the world has smiled or wept for near a century, now again be crammed down our throats, in wire-woven vellum and hot pressed repositories of ancient sense and modern nonsense—

Of dullness driv'ling o'er the strains of wit?

'A question not to be ask'd,' says Falstaff. Still more, must long quotations from Mr. Hayley, from Dr. Darwin, 'vatum et plorabile siquid,' be re-introduced to ignorant wonder and undeserved applause, when the public is already sick with 'Flowers of Wit' overrun with weeds; 'Harvest Home,' barren of all profit; and 'Public Characters' destitute, generally speaking, of all notoriety, but their remarkable insignificance. When British Tourists—when annual—but although not irrelevant, these remarks may be offensive, we will therefore do a violence to our indignation, and stop in full career.

To return to Dr. Drake. In his remarks upon Cato, he notices the simile at the end of the second act, of the Numidian traveller buried in the sand of the desert. But he has not transcribed it; he reserved his pages for a longer transcript on a similar subject from Dr. Darwin. We shall here take occasion to offer a few remarks upon the defects of Dr. Darwin's poetry, and as the passage (called by Dr. Drake one of the sublimest in modern poetry) is assuredly one of the best in Dr. Darwin's works, our remarks, if just, will have the greater force.

It has been lately very well observed that the first striking fault of Dr. Darwin, is the laboured minuteness of his poetical description. 'The poet,' says Imlac, 'has to deal with general appearances; he does not count the colours of the rainbow, or number the streaks of the tulip.' Upon this principle, Pope's personification of Melancholy, in Eloise to Abelard, has been successfully contrasted with that of Dr. Darwin in the Temple of Nature; and Dr. Drake has himself acknowledged that the latter appeals rather to the eye than to the feeling. Nor can the eye be otherwise than disgusted with 'the slimy snail, and bloated lizard;' and if Dr. Darwin intended to excite disgust by his picture of melancholy, he had a very unpoetical feeling for the character of that goddess. We shall now endeavour to shew that what Dr. Drake calls a noble expansion of Addison's simile, into the march of Cambyzes across the desert, is in many instances a very inflated and faulty passage.

After describing the '*whizzing whirlwinds,*' the '*red arcades,*' '*the Demon-gods,*' and '*blood-shot eyes,*' after telling us prosaically enough that the troops—

'Wheel in wide circle, form in hollow square;']

Dr. Darwin thus proceeds—

——'Gnomes! o'er the waste you led your myriad powers,  
Climb'd on the whirls, and aim'd the flinty showers!  
Onward resistless rolls the infuriate surge,  
Clouds follow clouds, and mountains mountains urge;  
Wave over wave the driving desert swims,  
Bursts o'er their heads, inhumes their struggling limbs;  
Man mounts on man, on camels camels rush,  
Hosts march o'er hosts, and nations nations crush."

The gnomes '*climbing on the whirls,*' and '*aiming the flinty showers,*' are ludicrous; and the two last lines put us in mind of Smithfield on a market-day, when we have walked out of Grub street to take a peep at the surrounding scenery—

Calf mounts on calf, on bullocks bullocks rush—

or of Covent-Garden market, where—

Greens rise o'er greens, and turnips turnips crush.

The fact is that Dr. Darwin has carried his imitation of Virgil's '*viro vir,*' to much too great a length.—But behold!

'Night bow'd his Ethiop brow  
To earth, and listen'd to the groans below;  
Grim horror shook—'

The affectation, or ignorance, of making night masculine, is inexcusable; Tooke's Pantheon should have taught the poet better; for poet we allow him to be in the conclusion of this passage.

———'A while the living hill  
Heav'd with convulsive throes—and all was still.'

Although indeed we had the '*live desert*' just before. The image of '*grim horror*' is very indistinct. Dr. Darwin does not possess the power of particularizing any object without the most tedious sort of Dutch painting, or filagree work, to assist him. He has not the soul of a poet; he cannot embody images in a general draught, nor

'Give to airy nothing  
'A local habitation, and a name.'

We hope our readers will excuse this digression, as it is materially connected with the character of Dr. Drake as a critic. He gives the above passage from the *Botanic Garden* his unqualified approbation.

The defence of Addison, made by Judge Blackstone in the *Biographia Britannica*, for his conduct to Pope, is amply entered into by Dr. Drake.—He considers the point as proved, that Addison did not use Pope ill, in suffering Tickell to publish the first book of the *Iliad* just as Pope published his translation; and chiefly upon these grounds, that Addison told Pope of the intention, before the act; and that Tickell's advertisement declared it was only to try the public favour for a future publication of the *Odyssey*. That Addison looked over and corrected, if he did not write this version of the first book of the *Iliad*, is certain, and Addison's knowledge of human nature was too great to let him suppose that Pope could be pleased with it.

His ill-timed opposition then (for as far as the first book of the *Iliad* went, it was in fact an opposition) could not have proceeded from want of judgment. His telling Pope was politic, or at least impudent; for how could it be concealed? However, Pope was not justified in his unmanly resentment after Addison's death. The character of Atticus reflects the highest discredit upon the character of its author in a moral point of view; although its poetical excellence is undoubtedly very great.

The first volume of Dr. Drake's *Essays* is concluded by Tickell's elegy on the death of Addison! Our readers may disbelieve us, but nothing is more true—it is the fact. We have seldom seen a grosser specimen of the art of book-making. There is, we believe, hardly an edition of Addison's works to which this elegy has not been prefixed. Every boy and girl can say it by heart, and in every country church-yard we have an extract from it, on the graves of surgeons and of butchers—

‘He taught us how to live—and oh! too high  
The price of knowledge, taught us how to die.’

We should mention, that in Dr. Drake's account of Addison and his coadjutors, there are many entertaining anecdotes, some not so commonly met with as others, but upon the whole, the biographical information of these essays is to be gathered from well known writers on the same subjects. Dr. Drake, indeed, aware of this, says, ‘that most of the novelty of his book must arise from incidental reflections,’ of which he is by no means sparing. But as we like

the old stories better than the new remarks, we shall present our readers with one of the former, before we try their patience with any of the latter.

'Steele, Savage, and Philips, one night, after having supped together at a tavern in Gerrard-street, Soho, sallied out in high spirits.—They were met by a tradesman, at the top of Hedge-lane, who, after begging their pardon for addressing them on the subject, told them at the top of the lane he had seen two or three suspicious looking fellows who appeared to be bailiffs; so that if any of them were apprehensive of danger, he would advise them to take a different route. Not one of them waited to thank the man, but flew off different ways, each conscious, from the embarrassment of his own affairs, that such a circumstance was very likely to happen to himself.' VOL. I. P. 180.

We can hardly select any thing worth notice from Dr. Drake's criticisms, except perhaps from the opening of the second volume, where he traces the progressive improvement of English style, from the days of Sir Philip Sydney down to Johnson; and here, as Johnson himself has in one paragraph placed part of the subject in a very clear light, Dr. Drake will excuse us for not inserting many of his opinions.

'From the authors which rose in the time of Elizabeth, (says Johnson, in the preface to his dictionary,) a speech might be formed adequate to all the purposes of use and elegance. If the language of theology were extracted from Hooker, and the translation of the Bible; the terms of natural knowledge from Bacon; the phrases of policy, war, and navigation, from Raleigh; the dialect of poetry and fiction from Spencer and Sydney; and the diction of common life from Shakespeare; few ideas would be lost to mankind for want of English words in which they might be expressed.' As Johnson also has made cursory remarks upon most of the other authors that Dr. Drake touches upon, in his proposed review of the progress of style, we must be allowed to go along with the critic, instead of his amplifier, for Dr. Drake *adds something* to all Johnson's observations—we mean he adds words. Of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, which was first published in 1617, in quarto, but afterwards reprinted so often in folio, as to prove a capital estate to the bookseller, Johnson has said, 'that it was the only book that ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise; it is indeed overloaded with quotation, but there is great spirit and great power in what Burton says when he writes from his own mind.' Dr. Ferriar also read

this book attentively no doubt; but why shew the world that Sterne was a plagiarist?

‘Cui sic extorta voluptas,  
Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error.’

It was an ungracious task. Dr. Drake does not seem to think so.

Of Sir Thomas Browne, Johnson has spoken with his accustomed judgment. Dr. D. observes, what is true enough, that Johnson has purloined some of Sir Thomas's ponderous words. ‘His style is vigorous, but rugged; it is learned, but pedantic; it is deep, but obscure; it strikes, but does not please; it commands, but does not allure; his tropes are harsh and his combinations uncouth.’ Dr. Drake extracts some passages from Milton's prose writings for approbation, but observes that the ‘witty and metaphysical Cowley is the first author who has given us a specimen of elegance and unaffected ease in prose. To Cowley,’ he continues, ‘we may justly ascribe the formation of a basis on which has since been constructed the present correct and admirable fabric of our language. His words are pure and well chosen, the collocation simple and perspicuous, and the members of his sentences distinct, harmonious, not clogged with supernumerary words, nor dragging at the close;’ which is somewhat the case with the above, and we must therefore turn to more lively matter.

‘The brilliant; pure, simple, clear, and compact Jeremy Taylor, the accurate and impartial, but prolix and involved Clarendon, the energetic and impetuous Barrow, the smooth but loose Tillotson, the ornamented and pleasing Sir William Temple, the racy and mellow-tinted Dryden, with his *felicitous selection of vernacular idiom*, the precise and neat Sprat, the easy and natural, but negligent Locke, the plain and forcible, but slovenly and inharmonious Swift, the rich and ardent but stiff and affected Shaftesbury,’ with ample corroborating extracts from the works of each, pass in review before Dr. Nathan Drake. But on Addison he dwells. ‘The style of this author,’ says the Doctor, ‘forms a medium between the dry and unornamented language of Swift, and the pompous and elaborate diction of Shaftesbury.’ We shall not here transcribe Johnson's well known recommendation of Addison's style, but refer our readers to a very pleasing dialogue written by Dr. Beattie's son, and published by his father, in the volume of posthumous poems. The characters are Addison and Johnson, and they each defend their re-

spective styles. The praise is given to the former ; ‘ non nostrum est tantas componere lites,’ but we cannot help being of opinion, that no style but Johnson’s own would have been strong enough to support his thoughts. The gentle easy language of Addison would have given way and sunk under them ; and whoever shall attempt to change what is called Johnson’s, ‘ fine words,’ for others of more common use, will in most instances be unable to do it without impairing in some degree the vigour and discrimination of the thought which they express. They are almost always perfectly appropriate ; which indeed is no bad test of a good style. The truth is, Johnson’s mind not only embraced the whole range of arts and sciences, but entered most deeply into the intricacies of the human heart. He knew his fellow creatures thoroughly, from mixing with them where they are most undisguised, in the inferior walks of life ; and as his reflections were profound, he was obliged to search the depths of language for words equal to them in recondite power, and to make the resources of his style answer the calls of his information.

With regard to Steele’s qualities as a writer, we have all the criticism we can wish for from Dr. Drake. His observations on the style only of this author are extended to nearly twenty pages. But after all, Steele has himself described his own manner in a word. He talks of his ‘ incorrectness of style, and writing in an air of common speech ;’ (*Tatler*, No. 5 ; ) and elsewhere observes, ‘ that the elegance and correctness of Addison’s writings were not so much to his purpose, as to rally in any intelligible manner he could, all those singularities of human life, through the different professions and characters in it, which obstruct any thing that was truly good and great.’ Dr. Drake considers this as a most absurd plan, and says, ‘ if Sir Richard had fully carried it into execution, his works would long ago have been consigned to merited oblivion.’ This is nonsense. Steele’s manner is far from a good one, and we have even known those fastidious coxcombs, who have pretended to consider it as disgusting, though they were no more able to point out its real faults than Dr. Drake. It throws little light upon any subject, to talk of ‘ majesty of cadence,’ or of ‘ intricate collocation.’ The last phrase is a foolish one. The fact is, that there is no greater injustice done to an author, than to detach his sentences from their context, and affect to weigh his words. Whoever knows the contributions of Steele to the *Spectator* only, two hundred and forty papers, (not to mention any of his other, even periodical works) must know that Steele’s writings had



something better to recommend them than what is absurdly called 'collocation,' and 'due degree of embellishment.' Steele was naturally a man of talents, had seen a great deal of the world, and knew human nature perfectly well; from the very turn of his life, he was acquainted with a variety of singular characters; consequently had a fund of instructive, and entertaining anecdote and observation to distribute among his works. He has distributed a large store of knowledge and wit throughout all his productions, and he never will be depreciated by any man of sense, merely because he is deficient in the inferior and comparatively paltry qualifications of a writer. Dr. Drake, indeed, seems sensible of Steele's merits; he says rather too much about the technical part of his composition; however, he allows his humour, and occasional exertion of higher talent, therefore we do not level these observations at the Doctor. There are too many in the world to whom they are applicable, who seem to have no idea of merit beyond the winding up of a sentence, beyond remarks

'That fall in pedant's periods to the ground,  
Very inanimate and very round.' (*Colman's Broad Grins.*)

The biography of Addison's minor coadjutors we consider to be the most interesting part of Dr. Drake's work. It begins with the life of Budgell; in which there was nothing extraordinary, till he was left two thousand one hundred pounds by Dr. Matthew Tindal, nearly the whole of that gentleman's property. Then, as is well known, he was suspected of forgery, and the will set aside, after a legal contest between Budgell and the nephew of the deceased. On May the 4th, 1737, Budgell, after having filled his pockets with stones, took a boat at Somerset stairs, and ordering the waterman to shoot London bridge, threw himself while it passed the arch, into the Thames. On his bureau was found the following sentence written on a slip of paper:

'What Cato did, and Addison approved,  
Cannot be wrong.'

He wrote thirty-seven papers in the Spectator. His letters on education, No. 5, 307, 313, 337, and 353, are strong proofs of his good sense, as is that on infidelity and atheism, 389, of his soundness of principle, inconsistent indeed, but too naturally to be reconciled with his own conduct.

The most remarkable occurrence in the life of Hughes is his having received intelligence only a few hours before his

death, of the success of his play, the Siege of Damascus. He heard it with perfect indifference. His mind was absorbed in nobler hopes; hopes which the purity of his life, together with the humility and resignation that marked his dying hours, might reasonably authorize him to entertain. His death formed a striking contrast to the end of Budgell. Next to him Hughes was the largest contributor to the Spectator. His paper on the immortality of the soul is justly admired; his prose indeed is altogether superior to his poetry.

Bishop Berkely wrote fourteen papers in the Guardian. It is needless to mention how successfully he has combated Collins's 'Discourse on Freethinking,' in eleven of these essays. Dr. Drake wastes twenty pages upon Pope; after Warburton and Johnson, after Ruffhead and Warton, this surely was, as Dr. Drake says, 'tautological' and 'superfluous.' And indeed we may here take occasion to observe, that in Tyers's lively tract upon Pope and Addison, there is more entertainment and really necessary information, than in all the crude farrago of Dr. Drake's catchpenny Essays.

We cannot follow him through his biographical sketches, as he too modestly calls them, any more than we could through his critical remarks. In the life of Tickell, Dr. Drake quotes part of the ballad of Colin and Lucy, and subjoins Vincent Bourne's translation. Mr. Vincent Bourne has been duly praised for his simplicity, elegance, and in most instances classical correctness, as a modern Latinist; but Mr. Vincent Bourne has some false quantities, which this would not be the place to mention, were there not something very like one, unnoticed by Dr. Drake, in his quotation:

'Caputque

Ipsa sepulchrali vincta, pedes que, stolâ.'

'Togâ' would have done just as well in point of sense, and would have preserved the metre.

In Swift's Life there is an innuendô of a nature which we cannot avoid mentioning, with transient reprobation. It is in page 168, vol. 3; and Dr. Beddoes is quoted in support of Dr. Drake's opinion. We were long since disgusted with Dr. Beddoes, and our friend in Arundel-street, upon this subject; and we are indeed surprised to see any other gentleman of the faculty recur to it. As Ainsworth says—'Apagæ et vocem et rem.'

Swift's saying upon death, that it carries man '*ubi sæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit*,' always struck us as peculiarly likely to be suggested to the mind of a reviewer

in this world of gross and unfeeling absurdity. Nor have we ever so strongly conceived this idea, as within the last ten years, during which period it has been the daily practice to expose all the vices of our fellow-creatures with the most unwearied malignity, under their own hand and seal, by the posthumous publication of their most secret correspondence. We are at a loss for words to stigmatize this unnatural practice. We accuse not Dr. Drake of it, we only think him wrong in venturing to say what he has said of Swift; but with regard to dragging before the world dead men's bones, as has been done in some cases of late, had we any caustic severe enough to make folly feel, or gibbet at our command to reward unprincipled villany, we would exert our power.

The lives of Zachary Pearce, Watts, Orator Henley, and a variety of other well-known characters, amounting in all to about forty, add a considerable portion of interest to this last volume of Dr. Drake's Essays; but in most instances these accounts have been superseded by others much fuller and much more ably drawn up; so that we cannot consider them in any other light than the disgraceful one of lucrative, but needless, republications.

'The commencing and the concluding essay' were intended by Dr. Drake 'powerfully to assist towards binding the parts into a whole: the former, after a dissertation on the origin, the merit, and the utility of periodical writing, stating the situation of literature and manners in this island *previous* to the appearance of the Tatler; the latter, the salutary effect which this and the two succeeding series of papers ultimately produced on every rank of society, and every department of literature.' Both these essays of Dr. Drake we consider extremely tedious. There is a pervading dullness in all his works, that hangs like a dead weight upon his best thoughts. From the first essay we shall select the following remark. 'The moral character of the females in Addison's time was in truth far superior to that of the other sex; and then, as now, religion and virtue found an asylum in their bosoms. The description, indeed, which the Spectator has given of their employments and usual mode of life, viz. the frivolous consumption of time in dress, &c. &c. without doubt called for reformation, which was shortly after obtained through the medium of his elegant and instructive admonitions.' Dr. Drake's style is that of an advertisement. He puffs indiscriminately; and censures without judgment.—He must forgive our bidding him in this place, as we hope, an eternal adieu, for we deprecate the threatened continuation of

his plan to the Rambler, &c. With regard to the good which the Spectator did to his country, let us hear Johnson in his *Life of Addison*.

‘No greater felicity can genius attain, than that of having purified intellectual pleasure, separated mirth from indecency, and wit from licentiousness; of having taught a succession of writers to bring elegance and gaiety to the aid of goodness; and, if I may use expressions yet more awful, of having “turned many to righteousness.”’

Concerning the oriental stories of this great author, and those of Addison, we shall venture a few words, and then conclude this article. It has been said, we think injudiciously, that the simplicity of Addison’s diction adds a charm to his eastern tales. But propriety is surely first to be considered in the application of language to foreign imagery; and such language should be chosen as best suits with the imagery. Grandeur and loftiness are the qualities of style strikingly adapted to the manners and customs of the east. These qualities are more conspicuous in Johnson’s fables than in those of any writer; although in one instance he perhaps falls short of Addison, never having produced any thing of this sort quite equal to the *Vision of Mirza*. But his story of *Obidah*, and the whole of *Rasselas*, with numerous other instances, owe nearly as much of their excellence to the solemn elevation of his style, as to the justness and beauty of his sentiments.

ART. VI.—*Correspondence between Frances, Countess of Hartford (afterwards Duchess of Somerset,) and Henrietta Louisa, Countess of Pomfret; between the Years 1738 and 1741. 3 Vols. 8vo. Phillips. 1805.*

ANOTHER instance is here furnished of the indecent practice that has of late years prevailed among our countrymen, of exposing to the public eye the private correspondence of deceased persons, whether of great or little consequence, just as poverty, a want of good sense or of principle, in their surviving friends and relatives, may chance to offer their ill-sorted papers to the highest bidder. The latter of course makes his best market of them, prints them all without selection, however unguardedly written, however unfit to be seen by any but those to whom they were addressed. Subjects of temporary interest, handled carelessly, family concerns, affectionate expressions, all are dragged into the notice of an ill-judging and worse-natured world; and cha-

racters that might have retained the good opinion of that world, for sense above their fellows, for a freedom from affectation, weakness, and prejudice, are discovered to be as devoid of these pretensions to esteem as any the most undistinguished of mankind. Such was the disagreeable result of Richardson's Correspondence being made public; such a mode of conduct shewed the general talents and even the character of Mr. Wilkes to be much less respectable than they needed to have appeared in the sight of his posterity. And although we do not meet with gluttony like his in every page of the volumes before us, though we are not crammed with cold partridge pye and *poirade* sauce, yet we hear the Countess of Hartford,

— 'Oh, Hartford! fitted or to shine to courts,' &c.

confessing in the name of herself and her family,

'Our stomachs ne'er refuse to eat  
Eggs, cream, fresh butter, or calves' feet;  
And cooling fruits, and *sav'ry greens*,  
'Sparagus, peas, or kidneybeans.'—

And we hear the Countess of Pomfret, in the succeeding letter, thus fulsomely extol the above vulgar nonsense. Vol. ii. p. 41.

'Palazzo Ridolfi, Aug. 7, N. S. 1740.

'To give the thanks and praises that are due to your last, dear Madam, I ought to have a muse *as elegant as the composer of it*; but since nature has denied me such a power, accept in humbler style my acknowledgments; which, however, rise to the highest pitch of gratitude and esteem!'

Scratch me, and I'll scratch you. Accordingly, we find Lady Hartford, in the letter immediately following, thus express herself;

'Your letters, dear Lady Pomfret, never fail of giving me pleasure; though I confess the last, *charming as it was*,' &c. &c.

Lady P.'s account of her travels on the continent are about as interesting as Lady H.'s account of her occupations in England; the one being a sort of list of the sights to be seen in France and Italy, without including any opinion, 'for fear,' as Lady P. says, 'of giving a wrong one,' of the pictures, or statues, or buildings, or curiosities of any kind, which she saw; and the other, a lifeless description of birth-days and balls in George the Second's court, intermixed with rambling touches of the picturesque, when Lady

Hartford dwells upon her hobby-horse, her place at Rich-kings.

Both these ladies, we cannot help observing, indulge themselves in making much too free strictures upon the literature and living authors of the times; and although (for bad as it is, we do not wish to represent this publication in quite so ridiculous a light as some of a similar nature) we do not here meet with the insolence of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, though Johnson is not compared to a 'packhorse,' Swift and Pope called 'linkboys,' and Richardson supposed to have disliked masquerades, 'because he never had money to purchase a ticket to one;' literal expressions of Lady Mary's; yet we see the Countesses of Hartford and Pomfret sitting in judgment upon Thomson and Mallet, and censuring their performances, who were themselves not so much below Pope and Swift in ability, as this pair of Countesses united were possessed of minds decidedly inferior to Lady Mary's single talent.

They are represented also by the editors of their letters, as persons of unaffected and rational piety. We think, for such a character, they speak rather too encomiastically of Mr. Whitfield and his then rising sect of methodists; who have now increased to a dangerous height; who overrun our kingdom, turning the heads of silly men, women, and children, with their pernicious doctrines; and who are so injudiciously encouraged by those members of our established church, who nourish these snakes in their bosoms, and keep a sort of half-way-house between the church and the conventicle. Have they already forgotten the bloody triumph of the Puritans in a former age? do they think that human nature is not in every age the same? and can they see the alarming progress of seceders all around them, without guarding against that hypocrisy, of which enthusiasm is the too general and the too successful cloak?

The Countess of Hartford, indeed, allows that Mr. Whitfield had 'a much greater share of zeal than knowledge,' which, by the way, she could have known little of; but she does not reprobate as she ought to have done, his field preaching, and inflaming eloquence, calculated, instead of serving the cause of that religion, which works by love, meekness, and charity, which is full of goodness, and of gentleness, and of long suffering, to be 'the pander of the worst passions of the people;' and the use of which eloquence in his own case, Mr. Wesley, on his death-bed, lamented, as having stirred up so many of his fellow christians to make innovations in the discipline, and to rise up in defiance against the lawful authority of their religious government.

We cannot too much admire the impudence of the note, page 232, of the first volume of this Correspondence, which says, that the story of Bianca Capello is not inserted, because it is well known, although at page 179, Mrs. Carter's Ode to Melancholy, which appeared twenty years ago in the *Elegant Extracts*, not to mention its frequent publication much before and since that time, is transcribed at full length!

Why did not the editor of this Correspondence favour us with an extract or too from the translation of Epictetus? He has indeed copied out two sorry versions of one poem of Metastasio, and other original or translated doggrels, which with a tedious, though short Essay upon Friendship, form the extraneous ornaments of these uninteresting volumes.

But it is high time to laugh again. And we would wish to call the attention of our fair readers in particular to the following extract, from a letter of Lady Hartford's, vol. i. page 225.

'Mrs. Purcell sent to me yesterday to ask if I would see the Princess Mary's clothes and laces. They were all laid in order, on two tables, which are the whole length of the poor Queen's state bed-chamber, from whence the bed is removed. There are four night gowns, (three trimmed) and *one blue tabby*, embroidered with silver; four sacks, or robes, all trimmed—that for the wedding night is silver tissue, faced and doubled to the bottom before with pink-coloured satin, and trimmed with silver point d'Espagne. The stiff-bodied gown she is to be married in, is very nearly the same as the Princess Royal's was; there is an embroidery upon white, with gold, and colours, very rich; and a stuff on a gold ground, prodigiously fine, with flowers shaded up the middle of the breadths like painting, and a kind of embossed work of blue and silver towards the edges. Mrs. Purcell assured me that she bought the gold by itself, before the stuff was woven; and that there was in it no less than eighteen pounds weight. This to me sounds incredible; but she affirms it to be true. There are four more fine gowns besides these; four fine laced Brussels heads; two looped and two grounded; and two extremely fine point ones, with ruffles and tippets; six French caps and ruffles:—handkerchiefs, &c. without number.'

So much for Lady Hartford. Our readers may now wish, (or, perhaps, that is too bold a supposition,) to hear a little of Lady Pomfret. After giving an account of the horse-races in the Corso at Florence, which all the world knows were run by horses without riders, her ladyship thus proceeds:

'Amongst other amusements on the day of the race, they provided one peculiar to this country called singing—al' improvviso. A man and woman (the former celebrated for his learning, and the latter for her genius) maintained a dialogue to music. I was request-

ed to give them a subject, and I proposed the question, Why women are generally more constant in love than men? They began: and with an infinite deal of wit on both sides, they each supported their opinions with quotations from both profane and sacred history, which they applied in a most lively and various manner, for near two hours, without any pauses more than were necessary for the music. I wished to have their compositions in writing, but they told me that was impossible, for were they to begin again they should not be able to repeat what they had said before.' VOL. II. P. 60.

Why Lady Mary Wortley's lately published account of the Regatta at Venice should be, with little variation, reprinted from Lady Pomfret's papers, except for the natural purpose of swelling the book, we are unable to imagine; nor would it be easy to decide why a Song by an Amazon intended to have been inserted in the Mask of Comus, immediately after the pastoral ballad beginning 'On every Hill,' but which the ladies of the theatre refused to sing, should have been actually inserted in the Correspondence of the Countesses of Hartford and Pomfret. But enough of trifling; let us hasten to dispatch the remaining contents of these letters, which are extremely creditable to the writers, as friends; but which should never have been given to the world;—nor would they in any age except the present, when the motto of every trade truly is, to acquire!

Rem

Si possis, recte, si non, quocuncque modo rem.

We have a concise, rather humorous, and at the time it was written (1741), generally speaking, a true account of the state of Europe, quoted by Lady Pomfret, vol. iii. page 380.

• Les Cours de l'Europe.

L'Allemagne eraint tout,

L'Autriche risque tout,

La Baviere espere tout,

La Prusse entreprend tout,

La Mayence rend tout,

La Portugal regarde tout,

L'Angleterre veut faire tout,

L'Espagne brouille tout,

La Savoye se defie de tout,

La Moscovie se mêle de tout,

La Hollande obtient tout,

La France souffle tout,

Les Jesuites se trouvent par tout,

Rome benit tout,

Si Dieu ne prevoit à tout

Le Diable emportera tout."



It is curious to reflect upon the changes that have taken place in the state of these countries, in an interval of about sixty years—wonderful to see the influence that one nation has been suffered by Providence to obtain over almost all the rest, and a subject of the most grateful thanksgiving, that we are not included in the number of the unfortunate.

We shall just mention for the benefit of those of our readers who are lovers of a *Melange Litteraire*, that they will, besides what we have made them acquainted with, also find in these volumes an account of Teresa Giacomini, whom Lady Pomfret saw take the veil at Genoa, and of the Virgin of the Imprunetta; what were the oaths by which Francis I. and Charles V. swore, and a dispute which was the best oath; a word of ‘the blind beggar of Bethnal Green:’ and another of ‘the two lions that were whelped ‘in the tower of London, and called Vernon and Ogle.’ We do not mean that this Correspondence treats of no other subjects than those we have specified, but we recommend the above as among the most instructive and entertaining.

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ART. VII.—*Memoirs of C. M. Talleyrand de Peregrind, one of Buonaparte's principal Secretaries of State, &c. &c. &c. containing the Particulars of his private and public Life. By the Author of the Revolutionary Plutarch. 2 Vols. 12mo. Murray. 1805.*

WHEN the Revolutionary Plutarch first appeared, the interest it excited was very general, but the cry was, ‘what degree of authenticity can be claimed by the works which this writer refers to, in support of his assertions?’ Much credit both at home and abroad has since been given to them. Some of our fellow-labourers, in the field of criticism have even positively declared that from their acquaintance with the author, they know that his veracity may be relied upon. His work has been again and again reprinted, quoted, and confirmed by cotemporary writers of all descriptions. The present publication therefore demands our closest attention; although we own that there are some parts of its narrative so highly coloured, that for the honour of human nature we are almost unwilling to believe them in their full extent.—The life of Talleyrand represents him in all the different colours of his uniformly detestable characters: as a lover as well as a politician; intriguing both in the *boudoir*, and the cabinet. The style in which these memoirs are written will be perceived by our readers to be far from a good one;

bearing evident marks in many instances of bad translation from the French, so literal indeed as by confounding the idioms of the two languages, to make something very like nonsense of the original.

But the matter is extraordinarily curious, and having made these preliminary remarks to avoid interruptions, we shall now enter upon a delineation of the character of this great actor in the French revolution.

‘Charles Maurice Talleyrand de Peregord was born at Paris on the 7th of March, 1754, and is descended from one of the most ancient families in France. He is the younger son of a younger branch of the Counts of Peregord, who, three centuries ago, were sovereigns of a country in the south-western part of France, yet called Peregord: Club-footed by birth, and having no hope of any fortune from his parents, he was from his youth educated and destined for the church. At the college of Louis le Grand he evinced early genius and early depravity. In 1767 he obtained the first prize for learning in his class, but was, at the same time, publicly reprimanded for his too glaring irregularities. At that age, to innocent and noble minds led astray by volatility or seduction, the publication of their errors is generally the worst of all chastisements, and produces immediate reform. A boy of thirteen who shews no repentance for a fault for which he is reproached among his youthful companions, whose good opinion, shame as well as emulation should induce him to regain; when arrived at manhood, seldom regards what his contemporaries say or think of his committing a crime to gratify a passion; when the youth wants modesty the man rarely possesses honour and virtue. Talleyrand, instead of returning to the path of duty, continued his course of wickedness. During the Easter week, 1768, he went with some debauched associates to a public brothel kept at the *Rue Croix petits champs* by a woman of the name of *La Duboise*. He was there involved in a quarrel with some mousquetaires of the king’s household troops; and, in consequence of declining to give one of them the satisfaction demanded, he was thrown from a two pair of stairs window into the street, and both his legs were broken by the fall. Refusing to tell the *guet*, at that time the police soldiers at Paris, his name and place of abode, he was carried to the hospital *Hotel Dieu*, where he remained four days before the superior of the college and his friends could learn what had become of him. The lieutenant-general of the police, influenced by his relatives, gave out that the fracture was produced by accident in the street, and ordered him to be removed back to the college. But there, by the confession of one of his associates, the real cause was already known, and his re-admission therefore refused. It has been related, that when he was informed of his disgrace, though lying on a bed of sickness, he flew into a passion, swearing that it should not be for want of his active endeavours and philosophical zeal, if twenty-five years afterwards Christian teachers and Christian pupils were still found in

France, or if Christian churches were not changed into theatres, and Christian colleges into brothels.\* That he has kept his word France has experienced, and all Europe can attest.' p. 3.

As the authority here referred to has not been questioned, we have no reason to doubt the truth of the above. It also substantiates the otherwise incredible instance of early depravity in Talleyrand, with which we shall close the account of his private intrigues, (although there are many stories of the same nature in his life,) and then confine ourselves to his public career, with one exception, which we shall notice in its place. The following anecdote of determined vice in a young man of sixteen, is perhaps unequalled in the annals of biography. We do not know that any of the monsters who shocked the world with their enormities during the worst periods of the Roman empire, ever in their youth displayed such abandoned hearts.

'It was in 1770 that a scene of infamy was first detected, which would have done honour to the heads and hearts of all the rebellious brigands, who, from Mirabeau to Buonaparte, have since figured upon the revolutionary stage of France.

'In the vicinity of Count de Peregrind's palace, resided in the *Rue de Bacq*, Madame Gauchier, a widow with five children, three of whom were daughters. Her husband, a Swiss by birth, had early entered the French service, and from his merit had risen from the ranks to be a captain and knight of the Order of St. Louis. Wounded in Germany during the seven years war, he survived the peace of 1767, which concluded it, only two years. The scanty pension allowed his widow by government was not sufficient to support her family, she therefore became a mantua-maker, and brought up her daughters to the same trade. Their industry and regularity were the common topics of conversation, and the admiration of all their good neighbours until the spring of 1769, when, on a fatal day, the charms of the girls excited the attention and desire of the young debauché Talleyrand. Poor and artless, by splendid presents and brilliant offers their innocence was soon allured by the insidious snares of seduction. In less than six months Maria and Amy, the one aged eighteen, the other sixteen, were in a state of pregnancy; and were persuaded by their base seducer to take some drugs in order to cause miscarriages. Of what ingredients these drugs were composed is best known to Talleyrand, but so dreadful were their effects, they immediately deprived Amy of life and Maria of her reason; and the wretched mother accompanied, on the same day, one

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\* A pamphlet printed by Duchesne at Paris 1789, called *La Vie Laïque et Ecclesiastique du Monseigneur l'Eveque d'Antun*, contains all the particulars of Talleyrand's early life. See p. 4, 5, and 6.

of her daughters to the grave, and the other to a mad house! So little did she suspect the real author of her misery, that she continued to receive, with distinction, the visits of the assassin; consulted him as a friend, and revered him as a benefactor. She had, however, soon occasion to repent of her simplicity, and to deplore her ignorance. Her third daughter, Sophia, on her fourteenth birth-day, during the carnival 1770, eloped from her distressed parent. After many fruitless searches, the police was applied to; but, in such a manner had Talleyrand planned the retreat of his new victim, that, until midsummer, the police spies could not find out her place of concealment. Had not the female accomplice, in whom he trusted, betrayed his secrets, they probably would not even then have succeeded.

Among other virtuous persons, feeling for the sufferings, and interesting themselves in behalf of the unfortunate Madame Gauchier, the humane and generous Duke of Penthièvre was the foremost; he offered a reward of 3000 livres (125l.) to any person who should discover the abode of the lost child. This sum was too strong a temptation for the woman in whose house, and under whose care the girl had resided in the *Rue St. Antoine* to resist; and poor Sophia Gauchier was taken in the arms of her seducer, being in a fair way to become a mother. In her room was a box containing pills which were intended, according to Sophia's confession, for the purpose of producing abortion. These, after being examined and compared with the drugs found in the corpse of the poisoned Amy, leave little doubt who was the real perpetrator of that crime; who, besides, from juvenile indiscretion, or depraved vanity, had boasted of his intrigues with, and gloried in the ruin of the two elder sisters as well as in that of the youngest. At the recommendation, and under the protection of the Duke of Penthièvre, Sophia was received in the convent of the Urselines, in the *Bois de Boulogne*, near Paris; where, notwithstanding the tender attention and religious consolation of the abbess, she shortly expired, in consequence of a premature delivery; her death was, in two days, followed by that of her mother, from a broken heart, and the same tomb contained them both. Talleyrand had hardly finished the first year of his fourth lustrum, when these atrocious deeds were committed, the perpetration of which afforded a fatal presage of the cool and deliberate crimes, since committed by the patricide and apostate bishop, by the regicide and revolutionary minister. See Duchesne's pamphlet, p. 5, 8, 12, and 13; and *La Vie d'un indigne Peregord*.

We now come to the political actions of Talleyrand. We shall begin by a transcript of the instructions given to the agents of the secret police office at Paris. Besides a reference to the publication entitled '*La Police de Fouché dévoilé*,'—Fouché, who is called the revolutionary armour of Buonaparte, as Berthier is his military helmet, and Talleyrand his right arm,—our author informs us of the source from whence

he directly received the following curious state paper. He is himself, we understand, an old officer, whose friends, relations, and property have been the victims of revolutionary fraud and cruelty; who has himself languished in French prisons; and there collected many of the materials for his works. His communicant is a loyal friend at Paris; who, though figuring at Buonaparte's diplomatic levees, and from policy partaking of Talleyrand's official dinners, holds in the utmost detestation these guilty men; watches their motions, and penetrates into their plans; has temerity enough often to expose their atrocities, and courage enough, when occasion offers, to deliver mankind of its scourge. Now, if this is not mere gasconade, surely it is very imprudent of this adventurous hero's friend in England, to notify his character so plainly to the world, to put Talleyrand on his guard, and to do all he can to frustrate the schemes of this gentleman, who is secretly meditating the deliverance of Europe. The state paper, from which the following short extract is taken, was an improvement made by Talleyrand in 1799, upon his own former plan of 1789, then drawn up for the use of the Jacobins, and now new modelled into the system of secret, external and internal, police. Our author prefaces this important document with a remark, 'that some instances of atrocity, displayed in these instructions, will appear needless, wanton, and extravagant; but he has fairly stated their source; for his own part he considers them as assimilating perfectly with the general history of revolutionists, and can hardly doubt their authenticity.' Having premised this, we shall submit the most striking passage in them to the notice of our readers.

**'SECRET POLICE OFFICE.**

'Secret instructions for the agents of our secret external police, delivered over to them, after their examination and trial have been approved, and after having subscribed the following oath:

'I \_\_\_\_\_ swear, by every thing that is sacred or terrible, to obey, without hesitation, the orders transmitted to me from the office of the secret police, even were I commanded to stab my father, strangle my mother, shoot my brother, violate my sister, poison my wife, or drown my children; to set fire to churches or orphans' houses, to blow up palaces or arsenals; to murder persons chained in the dungeons of prisons, or suffering on the sick bed in hospitals; to spare neither age nor sex, rank, eminence, nor innocence. Should I disobey the orders or betray the secrets reposed in me, I consent this oath shall be my death-warrant.

'(Signed) \_\_\_\_\_'

In perusing this horrible oath, we are reminded of the Inquisition, of the Secret Tribunal, and all its dreadful forms of privileged and licensed murder. Our author tells us he has been promised the secret instructions for the internal secret police agent, and that should they arrive, they shall appear in this publication. We hope they may in a future edition. But he has been disappointed in the receipt of them, as they are not inserted in the present. We would however, advise his friend at Paris to be doubly cautious, or his source of intelligence will soon be stopped for ever. To the second volume of these memoirs, page 83, we must refer our readers for a most curious account of the regular education of the French male and female spies.

Talleyrand, in an early part of the revolution, shewed himself a friend to secret assassination; indeed he began quite in his youth, as we have seen, to practice this amiable mode of conduct to get rid of his enemies. Though he fully agreed to the necessity of murdering the king, he strenuously recommended that the crime should be perpetrated by the sudden stab of an individual assassin, and not by the judicial sentence of a national tribunal.

The terrible and savage massacres of prisoners at Paris during the 2d, 3d, and 4th of September, 1792, Talleyrand, who was then in London, (as appears from his letters to his mistress the Countess of F——hault, by whom he has a son) appears to have enjoyed highly; he calls them ‘glorious and noble scenes.’—‘I supped last night at the Scotch Lord M——ld’s in Great George-street, not far from St. James’s, where the party, all aristocrats, though plagued with the infection which the vicinity of a court always introduces, seemed panic-struck, and ready to capitulate with the sans-culottes.’—This extract is translated from a letter in *La Correspondence d’Infames Emigrés*, tom. iv. page 143, et seq.—Shortly after we see this viper, nourished in the unconscious bosoms of our nobility, writing from London to the National Convention a full account of the state of parties in England, of the military strength of the country, of the disposition of that strength, of our most vulnerable points, and internal divisions. For the authenticity of this letter we are referred to *Les Intrigues du C. M. Talleyrand*, Neufchatel, 1801, page 124, et seq. and *La Faction d’Orleans-demasquée*, page 104, et seq. The author of which last publication states that it was with the permission of Collot d’Herbois that he copied this confidential letter in the archives of the committee of public safety. It is mentioned in the act of accusation against the Brissot faction, October, 1793. The

above authorities are received upon the continent as of established veracity. We shall now mention a fact that we ourselves know to be true. At this very time Talleyrand was making the most insidious offers of service, through the medium of certain French merchants, to persons very high in our government. Those persons saw through the deceitfulness of his professions, and rejected them with proper indignation. Although he doubtless might have been bought for a time, eventually his natural love of intrigue and money, (of his country, which he has so largely contributed by his secret influence to deluge with blood, he can have no love) would have induced him to betray his employers to new ones; there was therefore as much good sense as honour in this conduct of the ministers who scorned his treacherous co-operation.

We have already presented our readers with such ample extracts from the account of Talleyrand's amours, that according to our intention of confining ourselves for the rest of this article to his public life, we cannot at length transcribe his intrigue in Germany with the wife of Baron S—, who was the niece of the Prince De H—. But we shall just observe that he seems to have been particularly fond of seducing women of rank; in this case, however, he was not the first offender. Her letters to him, after he had deserted and cruelly reproached her, will be found very interesting. They were communicated to the author by a relation of the Baroness de S—: one of them is given in a fac-simile of her hand-writing. There is another fac-simile of Talleyrand's; hardly legible from the seeming rapidity with which it was written. It is a short copy of verses. This lady stabbed herself with a penknife presented her by Talleyrand—

‘Non hos quæsitum munus in usus.’

Upon the table were found a sealed letter to her husband, and an open note addressed to Talleyrand, containing these lines,

‘I have burnt all your letters. They would neither do honour to my memory, nor to your heart. God forgive you! you are my assassin. I pardon you. (Signed)

‘CORDELIA.’

By the side of this note and the letter, lay Rousseau's *Eloisa*, and the *Sorrows of Werter*. The former of these works lay open, and in the letter from St. Preux to Lord B. these words were underlined: ‘By making existence insupportable, God commands us to put an end to it. In putting

an end to existence, we therefore only obey the command of the Divinity.'

We would call our reader's attention to a similar mode of reasoning in a similar case. A centinal upon a bleak exposed station, in a dark rainy night, feels his post *insupportable*. 'By making it so,' says he, 'my commander orders me to remove from it. Therefore, in removing from my post, I only obey the orders of my commander.'

This unhappy woman left an inscription for her urn as follows: 'The ashes of Cordelia de S—, born Princess de H—, bequeathed to Citizen Charles Maurice Talleyrand.—Memento mori.' This urn was presented to Talleyrand, and lost by him on Christmas day, at Paris, in December, 1796, ashes and all, to the Chevalier Fenelon at faro. For further accounts of the above story, see 'Mon sejour en Allemagne,' Basle, 1800, and 'Die Allemeine annalen,' Leipzig, 1790; (is there not a mistake in this date?) and 'Les Intrigues de C. M. T.' page 66.—In these publications various tragical circumstances attending this amour, and many others, will be found amply detailed; but we must now return to the public transactions of this extraordinary villain.

These parts of his life are of course much better substantiated than those of a more private nature, which, however, rest upon a very good foundation. A man so importantly connected with the revolution is certain to be mentioned in every work on that subject, by Bertrand de Moleville, by Mallet du Pan, by Adolphus, and a numerous list of writers. We need not therefore here be so particular in specifying the chapter and page of our authorities. Indeed the present writer has been unable to separate the political conduct of Talleyrand from the great events it has been so instrumental in producing. He has therefore necessarily introduced some repetitions into his work; the historical passages of which we do not conceive will excite the interest that must attach to the biography.

The instructions given by Talleyrand to General Andreossi in October, 1802, are at once a proof of his dangerous talents, and consummate want of principle. Yet, as is always the case, he is the first to attack in other ministers the mere semblance of those crimes, of which himself is thoroughly convicted. We shall select that part of these instructions, (upon the whole most perfidious to a nation with whom their authors were then at peace, but in this instance most diabolical) which relates to an august personage, who must be shocked at the discovery of these lately meditated plots against his honour.



‘ To his royal highness the P—— of W——, you have to insinuate that the first consul has always admired his generous and noble mind; and that it has been a source of the greatest regret to him, during the late contest, not to be able sooner to express his respectful admiration, and to gain the good opinion of such a great prince. Pay particular attention to the prince’s answers and conversation; and if he throws out any hints, that he knows what the first consul had said about him in a conversation with some of his friends who visited France last summer; but by your conduct, you are to appear perfectly ignorant on this subject. Try to find out who are the prince’s principal friends and favourites; if those persons whose names you already know continue to advise and govern him, or if they have been succeeded by others, and who they are. If you can insinuate yourself into the confidence of any one who you are certain possesses the entire confidence of the prince, you may let him understand, as from yourself, that you regret to see his (the prince’s) retired situation; and that although you had no permission so to do, yet you would take upon yourself, from the known sentiments of the first consul, if approved by the prince, to ask any sum of money his royal highness should fix upon, as a loan, to be repaid when the prince succeeds to the throne. This transaction is of the most delicate and secret nature, and must be kept entirely from the knowledge of the king, his family, and the ministers; and you cannot be too careful not to commit (*compromettre*) yourself or your character. Should the prince accept of the offer, and you of course receive private audiences, impress strongly upon the prince’s mind the necessity for secrecy. When the question is about the sum he should want, you should observe, that to avoid exciting suspicion, which may be followed by discovery, and be hurtful to the prince in the public opinion, you think a certain annual sum (any sum under one million) would be the best and most convenient arrangement. When this point is settled, and that you have received the first remittance for the prince, and, of course, are offered his bond, you are to refuse it, saying, the first consul trusts entirely to the honour of the prince; but you have at the same time to declare, that it would give the first consul the highest satisfaction, if in a letter from the prince’s hand, he was assured that his royal highness would, by degrees, cease all future acquaintance and connection with the Bourbons; and at the prince’s accession to the throne, not permit them or the other emigrants, to reside any longer in his dominions. Be attentive to what the prince says, and if he is sincere in what he says: after your report you shall receive further instructions how to act. If the prince or his friends decline your offer, endeavour to find out the reason; and if he has not a previous engagement with the Bourbons, and if he entertains any hatred or prejudice against the first consul.’

We must make no remarks upon the above. It may be reckoned among Talleyrand’s wildest and most detestable

schemes. Let us now, to vary a little this disgusting narration of the crimes of an individual, relate an anecdote or two of his master's other agents: we mean Buonaparte's ministers, although we might naturally enough be mistaken to mean those of the devil. La Croix, once minister of the foreign department in France, is now prefect at Bourdeaux, to which place he was last year transferred from Marseilles, where having dislocated his shoulder, the surgeon who set it, discovered a mark from a hot iron, inflicted on him as a thief and a forger. This scandalous discovery caused his removal. He is a member of the legion of honour! See *Les Nouvelles à la Main*; Messidor, year 12. No. iii. p. 8.

Another of these honourable men, Merlin, Buonaparte's attorney-general, in 1792 did not possess one acre of land, nor a louis d'or in money. The property he has since amassed by plunder may be estimated at twenty millions. See *Les Nouvelles à la Main*, Ventose, year 12, No. iii. p. 2. Brune, late French ambassador at Constantinople, was found by the revolution a sans-culotte journeyman printer. He is now a field-marshal, and possesses 30,000*l.* per annum.

Et cur non omnia, cum sint  
Quales ex humili magna ad fastigia rerum  
Extollit, quoties voluit fortuna jocari.

The story of the sans-culotte Duroc going with the king of Prussia to see the parade at Berlin, admiring the scarfs of the officers of the guards, and being presented with one, knit by the queen's own hands, at his departure, is a tolerably strong instance of the blessed effects of liberty and equality; but nothing of this kind ever equalled the upstart Corsican's own manner of acting towards, and talking of, the crowned heads of Europe.

' In last June, Buonaparte presided one day in the senate, and taking out his pocket handkerchief, some letters dropped on the floor, which the senators *strived* who should be foremost to pick up. Being returned to the Corsican, he said with a contemptuous sneer, "Never mind, they are of no consequence, *being only* some letters from Alexander and Frederic, (the emperor of Russia and king of Prussia), who tease me almost to death with their troublesome correspondence. Look," continued he, "Alexander writes a better hand than Frederic, but," searching in his pocket for another letter, "Francis (the emperor of Germany,) writes worse than either." *Les Nouvelles à la Main*, Messidor, year 12, No. iv. pp. 9 and 10.

The style of the above will be an additional proof to those which our readers must already have discovered, of our

assertion, that from the closeness of the translation from the French, the English of this author is not peculiarly elegant or correct.

It is not to be wondered at that the legitimate sovereigns of Europe should be talked of thus contemptuously by an usurper, whose abject slaves in their national assembly long ago voted a certain reward for the assassination of each of these monarchs. The plan of Jean de Brie, in 1792, (of Buonaparte's prefect at Besançon, of the commander of his legion of honour) for organising a corps of the greatest villains in the felon dungeons, and calling them the twelve hundred tyrannicides, who were to be bound by an oath to assassinate all the kings, sovereigns, and generals in Europe, whom they should judge unfriendly to the rights of man, can never be forgotten. The memory of it was indeed lately revived by the secret agents sent by Buonaparte and Talleyrand to engage assassins to poison Louis XVIII.

‘ This is the time,’ said they, ‘ appointed by the Eternal, *for an universal change of dynasties over the world*, and before ten years, not a prince will reign, who was not ten years before an unnoticed subject. The emperor of the French can never rule with safety, till good fortune and merit have taken place of birthright and prerogative; until all present sovereigns shall have been dethroned or annihilated, and individuals like himself placed upon their thrones. Do not think,’ continued they, ‘ that what we promise, are the sudden and insignificant sentiments of men imposed upon, or impostors themselves. We are members of Buonaparte's secret police, whose influence extends to all countries, all ranks; who distribute indemnities among the Germans; who prepared the death of the Duke d'Enghien, the disgrace of Drake, and the elevation of a Parmesan prince to the throne of Etruria.’ See the Revolutionary Plutarch, vol. iii. p. 81. in the note of the third edition.

That these creatures of Talleyrand, and the arch-fiend his master, did not in these words utter vain boastings, events have too painfully confirmed. But the time seems to be arrived, when the horizon of Europe is brightening; when, awakened to a sense of their impending danger, the two greatest potentates are at length united with us in the common cause of justice and humanity. We trust ere long to see others join the confederacy. Meantime we may be assured, that besides the arms, we shall have to oppose the organized secret agents of France, directed and set in motion by that highly gifted man who in his revolutionary spirit, as well as profligacy, far exceeds Mirabeau; to whom Sieyès yields in cunning; in irreligion, all the world; who, as he has lived

without principle, prays to die unrepenting. See *Nouvelles à la Main*, Fructidor, year 12, No. iv. page 10.

If we compare Talleyrand to former French ministers, we shall find that he possesses the financial abilities of Sully, the political capacity and duplicity of Richlieu, the cunning and cupidity of Mazarin, the commercial knowledge of Colbert, the insensibility and cruelty of Louvois, the profligacy and depravity of Dubois, the method and perspicuity of Fleuri, the penetration of Choiseul, the suppleness of Vauvrepas, and the activity of Vergennes. But with all these natural and acquired talents, what has been the benefit Talleyrand has conferred upon his country or other nations? Rather what has not been the universal and lasting mischief, slavery and wretchedness, which after years of bloodshed and confusion, he has greatly contributed, more perhaps than any other individual, to entail upon France? on the rest of Europe, depredation or continual alarm, and now again the horrors of necessary war. 'Open the map of the world, and not a country is found in which France, under his ministry, has not committed some devastation, infringed some treaty, or violated some principle of the laws of nations.'

'Periere mores, jus, decus pietas, fides,  
Et, qui redire nescit cum perit, pudor!'

SENECA.

Such is the winding up of the character of Talleyrand by an author who seems to know him well. We recommend these memoirs to general perusal—they contain a body of authenticated information, enough to convince those who are so slow of belief as not to be already convinced, that the world never produced such monsters of iniquity as it has done since the French revolution; and that the present sultan and grand vizier of France, Buonaparte and Talleyrand, are doubtless two of the most able, but at the same time, most remorseless and unprincipled characters, whose plots and actions ever disgraced the page of history.

ART. VIII.—*An Essay on Respiration. Parts I. and II. By John Bostock, M.D. 8vo. Longman. 1804.*

THE investigations of modern chemistry have contributed largely to our knowledge of the function of respiration. The mechanical physiologists, who contemplated the animal body as a mere assemblage of tubes, and cords, and levers, in vain attempted to form any just notions of the process,

by a reference to a set of laws, which have little analogy to the operations of the vital organs. It is only since the period, when the phenomena of respiration were identified with those changes in the form and composition of matter, which it is the province of chemistry to investigate, that our views have been rectified, and our knowledge extended. The experiments and observations, however, which have been promulgated, are scattered through a variety of journals and separate publications, from which a satisfactory or connected view of them is not to be obtained without considerable difficulty and labour. Dr. Bostock has, therefore, conferred a material benefit on future inquirers, and on all those who are interested in the general state of knowledge on this important subject, by the production of this essay; which is written with peculiar perspicuity, and evinces a great degree of judgment and discrimination in the decision between contending authorities and perplexed results.

The volume was compiled by Dr. Bostock, previous to the commencement of a series of experiments on the chemical state of respiration in fever, and some other diseases, in which he is now engaged. The result of this investigation will constitute the third part of the work: and from the extensive knowledge of the subject and the judgment displayed in this volume, we have reason to anticipate much additional information in this department of pathology, from his researches.

The first part contains an account of the process of respiration. After having given, in the two first chapters, a description of the organs subservient to the function in the human body, and of the mechanism of the process, Dr. Bostock proceeds to examine the capacity of the lungs, and the bulk of a single inspiration. This is an inquiry of peculiar difficulty, in consequence of the difference of the stature and constitution of individuals, and of the numerous circumstances which influence and modify respiration: and accordingly, the opinions and experiments of physiologists are much at variance on this subject. Dr. B. points out with considerable skill the probable sources of error in the experiments of Dr. Goodwyn, Mr. Coleman, and Mr. Davy; and he is of opinion that the inference of Dr. Menzies, that 40 cubic inches is the quantity of air inspired in an ordinary act of respiration, is nearest the truth. This inference was deduced from an average of fifty-six inspirations, and it accorded precisely with the quantity of water displaced during inspiration by a man immersed in a warm bath, as well as with the former deductions of Jurin. The

estimates which these authors have given of the capacity of the thorax, also differ considerably, and Dr. B. is disposed to believe that they are all erroneous. The quantity of air which we are enabled to expel, by the most forced expiration, has been variously estimated; by some as low as seventy inches, by others as high as two hundred and twenty. Dr. B. thinks that we shall be nearer the truth in affixing the amount at one hundred and seventy cubic inches, which is nearly the average of the estimates of different physiologists, and which coincides with some trials made by himself upon the lungs of different individuals. Assuming then the calculation of Dr. Goodwyn, that one hundred and nine cubic inches of air remain in the lungs, after a complete expiration, he estimates the medium capacity of the thorax; after an ordinary expiration, at  $(109 + 170)$  about two hundred and eight cubic inches. Dr. Menzies, who is of opinion that seventy cubic inches only can be expelled by a forcible exertion after an ordinary expiration, calculates upon the same assumed datum, that one hundred and seventy-nine inches is the capacity of the thorax in the same circumstances. Now the truth of this datum may be justly questioned, at least as the measure of the capacity of the lungs after a forcible expiration. Mr. Goodwyn, from experiments, in themselves liable to error, learnt that one hundred and nine cubic inches is the measure of the capacity of the thorax after death; and he assumes, as a fact, that a complete expiration is made by every animal *in articulo mortis*. This may be true, perhaps, of animals suddenly killed in the vigour of their muscular strength! but in the human body, dying of disease, (and from such Mr. Goodwyn's estimate was deduced) it is most probable that no farther expiration takes place than the simple collapse of the parts occasions. This, no doubt, will be greater than an ordinary expiration, when the tone of life remains in the muscles, but surely by no means equal to a forcible and full expiration. Presuming, therefore, that Dr. Bostock's estimate of one hundred and seventy cubic inches, as the amount of the air emitted during a forced expiration, is correct, still we cannot but consider his estimate of the capacity of the thorax as over-rated. Upon the whole, indeed, these calculations appear to be but vague and uncertain, since the experiments, upon which they are founded, are widely at variance, and the sources of error not equally obvious.

‘From the above data,’ the author concludes, ‘it may be estimated, that by each ordinary expiration, one-seventh part of the whole contents of the lungs is discharged, and

that by the most violent expiration, somewhat more than four-sevenths of the air contained in them is evacuated. Supposing that each respiration occupies about three seconds, a bulk of air nearly equal to three times the whole contents of their lungs will be expelled in a minute, or about four thousand one hundred and fourteen times their bulk in twenty-four hours. The quantity of air respired during the diurnal period, will be one million, one hundred and fifty-two thousand cubic inches, or six hundred and sixty-six cubic feet and a half.' p. 35.

In the subsequent chapter, Dr. Bostock attempts to ascertain the cause of the first inspiration, and of the alternation of inspiration and expiration. He rejects, as untenable, the hypothesis of Dr. Whytt, who attributed the commencement of respiration to an uneasy sensation, excited by the unchanged venous blood; as well as that of Dr. Darwin, who attributes it to the same sensation, but supposes that in the general struggle of the muscles, those of respiration in particular are found accidentally to relieve it: and he attempts, with some ingenuity, to explain the commencement of the process, by the mechanical enlargement of the cavity of the thorax, (and the consequent admission of air) which necessarily takes place, when the body of the child becomes extended, on quitting the uterus. This savours a little of the overstrained refinement of the Darwinian school; and unfortunately will not admit of universal application. Dr. B. seems to have forgotten that these are animals, in which no mechanical extension of the thorax takes place, previous to the commencement of respiration. Such, we believe, is the whole tribe of birds; which begin to breathe, and even to cry, when nothing but the point of the bill is protruded through the shell; and in which, indeed, the neck and legs only suffer any mechanical change of position, when they are excluded. Some peculiar sensation is the origin of all other instinctive actions; it begins and continues the appetite for food; it obviously carries on the future process of respiration, from the *second* inspiration to the end of life; why then should we assign any other cause for the *first*?

In Part II. the direct effects of respiration are examined under three heads; the mechanical effects produced by the dilatation, and contraction of the thorax; the change produced in the inspired air; and the alteration which the blood undergoes during the passage through the capillaries of the lungs.

The older physiologists, altogether ignorant of the important chemical effects of respiration, of the changes which

occur both in the inspired air, and in the blood, were led to attribute its influence to the mechanical operations in which it consists. They supposed that the alternate dilatation and contraction of the thorax contributed in no small degree to the circulation of the blood. They thought that something important might result from the compression of the *œsophagus*, but still more from the successive compression and relaxation of the nerves of the thorax; that of the *par vagum*, in particular, being supposed to produce the vermicular motions of the stomach and intestines. They imagined that the motion of the diaphragm was the principal agent in propelling the blood through the hepatic veins, and the chyle through the lymphatics, and impressing the bile out of the gall-bladder. But their experiments, the author justly remarks, were made in extreme cases, and in unnatural circumstances, and the results were consequently inapplicable to the ordinary phenomena of respiration. There is now no doubt that the mechanical effects of respiration are very inconsiderable.

Under the second head, Dr. Bostock gives a general history of the discoveries of philosophers in regard to respiration; beginning with those of Boyle and Mayow, when the first accurate notions of the function began to prevail. The opinions of the former were adopted by Dr. Hales, and afterwards by Haller; and were generally received, till the first discovery in pneumatic chemistry was made by Dr. Black; afterwards Priestley, Scheele, and Lavoisier established the absorption of oxygen, as well as the evolution of carbonic acid. The experiments which have been made by chemists since that time, have been chiefly with a view to ascertain with more precision the amount of these changes. A similar notion to that which was proposed by Mayow, or rather which was adopted by Mayow from Dr. Hooke, (viz. that a volatile spirit was absorbed by the blood from the atmosphere) was ascertained by Borelli, Lower, and Willis; but the opposition of Haller, and the failure of their attempts to ascertain the nature of this spirit, contributed to throw their opinions into neglect.

Dr. Bostock enters into a faithful and elaborate account of the experiments made since the time of Priestley, to examine with accuracy the respective quantities of the gases absorbed and evolved during respiration: and he displays much judgment in estimating the influence of particular circumstances in modifying the various results which have been obtained, and his decision will be readily acceded to, so far as decision can be satisfactory, where authority for opposite opinions is



of great weight. The following is a summary of what appears to Dr. B. to be most clearly ascertained.

‘1. A quantity of oxygen is consumed in respiration. In ordinary circumstances atmospheric air, which has been once respired, loses nearly .04 of its bulk of oxygen; in twenty-four hours a man consumes a quantity which will weigh about 2lbs. 8oz. somewhat more than twenty-six cubic feet.

‘2. A quantity of carbonic acid is generated by respiration; its volume is less than that of the oxygen absorbed, nearly in the proportion of 37 to 45; the weight of the carbonic acid formed in twenty-four hours is about 3lbs. a volume of about twenty-two cubic feet.

‘3. The whole volume of the air is diminished by respiration; the degree of diminution is not very accurately ascertained, but it may be estimated at about  $\frac{1}{80}$  of its bulk.

‘4. A quantity of aqueous vapour, the amount of which is still undetermined, is emitted from the lungs.

‘5. It is probable that a small portion of azote is absorbed, upon an average about  $\frac{1}{100}$  part of the air respired, making in twenty-four hours about four and a half ounces, or four cubic feet.

‘6. From the ascertained proportion in which the oxygen and pure charcoal exist in carbonic acid, it appears that a greater quantity of oxygen is consumed than is necessary for the formation of the carbonic acid which is produced.’ P. 99.

The first obvious effect of respiration on the blood, which became the subject of observation, was the change of colour; and various opinions respecting the immediate cause of this change were maintained by physiologists; of these Dr. Bostock has given a clear historical view. One class of observers supposed that a noxious or recrementitious matter was exhaled from the blood, in consequence of which it regained its florid colour: another believed that the change was occasioned by mechanical agitation: and a third, that it depended upon something imparted to the blood from the air. And its connection with the presence of the air was, in fact, shewn by Lower experimentally. Haller, however, opposed his experiments from theoretical principles, and they were forgotten, until Cigna of Turin, and afterwards Dr. Priestley, by repeated and varied experiments, obtained the same conclusions, and established the mutual action of the blood and the air. Lavoisier subsequently ascertained that the blood, after having passed through the minute vessels of the lungs, had undergone a change in its chemical composition, and now contained a smaller proportion of hydrogen and carbon.

Whether these chemical changes, however, take place

only in the lungs, according to the hypotheses of Lavoisier and of Dr. Crawford, has been justly doubted; and the theory of the latter is called in question by Dr. Bostock upon strong grounds. That the veins should be the means of carrying off the decaying parts of the frame, according to the opinion of Dr. Crawford, is inconsistent with our knowledge of the uses of the absorbents. And the fact, which was demonstrated by John Hunter, that the blood is changed into the venous state, even when detained in the great arteries by ligatures, is altogether adverse to the notion that the change takes place in consequence of any additional matter being received into the blood, and implies that it is occasioned by a mere internal change in the arrangement of its component parts. Hence Dr. B. is of opinion, that the theory of La Grange, as modified by Mr. Allen of Edinburgh, affords the most satisfactory explanation of the whole phenomena.

‘According to this hypothesis, the blood in its passage through the capillaries of the lungs, absorbs oxygen, which is loosely united to the whole mass of fluid; by this union its colour is changed from a deep purple to a bright scarlet. The oxidated blood is then carried along the arteries; in the course of the circulation, the oxygen leaves the whole mass of blood, and forms an intimate union with a part of the hydrogen and carbon contained in it: by this operation it loses its bright colour, and assumes the venous appearance. This portion of hydrogen and carbon, reduced to the state of an oxide, is then carried along the veins, until it arrives at the lungs, where, after being united with an additional quantity of oxygen, it is discharged from the blood, and forms the carbonic acid, and the aqueous vapour, which are found to exist in the air of expiration’. p. 115.

The only difference, then, between arterial and venous blood, is, that the arterial contains a portion of oxygen loosely combined with the whole, which in the venous, becomes closely united with a portion of hydrogen and carbon only. Some experiments, which confirm this hypothesis, are quoted from Priestley, Fourcroy, and Hassenfratz; and we may add, that the gradual combination of the oxygen, in the course of circulation, accords somewhat better with the general diffusion of the animal heat, than the idea that this union took place in the lungs alone.

The author proceeds to examine the other changes effected by respiration; and notwithstanding the accuracy of the experiments of Mr. Davy, and the according experiments of Dr. Priestley, he is disposed to believe that no azote is ab-

sorbed, except the very small quantity which adheres, by the law of affinity, to a large portion of oxygen, and passes along with it. We are still, however, disposed to believe in the constant absorption of azote, from the evidence of Mr. Davy especially, which is in some measure corroborated by the experiments of Spallanzani on the testacea, and also by some experiments lately performed at Edinburgh, which have been related to us, and the results of which were invariable.

Dr. Bostock concludes, after a judicious review of the arguments which have been adduced to prove the generation of water in the lungs, that the discharge of hydrogen has been admitted without sufficient evidence. He is disposed to adopt the hypothesis of Cuvier, who supposes that respiration assists in the conversion of chyle into fibrine; it being ascertained that chyle contains a larger proportion of carbon, than fibrine; and that the removal of carbon from the fluids is one of the principal effects of respiration. This chapter is then concluded with a summary of the deductions which he has obtained.

The last chapter contains some observations on the respiration of the different gases; from which it is inferred, that, contrary to the speculations of Dr. Beddoes, no particular effect is produced on the animal system, by the respiration of pure oxygen; that azotic and hydrogenous gases are only injurious by excluding oxygen; that hydrocarbon, if inspired in an undiluted state, produces instant death; and that all the other gases, even carbonic acid, when it exists in a large proportion, cannot be inspired.

About one hundred pages at the end of the work are occupied by some valuable notes, containing a large portion of information, illustrative of the different topics of discussion: and a very useful index of reference is subjoined.

We have perused this volume with great satisfaction. It exhibits a clear and concise, yet comprehensive view, of the whole of our knowledge upon the important subject of respiration; in which the incongruous mass of opinions and experiments, which have been successively promulgated, is reduced, with much acuteness of discrimination, to order and consistency. It is far from being the result of mere mechanical compilation, inasmuch as it contains a judicious estimate of the comparative value of the statements which come under consideration; the result of a previous minute acquaintance with the subject, and of much practical habit in conducting similar researches. Possessed of these qualifications, Dr. Bostock will proceed in the remaining part of his

inquiry with confidence and ability, and will be listened to with respectful attention in the future detail of his results. We are happy to learn that he has made some progress in the investigation, and has already deduced some interesting inferences from the experiments which he has performed.

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ART. IX.—*Four Letters to the Editor of the Christian Observer, being a Reply to that Author's 'Occasional Strictures on the True Churchman ascertained,' in his 'Candid Examination of Mr. Daubeny's Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ;'* with incidental Remarks on Dr. Kipling, Mr. Daubeny, the Reviewers, &c. By John Overton, A. M. Rector of St. Margaret and St. Crux, York. 8vo. pp. 106. 3s. Mawman. 1805.

IT might at first view seem in some degree extraordinary, that Mr. Overton, who has found many direct antagonists, should, in undertaking his own vindication, omit to encounter their open hostilities, and account himself sufficiently defended against all his foes, by a reply to certain *occasional strictures* of a writer in the *Christian Observer*; whose opinion, we are well persuaded, has been esteemed by many a great deal too favourable to that author, and of whom, in a former review, we verily think with strict good faith and justice, we said, 'from a comparison of the judgment which is given in this publication respecting the writings of Mr. Overton and Mr. Daubeny, we feel no hesitation (if the authors, in this controversy, may be arranged in two antagonist divisions) in placing the Candid Examiner among the ranks of the Overtonians.\*'

But he knows very little of Mr. Overton, who is yet to be told, that the reasons for that gentleman's conduct are always the very best possible, and altogether infallible.

Accordingly, "if the author (says he) has been successful in vindicating his work, on the points where he is admitted to have erred by his friends, the intelligent reader will not need informing that, *à fortiori*, his task of complete self-vindication would be easy in every other instance.' Pref. p. 3.

Again, 'You, Sir, on the contrary,' (that is, in opposition to Mr. Overton's other antagonists) 'are believed to speak the words of truth and soberness. You are, moreover, in consequence, it may be, of your general approbation of

my work, and of our general coincidence of object and sentiment, considered as my "faithful friend and ally," and, on some occasions, even "as my authorised interpreter." (Letters, p. 4.) The occasion, therefore, and foundations of this work are thus satisfactorily revealed to us; and we must think no more with any surprise of its nature and argument.

But, in truth, is there not something irresistibly ludicrous in this logic? The poor Candid Examiner's sides are to be battered and bruised, the bones of this 'faithful friend and ally' are to be disjoined and broken, but all out of love and affection, and every blow is to carry double death with it to Dr. Kipling or Mr. Daubeny, &c. &c. Their attacks, forsooth, as 'the Candid Examiner cannot need informing, are notoriously characterized by violence and dishonesty. Nor has any one of them ventured to meet the author's leading question and arguments.' (p. 4.) And therefore 'Delirant Troes: plectuntur Achivi'—whatever clamour the efforts of those gentlemen may have excited among the ignorant and the prejudiced, and those who wish to be deceived, their effect on the minds of all competent and impartial judges is, a decided conviction, that by every fair means, the author is invulnerable.' (p. 4.) We desire of our, and of Mr. Overton's readers, to pay some attention to this sentence. If he is really sincere in what he writes, why should not he acquiesce in the favourable sentiments of 'all competent and impartial judges, and leave the incurables to their fate?' Or, is it likely that 'the ignorant, the prejudiced, and those who wish to be deceived,' will be sooner undeceived and better instructed by an attack upon the Candid Examiner, than by an open exposure of the violence and dishonesty of Mr. Overton's declared adversaries, and by a manly appeal and protestation against them? There are other obvious objections to which Mr. O.'s scheme of self-defence is liable, which we shall not stop to enlarge upon. We shall only take leave from this example to caution his readers against Mr. Overton's *indirect* arguments; and to entreat of them to inquire whether both in the present book, and in his former, they do not enter into them in such extent and nature, as to hazard very much his pretensions to the name of a fair and competent reasoner. So much then for this 'argument à fortiori.'

But, *strong* as this argument is, it was not to be expected, that, in Mr. Overton's hands, it should be left free and unencumbered, to work its effect by its native and unaided operation. How unworthy soever he may say that his adversaries are of all regard, it was to be expected, that from

Mr. O. they would not escape unregarded. How much soever already one part of the public was convinced that Mr. Overton was invulnerable, and how incapable soever the other was of all conviction, it was to be looked for that he should endeavour both to convince these and to convince those. Accordingly, in the title-page, we have announced to us *Incidental Remarks on Dr. Kipling, &c.* which, as might be expected from Mr. O. occupy a considerable part of the whole volume, and in one instance, are in such a sense incidental, as to amount to more than eight pages together. So that after all, the *à fortiori* argument is to be evacuated; and the Candid Examiner is to want the consolation of dying by darts, which, as they pass from all quarters through his own sides, transfix at the same time each of them a common foe; or at least in the agonies of death, we must permit him to feel an unavailing regret at this prodigality of slaughter, and to breathe towards the conqueror a fainting wish, that he might have been spared to walk in the pageant of his literary triumph, in the humble character of 'a faithful friend,' or 'an authorized interpreter.'

By this time our readers may perhaps think that some further reason for his mode of vindication now appears, than those which have been stated by Mr. Overton; and that by this device he has availed himself of the important advantages of excusing himself from meeting the leading arguments and statements of his adversaries, and of picking out from them such real or seeming errors and misrepresentations as might make the best figure in the way of 'incidental remarks,' and in that motley way of writing by 'shreds and patches,' to which Mr. O. is so largely indebted for the effect which he produces. At the same time, we declare with a pleasure in doing justice to that gentleman, that in this division of his work, he has specified real blemishes and faults, and misrepresentations in the performances of some of his adversaries, which they will do well to correct and remedy, as far as they can; which it is their duty to atone for, in future, as much as they possibly may, by ingenuous retraction, by greater industry, and more circumspection; and which it may be of service to their admirers to peruse and bear in mind, and to gather from the perusal, lessons of forbearance, caution, and moderation. For ourselves we wish it to be clearly understood, that we are much more decidedly hostile to Mr. Overton, than friendly to all the principles and practices of some of his adversaries. And we are anxious not to confound and identify the cause of those sacred interests which Mr. O. has

violated and injured, with an unqualified approbation of every measure which has been adopted by some of his most strenuous antagonists. This may suffice for our remarks on the portion of Mr. Overton's Four Letters which refers to those who have opposed him in open warfare.

If we turn to that part which respects the Candid Examiner, we cannot perhaps do better than to suffer Mr. Overton to be his own literary censor. If we may believe himself, never was any case so plain as this is; never was a writer so clear from blame and exception as he is; never were objections more futile and groundless than those of the Candid Examiner. 'In repeated instances, he mistakes and mistates the meaning of Mr. Overton; he frequently adopts the opponent's misrepresentations for such meaning; he acquiesces in censures for which these mistakes and misrepresentations are the only ground; he advances derogatory positions which he does not even attempt to substantiate; and, what is, perhaps, the least excusable, on points of the first importance, Mr. O. appears to be reprehended for what he does not maintain, and is corrected by the precise doctrines which characterize his work, and is thus made to commit a very extraordinary species of suicide.' (p. 6, 7.) Again, of a charge repeated against him, as he tells us not fewer than a dozen or fourteen times, Mr. O. 'is persuaded that there is no proper ground for the objection, and that it owes its greatest plausibility to the inaccuracy of his reviewer.' (p. 8.) In another place, some of the reviewer's observations 'are inaccurate; others of them are unaccountable.' (p. 17.) And where he urges 'serious and reiterated charges,' there is he informed that 'on this subject particularly Mr. Overton has *nothing* to retract. *Conscious* that he has stated the doctrines of the church of England *correctly*; *confident*, at the same time, as his work declares, that in these doctrines this church discovers at once the greatest piety and the greatest wisdom; he *challenges* the strictest honest scrutiny; he *invites* the appearance of the most formidable fair adversary,' &c. (p. 18.) Again, 'of whatever other faults he may be guilty, it must, he hopes, be evident, that he has not incurred that with which the Examiner taxes him;' (p. 27.) and that his conduct, instead of deserving censure or regret, will appear to the intelligent reader to be 'particularly distinguished by caution, moderation, and truth.' (p. 29.) This is but a slight specimen of the favourable judgment which Mr. Overton passes upon all his own proceedings. In no one instance has the Candid Examiner a particle of right or reason for his mild and friendly animadversions. The True Churchman is

what all such men always ought to be 'totus teres atque rotundas.' He is, like another great wise man,

Liber, honoratus, pulcher, rex denique regum ;  
Præcipue sanus, nisi cumpituita molesta est.

Mr. Overton's arguments are *always* so very unexceptionable and so *entirely* satisfactory, that, to own the truth, we have shrewd suspicions that they are pretty often *too good*, and have that superabundant and needless property of *proving over much*. For instance, in the present case, does it not seem a little surprising, and calculated to excite some trifling suspicions, that neither friend nor foe can detect a single blemish or blunder in a long close printed work of upwards of four hundred pages? what shall we think of an author's judgment of his work, who stands *all* on one side *by himself*, and the rest of his readers with one voice bearing united testimony against him? Again, may not there seem to be another weak place in the texture of all this logic? If the Candid Examiner be so utterly unreasonable and erroneous in every particular of his censure, does not this fact tend to induce some suspicion that his commendation, too, may not be infallible. The praises of bosom-friends 'faithful allies,' and 'authorized interpreters,' it may be thought, are at least as liable to error as their censures. And what then if this should bring into peril the redoubted '*à fortiori*' argument itself, and cause the 'Four Letters' to tremble from their foundations? But enough of this strain. Let us add a word or two in a more serious mood, with a view to the Candid Examiner and his friends.

We have ever regarded it as a fundamental mistake and misfortune that the conductors of that miscellany which is the occasion of Mr. Overton's present complaints and expostulations, came forward, in their first Number, with Mr. Overton's work in their hands, and appealed to it as containing an authentic draught of many of their principles, sentiments, and feelings, in matters of religion. To this, we are persuaded, have been owing a great part of the opposition which they have met with, of the suspicion and jealousy with which their exertions have been viewed, and a considerable diminution of those salutary effects which their labours were designed, and, in many respects, were calculated to produce. That for the whole of these unfortunate events their adversaries are not responsible, needs to us no other proof than what, in spite of Mr. Overton, we shall venture to call the unanswerable strictures of the Candid Examiner.

The conduct of Mr. Overton on the present occasion



may open their views a little with regard to the temper and disposition of that writer. We shall be glad if it may be an occasion to them to reconsider his work, and to be led to a juster estimate than we think they have yet formed of the powers and qualities of his head.

In particular, we recommend this revision and reconsideration to the Candid Examiner. All the advantages which Mr. Overton has gained over him in these Four Letters are principally owing to the inadequate notion which he possesses of the manifold imperfections and vices of that writer.

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ART. X.—*A Dissertation on the best Means of civilizing the Subjects of the British Empire in India, and of diffusing the Light of the Christian Religion throughout the Eastern World; which obtained Mr. Buchanan's Prize. By the Rev. Wm. Cockburn, A.M. Fellow of St. John's College, and Christian Advocate in the University of Cambridge. 4to. Rivingtons. 1805.*

TO the long list of academical honours, specified above, if we added Mr. Cockburn's poetical distinctions; if we remembered his Seatonian\* prize-poem, in which the *fitness* of Milton, as a *bard to enlarge the theme divine*, was so *fitly* celebrated: we might naturally conceive that to undertake a review of any production from so fortunate an author, would require much depth of reading, and much acuteness of argumentative power; particularly upon a subject where information is absolutely necessary; and that of a very extensive kind; and on which sound reasoning from established facts can alone throw any light. But a fortunate author need not have a happy pen; and it is perfectly true in all instances, and never more strongly exemplified than in the present, that

Felix, et pulcher et acer,  
Felix et sapiens et nobilis et generosus,  
Felix, orator quoque maximus, et jaculator;  
Et si perfrixit, cantat benè, &c. &c.

Juv. Sat. vii.

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\* Upon Peter's denial of Christ. It was insinuated that all the Seatonian candidates were so *unfit* to gain the prize on this occasion, that Mr. Cockburn's *fitness* was kindly taken into consideration. The line we allude to was

‘Milton, fit bard, the theme divine enlarg’d!’

Quintilian's fate was to be counted wise,  
 Rich, noble, fair, and in the state to rise;  
 Good-fortune grac'd his action, and his tongue,  
 His colds became him, and when hoarse he sung.

Charles Dryden.

But Quintilian had real claims to recommendation. Not so Mr. Cockburn. He is merely *Felix*.

From a patient survey of all Mr. C.'s literary labours, having watched him with unwearied though offended eye, through his long track of successful dullness, we have arrived at the most decided conviction of his inability to devise, and of his want of skill to execute, any work at all deserving of the public attention. It is now incumbent upon us to confine ourselves chiefly to his Essay on Indian Affairs; but as we have before cursorily noticed his exemplary mediocrity of talent, in our strictures upon another of his prose works;\* and as we have here slightly, though sufficiently, hinted at his doggrel; should we be able to prove him, in the course of our remarks upon this Dissertation, as incorrect in historical statement, as he is universally allowed, on the evidence of all his former productions, to be deficient in genius and the higher powers of the mind, we shall pretty nearly have established the justice of the inference we have drawn from these unfavourable premises concerning the general meanness of Mr. Cockburn's intellectual attainments. Nor will this short preface be deemed irrelevant by those who consider well what those powers ought to have been, which pretended to discuss the question of this essay.

Whether Mr. Buchanan was as judicious in the selection of his prose, as in that of his poetical subjects, may perhaps reasonably be doubted. And the more so, (if we may argue from the effect to the cause) as in an university, which, although highly distinguished for the cultivation of the belles lettres, is supposed to rest its chief honours upon mathematical excellence, and consequently upon the best instruction in the art of reasoning, two poems of no common stamp were produced; while in prose, although the subject was of an argumentative nature, nothing arose of nearly equal merit. Indeed as the first purpose of an essay is utility, full information upon the subject of which it treats is indispensably requisite. But what certain or complete knowledge the European has of the state of civili-

zation among the larger part of the inhabitants of British India, what intimate or correct acquaintance with their characters, customs, and manners, Mr. Cockburn would find it difficult to say. Volumes after volumes have indeed been written on this subject; and some of them by men possessed of high talents, as well as of great local advantages for obtaining the necessary information. But even in their accounts we lament a manifest jejuneness of authentic materials, and although we know much of British India, we have yet much to learn. If then those who have been most conversant with these matters, the turn of whose minds too peculiarly qualified them for such inquiries, have given us their result, and we have found that result unsatisfactory and imperfect; if those who have long resided in the east, with every opportunity which elevated rank and extensive influence, assisting a natural inquisitiveness of temper, could give them of gaining their object; if those men have as yet failed in communicating to us a thorough and precise description of the minute shades of peculiarity in the very numerous and widely different orders of the subjects of our eastern empire; what great additional illustration was the University of Cambridge likely to throw upon the best means of further promoting that civilization, of whose present extent the European is not well or perfectly apprised? It is, at all events, a subject better adapted to the meridian of Bengal; and the infant college of Fort William might here produce a disputant, whose arms are close at hand, who has the country to which he is endeavouring to propose beneficial regulations, near his inspection, and who consequently would have the vantage ground of the most experienced logician in the venerable University of Cambridge; Dares here would be more than a match for Entellus. Had the Vice-chancellor of that University (and perhaps it might not be amiss *ἁγὰρ ἁγαθὸν ἀντετάξαι*) proposed to the students at Fort William for a prize essay the following subject—‘What are the best means of civilizing the inhabitants of the Fens of Cambridgeshire and Lincolnshire?’ (and, as Tacitus says, *de Mor. Germ. Fennis mira Feritas*), we might ask Mr. Buchanan—‘Would you not have smiled?’ and yet,

Mutato nomine de te  
Fabula narratur.

That such a subject then should be well treated by such an author as we have fairly acknowledged Mr. Cockburn to be, our readers will not anticipate. It is naturally divided by the thesis into two parts; the civilization and the conversion of

British India. With respect to the first, not so much as Mr. Cockburn seems to conceive, remains to be added to the civilization of a large part of our eastern empire, if by this term we properly understand very great advances towards the comforts and luxuries of civil society, as opposed to the privations and miseries of man in a savage state. Most of the arts that ameliorate our condition, many of the sciences that enlarge and refine our minds, are already carried to a high perfection in this part of the world; and in some instances of the former they might instruct us. Undoubtedly, however, with regard to their mechanical and more particularly their higher knowledge, much might be altered and improved in the further civilization of the subjects of British India, even those who are the most polished at present; and in due season these improvements might be communicated to the more barbarous in degree. Let us therefore now examine what are Mr. Cockburn's 'best means;' what regulations he proposes for the attainment of so desirable an end. He recommends that a splendid establishment should be kept up by the East India Company, for the Governor-general; that this court should be, in Mr. C.'s own language, as applied to Bokhara (Mr. C. as we shall hereafter shew, has much desultory nonsense about nations totally distinct from those he was called upon to consider) 'the capital of magnificence;' for, observes this profound writer, 'luxury under certain limits produces civilization.' Civilization certainly produces luxury; but the former must be pre-supposed to exist, or the latter cannot be thought of. 'Peace,' he sagely remarks, 'and good government, are the two great and universal causes of progressive civilization.' Peace assuredly, external and internal too, is requisite in a small or an infant kingdom to encourage the gradual extension of the blessings of social life; but in the worst times of corruption and of turbulence under the most depraved rulers, what was the state of the capital of the world? What has lately been the state of Paris under the most despotic government? Certainly both were as swiftly progressive in civilization, or rather vice, as they could be made by voluptuous tyranny. Nor is there much occasion to teach the inhabitants of the east any of our luxuries. They are already our masters in the science of pleasurable indulgence, and let them continue so. After touching upon Switzerland and Russia, the former of which countries Mr. C. (he best knows why) calls imperfectly civilized, he favours his few readers with a concise history of Hindostan from the earliest ages to the present time. He begins by kindly obliging us with a statement of the boundaries of that country;

and 'protected by these natural barriers,' says our author, 'in early ages Hindostan enjoyed the blessings of continued peace; except when disturbed by internal wars.' The exception is *prima facie* absurd. The inhabitants of that country, favoured, in some respects with all the 'prodigality of Heaven,' in others equally afflicted with the heaviest evils, were in all times perpetually troubled by internal wars. From Mr. Cockburn's own note, suspiciously laden with Diod. Sic., Strabo, Arrian, and Megasthenes, it appears that Palimbothra at a very distant period had ample fortifications, a proof of danger by war; and the silence of Hindû historians is no argument against external attacks, as they say hardly any thing of Alexander or a Greek dynasty; and probably there have been repeated invasions of so rich and inviting a part of the world. How did this escape Mr. Cockburn in his reference to Ferishta and other Arabic and Persian writers quoted by Mr. Maurice? We discover a similar keenness of perception and strength of argument shortly after this passage in Mr. Cockburn's account of the Geikers:—'a hardy and savage race, who inhabited the country neighbouring to the cultivated vale of Cashmere, which lies between the once civilized provinces of Peishore and Moultañ; and who had there grown into notice. These barbarians,' continues Mr. C. 'who lived in perpetual alarms, thought women a burthen to their society. They were therefore accustomed to expose their female offspring to public sale; and if no purchaser appeared, these infants were invariably murdered by their cruel fathers.' How the Geikers would 'grow into notice' for more than one generation, we cannot well conceive, if they sold or destroyed all their females; unless indeed, in this inventive age, Mr. Cockburn has any plan for propagation (which he may have learnt from the private history of the Geikers,) without the aid of women, to submit to the consideration of our government; in which case we heartily congratulate him on the rights of patent, and shall allow him the full merit of bringing before an English public, so valuable a discovery of these self-existent Indians.

We are told in page 6, 'that *Indian* civilization reached its highest glory in the thirteenth century; that arts and sciences flourished, and the court of Delhi was reckoned the most polite and magnificent in the world. A society of learned men, poets, philosophers, and divines assembled every night at the house of the prince Sheldid, the heir apparent to the empire; and the poet Chosro presided at their polished meetings;' 'and this was owing

to the just laws and excellent regulations of the virtuous Altumsh, and the long reign of the *generous* Balin.'—A misapplication of epithet is a proof of ignorance of character. 'The generous Balin,' was a desperate warrior. Chosro too was a warrior, and fell in arms. The *Indian* civilization here spoken of at the court of Delhi, was that of the *Mahometan* court, not of the *Hindûs*; and all this refinement, these meetings of Islamitish dilettanti, were just such a piece of flummery as the National Institute of France; the *people* were not concerned in it; the *Hindûs* were shamefully oppressed; and the lower orders both of them and of the Mahometans were grossly ignorant. This garbled representation of the state of Hindostan in the thirteenth century, Mr. C. follows up with equal error and confusion. In the same page he talks of 'a savage banditti, called Mewats, who, during the confusion of former wars, had possessed themselves of an extensive wilderness not far from Delhi: in the reign of Balin, (*the generous Balin*) they were *either extirpated* by the sword, or *more probably* brought back to the pleasures of civilized society.' If Mr. C. will refer to his Rennell, page 49, he will there find that the Mewats were all destroyed. His probabilities therefore are superfluous. At all events they need not have been *more probable* than the positive fact. We are next informed of the revival of arts and sciences (after fresh confusion) in the *peaceful* reign of Ferose. A great part of the reign of this monarch was spent in *war*. Mr. Cockburn, *Pacem duello miscuit*. See Ferishta, Vol. 1. p. 75 to 91. Notwithstanding his previous reference to this author, Mr. C. has, it appears, only read Rennell, and that carelessly; but Ferishta not at all, or he would have known better. After Ferose we have more confusion. Here Mr. C. shines like our friend—

'Sneider—that muck-worm, whose express delight,  
To shine, like stinking fish, in darkest night.'

Mr. C. delineates confusion in his happiest manner. 'Timur-bec, the destroyer,' says he, 'spread devastation over this devoted region. Bloody was his march, and rapid, and resistless. After a short career of sanguinary success, he returned to his northern throne, laden with the wealth and curses of the *Hindûs*.' 'With Cambria's curse, with Cambria's tears.' Why did not Mr. C. here give us an extract from the Bard? It would have been at least as like prose as his own writing; generally speaking, as good; and particularly as applicable to the occasion as any thing he has

offered upon India affairs. 'The peaceable reign of Akbar,' proceeds Mr. C, 'at length revived the hopes of happier times.' But the reign of Akbar was just the contrary to any thing peaceable; and might with propriety have been added to the alliterative accumulation of afflictions above detailed by Mr. C.\* The real excellence of Akbar's reign arose from financial regulations; 'and the writings of Abul-Fazil, his patronized historian,' as Mr. C. continues, cannot reflect any credit upon *Indian* learning, or civilization, as Abul-Fazil was unfortunately a Persian, and not a Hindû.

'While the tide of civilization,' (beautiful metaphor!) says Mr. C. *ibid.* 'thus ebbcd and flowed upon the northern boundaries of India, according to the ferocious or peaceable disposition of its Mahometan victors, the great southern peninsula remained in the undisturbed possession of the native Hindûs, except during the predatory expedition of Cafoor, who by the command of Alla, penetrated as far as Maber, and carried off an immense and almost incredible booty. The historian observes on this occasion, as well as on the taking of Deogar, that the princes of Deccan had been employed for *many ages* in amassing these treasures: it is therefore probable that their country had long continued in profound peace.' This historian Mr. C. does not name. Does he mean that it was Abul-Fazil, who was mentioned last? The treasures, however, here mentioned prove nothing to the purpose of his profound peace, as they were principally owing to the European trade which had begun some time before.

This rambling and incorrect account of Hindustan, in times remote from the present, and which has little or nothing to do with the question Mr. C. was to consider, viz. 'the best means of civilizing the subjects of British India,' is but a bad substitute for information more modern and pertinent. But as if this was not enough, Mr. C. chuses to philosophize upon the general advantages of great states swallowing up small ones. Mr. Mills's letter to Lord Wycombe, lately published, in which he prides himself on having proposed to Mr. Pitt many years ago the establishment of a republic in the Austrian Netherlands under the British protection, is brought on the carpet and censured. We may here ask Mr. Cockburn—'if a buff jerkin is not a most sweet robe of durance?' We will, for the sake of argument, suppose Mr. C. for a moment to be as sprightly as the fat knight, and to reply,—'How now, how now, mad wag, what in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I

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\* See Maurice, p. 149; and Rennell, p. 59.

to do with a buff jerkin?'—'Why, what a p—x, Mr. Cockburn, has India to do with the Austrian Netherlands?'

Not contented with all this, Mr. C. in a strain of affected sentiment, evidently borrowed in point of expression from the end of Mackenzie's *Julia de Roubigné*, deplores and recommends injustice in a breath. 'I lament the success of rapacity and injustice. I lament the fallen state of those individuals who were ruined by the late war. But since the great powers of Europe, (what has become of Asia, Mr. Cockburn? Hindustan is not in Europe; nor let Mr. Cockburn quarrel with us for the information, we shall anon shew that he needs it,) were almost all gainers in the end, I am not sure whether tranquillity and human happiness, are not likely to be promoted by it. Austria' (Austria again!) 'which appeared alone to have suffered, gained an immense and most valuable addition of power, by the annihilation of the *troublesome* republic of Venice.' 'Troublesome' is a good despotic epithet, for such a leviathan as Buonaparte to apply to the smaller fry of potentates around him! and it is thus *he* has annihilated many *troublesome* republics. Mr. C. then carries us on to Sir George Rumbold! 'Whither wilt thou lead me? I'll follow thee no further?' 'Alas! poor ghost!'

Thus then Mr. C. applies the above to India, 'While I detest the injustice, I admire the effect,' (is not this something very like nonsense? Nay—is it not downright nonsense?) 'of the partition of Poland?' Good! 'I would not recommend similar injustice to our East Indian governors.' Better! 'The Mahrattas are never likely to form any close league with the Nizam,' &c. Excellent! In the year 1750, there was a general union of Hyder, the Mahrattas, the Nizam, &c. against the English. 'We should form,' observes Mr. Cockburn, 'the closest possible alliance with the Seiks, we may do so with little fear.' Why? 'Because it is hardly probable they will ever unite with any of the Mahratta or Mahomedan States in the north of India; a difference of religion and many injuries sustained by them both from the Hindoos and the Mussulmen, render them irreconcilable foes.' This is bad reasoning. A difference of religion has not been any bar to coalition before. Hyder and the Mahrattas (of different religions) have united, and according to Lord Wellesley, Scindia was in Tippoo's interest.

But our remarks upon Mr. Cockburn must draw towards a conclusion. We have in our last number suggested our ideas upon both parts of this subject, the civilization and the conversion of British India.



In the present article we have therefore confined ourselves chiefly to Mr. C.'s historical passages—and as we have shewn him to be far from fully or well-informed upon so important a branch of his question, we cannot attach much consequence to the advice he gives, to the practical use he draws from an estimate of facts plainly inaccurate. *His reasonings* must be false, whose statements are incorrect. But in page 13, there is as gross and unpardonable an instance of defective knowledge, as we have often had occasion to notice, even in these times of superficial literature. 'It may not be amiss too for our governors to recollect, that India, like Achilles, though almost invulnerable, has yet one point open to external attacks. All the various invaders have entered through the Panjab; and *even now*, on the north of the Attuck, is a powerful kingdom, governed by Timur, the warlike son of the great Ahmed, the victorious hero of Paniput: upon him they should keep a jealous eye.'—'Mark how a plain tale shall set you down'—Timur has been dead many years.

In page 17, we meet with Akbar again; but under a very different character to that *peaceful* one in which he appeared before in page 6. 'The annihilation of justice' is now said to be the result of his reign.

We have some attempts at fine writing in this page upon the responsibility of the Governor-general in India. We are referred to ancient Rome and her proconsuls; and to Cicero against Verres. The integrity of the British parliament, to be warped by no possible bribe, is here duly considered. Diogenes appears in succession upon the scene; and Mr. C.'s favourite argument of luxury for the promotion of civilization, is defended against any modern cynic who may think it superfluous in Hindostan. Luxury indeed, peace, and good government; good roads, schools, colleges, and a clear rule of succession in the native princes lumped together, with the abolition of Hindû and Mahometan customs by the interference of the British legislature, and the employment of native judges, of benevolence, confidence, and *conciliation*, are the substances of Mr. Cockburn's proposals for civilizing British India. But on the best means of effecting these things he is somewhat silent. On the danger of colonization he never once touches, nor at all meddles with the question; and yet he seems upon the whole to think that our establishment in India consists of colonies. He talks of Mr. Buchanan's long residence in that country; and of the advantages derived to it from those who are thus attached to its interest. He also deprecates the quick fortune-making of British birds of passage in India.

But Mr. Buchanan only went to India in 1796; and all persons on the civil establishment remain there upwards of twenty years to secure a tolerable competence.

We have thus noticed the more obvious errors in the first part of Mr. Cockburn's essay; namely that, in which he treats of civilization. Similar mistakes are to be found in every page; but we have sufficiently performed our ungracious task, and shall leave the remainder of his faults in their abode of darkness. It is, however, our duty to assure our readers that they exist; and, if called upon, that we are ready to specify them.

Our own opinions upon the subject of conversion we have already delivered. Mr. Cockburn reviews the five human causes, which Gibbon conceived adequate to the propagation of christianity in the ancient world, and recommends the adoption of such as appear likely to be efficacious in the east. The most important of these, the moral conduct of christians, he thinks will be best consulted 'if the young men who are sent to India, with expectations of filling the higher offices, should not be permitted so soon to quit their native country, or at so early an age be emancipated from the necessary restraints imposed by the tutor and parent.'— This is obvious enough; but if the college of Fort William is not checked in its growth, or rather stifled in its infancy, and proceeds under happy auspices, that will perhaps in future times, be of all others the best seminary for those who are destined to situations of trust and importance in India. Upon this subject we shall not now dilate, but to those who think the hint worth considering, it may afford an ample field for speculation. An established clergy in every part of British India, with a bishop at their head, (a good many bishops might be necessary, and here also is wide room for hope) Mr. C. next recommends; but to pious missionaries individually employed in the task of conversion, he points out the propriety (*i. e.* he quotes from Sir Wm. Jones) of rendering parts of the Old and New Testament into the languages of Hindostan; and dispersing these translations among the natives; (or they would not indeed be of much use). We do not quite approve of this mutilation of the Bible. Let us give it to others whole, as we received it ourselves. Mr. C. concludes with offering some less important recommendations. These are surely his own. Our readers probably, weary like ourselves of Mr. Cockburn, may be contented with one of them as a specimen.

It is, that the missionary should make himself master of the simple process of inoculating with the vaccine matter; communicate its advantages to the natives, who are much

afflicted with the small-pox, and thereby excite an admiration and respect for his person, which would very much diminish the principal difficulties with which his zeal is destined to contend. This would do with untutored savages, and the missionary with his vaccine matter would by them be taken for a god; but the Hindû, grateful as he might be for the communication of the advantage, would regard the author in no light than that of an useful acquaintance, nor would it in the least further the effect of religious instruction. Recommending christianity by Vaccine inoculation, or rather *vice versâ*, vaccine inoculation by christianity, is indeed a novel expedient. It is perfectly in the style of a puff in the newspapers about the lottery, which begins with important intelligence from abroad, and ends at Richardson's and Goodluck's office.

Had we not known that Mr. Cockburn was a christian advocate in the University of Cambridge, we should have supposed him from this paragraph, to be an agent of the cow pox institution.

## MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

### RELIGION.

ART. 11.—*A second Part of Notes on the Revelation of St. John, compared with itself and the Rest of Scripture, containing Additions and Illustrations.* 8vo. pp. 28. 1s. Longman. 1805.

THIS unassuming Tract contains full proof of the industry and patient research of its author. The subject is a difficult one, and such as should be approached with cautious hands. The writer lays before us an accumulation of particulars, which may justly claim the attention of those who are studious to understand the interpretation of this mysterious part of the sacred volume. His Synopsis of the Apocalypse may be compared with p. 76—80 of the *Dissertationes Apocalypticae* of the Rev. G. Bingham, an account of which has been given in our Review for August, p. 362.

ART. 12.—*Reflections on the Spirit, &c. &c. of religious Controversy.* 8vo. pp. 266. Keating. 1804.

THIS is a work which in its temper, design, and contents, bears a strong resemblance to many which have proceeded from the same

quarter. It is a popish production, and the artifice contained in it, is, by deprecating a controversial spirit, by complaining of the harshness and intolerance of protestantism, and by misrepresenting the reformation, to entice us into a better opinion of popery, and thus to prepare a way for enchaining us again in the most baneful superstitions of that corrupted profession. Even in this work, which we are informed is only preparatory to greater efforts, the writer is not able to refrain himself from pleading for the old exploded doctrine of infallibility, and others equally repugnant to the principles of protestantism.

But we shall not give our readers any further trouble with this disciple of the Vatican, than to lay before them, as a specimen of his competency to plead for forbearance and candour in religious controversy, his character of the first reformers, and of the catholic controversialists.

‘Look here upon this picture, and on this,  
The counterfeited presentment of two brothers.’ (Hamlet.)

‘Far different from this, was the conduct of the first reformers. Setting out, like the late infuriate Jacobins in France, with the subversion of law, decency, and order, their victories were sedition, plunder, and excess. Professing to correct vice, they spread disorder; affecting to recal truth, they gave birth to every form of falsehood. The reformation in effect was the contest of party against power; or the efforts of fanaticism labouring to pull down, what its leaders were pleased to term superstition and idolatry. These leaders were men, who would have figured in any revolution. They had the passions, which opposition but inflames; and they possessed that rough kind of eloquence, which is calculated to awake enthusiasm and impose on ignorance. Some of them, if we credit only the accounts which themselves have furnished of each other, were fanatics, in the mantle of religion; some of them hypocrites, under the veil of piety; some of them plunderers, under the mask of zeal; some of them monsters, without mask, mantle, or any veil whatever. From men of such characters, armed with such principles, it is only consistent to expect all those great excesses which attend on great revolutions; the injurious artifices by which violence procures abettors; and the low expedients, by which party ensures its victories. As for these latter circumstances, they were not merely consistent, but necessary; because, if it was necessary to destroy popery, it was necessary to prove it guilty; if necessary to plunder the church, it was necessary to demonstrate its idolatry; if necessary to abolish continence, fasts, penance, confessions, it was necessary to vilify, and arm the public animosity against them. This, Erasmus observes, the leaders did, most effectually, in their harangues and addresses to the populace. “In these harangues,” says he, “they inflamed their fury to madness; they inspired such rage, that they seemed even possessed by the evil spirit.” p. 51.

This might have been sufficient. But more adequately to cha-

racterise this canting Romish apologist, let us contemplate, from another part of his work, the reverse of this gloomy picture.

Perhaps, in speaking of controversial writers, it may seem proper that I should take some notice of our own; that is, of the catholic controversialists, who have defended the cause of popery, or attacked the cause of protestantism, in this country. They are not so numerous, as might, from circumstances, have been expected; neither have I given myself the trouble to read many of them. I have, however, read several; and they were those whose reputation is most distinguished. I think that I am one of those, who would censure illiberality, any where: and hate insincerity, in whatever case it were employed. I therefore, read these authors, with a mind open to conviction; and a disposition prepared to dislike whatever was harsh, peevish, and uncandid. This is, then, the opinion, which I formed of them. They are, nearly all, uniformly alike:—alike calm, moderate, charitable, candid, and sincere: or if indeed, sometimes, they are blunt, unpolished, pointed and severe, they are blunt, without harshness; unpolished, without illiberality; pointed, without malevolence; and severe, without asperity. There is neither insult, nor calumny, nor ridicule, in their writings. Whether they defend their own tenets, or attack those of their adversaries, their defence and attack are every where conducted and sustained by authorities, facts, councils, arguments, and proofs. They had not, they could not have had any other motive to urge them to write, except the mere love of truth; neither interest, in persuading others, nor the desire of praise, place, or pension. The attempt only to persuade, was treason; and to merit praise, by writing well, was inviting persecution. Hence, they wrote solely from conviction; and like men guided by conviction; and ambitious only of doing good, they assert only what they prove; and they prove what they assert, at the risk of their lives. Such men could not wish to deceive. I will say little of their abilities or learning. The abilities of some of them were of the most brilliant kind; and they were formed by habit, to wield the sword of controversy, or to break a spear with the most gigantic hero of the reformation. Their learning, was such, as great abilities joined to the best education, should possess: it was extensive, solid, profound. Eminently versed in the languages of Rome and Athens, they learnt all that antiquity has taught; and they drew their knowledge of religion from the purest sources of christian authenticity. The works of the holy Fathers of the church were the constant objects of their study and meditation. If there be in their writings any fault, which may seem to render them less estimable, it is the inelegance of their style. Elegance they do not possess. But then, how could they? Reduced, if they wished for an education, to fly from their native country, and to seek it among foreigners, their own language was the only one which they could not cultivate; and which, insensibly, became almost foreign to their understandings. Had they written in the

language of Cicero, their works, in point of style, would have ranked with those of an Erasmus, a Bembo, or a Sadolet.' p. 71.

We need say little of the style and language of this production, after so large extracts. It will easily be seen that it is tumid, fulsome, and Gallican.

ART. 13.—*Thoughts on the Trinity. By George Isaac Huntingford, D.D. F.R.S. Warden of Winchester College, and Bishop of Gloucester.* 8vo. pp. 116. Cadell and Davies. 1804.

THIS is a respectable work : but we do not think that it will tend very greatly to establish the writer's claim to the character of a profound theologian. If a bishop shall find leisure, besides his numerous and most important avocations, to undertake to instruct the public from the press, we always expect that his work should be mature, well-weighed, and elaborate. And when any writer stoops to inform us, that his pen was set in motion by some particular occasion, we like that he should put us in full possession of his design, and tell us explicitly what that occasion was. That Dr. Huntingford had an occasion which impelled him to write, we learn from his dedication to Mr. Addington (Lord Sidmouth.) 'Some such occasion presented itself; and has suggested the following sentiments, which are offered as "*Thoughts on the Trinity.*" But we have perused the volume with attention, and are quite unable to conjecture what this 'occasion' was. In the metaphysical part of these '*Thoughts,*' which required a very great caution, circumspection, and skill in the use of language, we are not always satisfied with the success of the right reverend prelate. Nor do we assent to the truth of all his interpretations of scripture. We were tempted, during the perusal of this tract, to look back with regret to the days of Pearson, Stillingfleet, Bull, and Waterland. Some few notes are added at the end, which do not impress us with any very exalted notions of Dr. Huntingford's erudition, and (if we turn back to the beginning) we do not see but that the right reverend author might have sought for his mottos in sources somewhat more appropriate than Milton, or a play of Shakespeare. Still the work may be read with much improvement by those who are strangers to the grave and powerful efforts of our elder Divines.

ART. 14.—*An Inquiry, whether the Description of Babylon, contained in the 18th Chapter of the Revelations (Revelation) agrees perfectly with Rome, as a City. By Granville Sharp.* 8vo. pp. 240. Vernor and Hood. 1805.

THIS indefatigable writer zealously maintains the affirmative in the proposed inquiry. His proposition is supported by much various and miscellaneous information; and he addresses a serious and affectionate appeal and entreaty to the individuals of the Romish church, while there is yet time, to come out of her, and to be no longer partakers of her sins.

ART. 15.—*Extract of a Letter, on the proposed Catholic Emancipation. Addressed to a Worthy Clergyman in Ireland. By Granville Sharp.* 8vo. pp. 12. Vernor and Hood. 1805.

THE occasion of this short tract is similar to that of the preceding ; only here, Mr. Sharp protests in more general terms against the lately rejected claims of the Irish Roman Catholics.

ART. 16.—*Letters of St. Paul the Apostle, written before and after his Conversion. Translated from the German of the late Reverend John Gasper Lavater, Minister of the Gospel at Zurich.* 8vo. pp. 115. Johnson. 1805.

IN very early times many accounts were compiled of the life and transactions of Christ, and his first disciples, and many letters and epistles were composed, besides those which are contained in the canon of the New Testament, by writers very imperfectly qualified for the undertaking, with a view to exalt and adorn the cause of the gospel, as exercises of piety, or trials of skill in composition. The fragments of these apocryphal writings and pious frauds which still remain to us, are not without their uses. The expert advocate of our religion derives from them a considerable and very satisfactory argument in favour of the truth, the genuineness and the divine origin of those books which are received amongst us, and which complete the volume of canonical scripture. In asserting the native and beautiful marks of reality, sincerity, and authenticity in these letters, he is greatly aided by the power of contrast, and is enabled to shew how in the former the hand of man is betrayed in all that is ostentatious, impassioned, rhetorical, artificial, and in a fondness for wonders and prodigies both physical and moral.

This work of Mr. Lavater is an effort of the apocryphal kind ; and it contains, like those to which we have referred ; sufficient tokens of its earthly origin. It consists of four divisions of letters ; supposed to be written by St. Paul before his conversion, immediately after that event ; miscellaneous, to several Christian friends ; and of the same kind to certain persons in error, and false teachers. We will not say, that the book may not be perused with some profit : but we are persuaded, that the best lesson which can be derived from it, is, that its readers should be induced from the perusal to exalt the scriptures in their estimation, and to be persuaded how infinitely inferior and mean all human efforts are, in comparison of their authoritative and dignified simplicity.

ART. 17.—*Christian Theology ; or an Inquiry into the Nature and general Character of Revelation.* By the Rev. Richard Lloyd, A.M. Minister of Midhurst in Sussex, and late Fellow of Magdalen College, Cambridge. 8vo. 8s. pp. 408. Hatchard. 1804.

MR. Lloyd informs us in his preface, that it is not his object in the present undertaking, to enter into any nice polemical discussions

of subjects, which are either of a doubtful import or of comparative insignificance; but to propound, illustrate, and enforce those leading doctrines of the Christian religion, which are essential to man's salvation. We have followed Mr. Lloyd through this important design with almost unqualified approbation. His work is at once pious and learned; it is zealous without bigotry, devout without fanaticism, and rational but not sceptical. Its style and sentiments partake largely of the characters of the author's mind, and are generous, affectionate, and diffuse, but sometimes a little deficient in simplicity. We recommend the work very cordially to all our readers. We should have gladly entered into it more at large: but are prevented by the pressure of other engagements, and by our desire to do some justice to a work which has already been too long upon our hands. We have seen with great pleasure that a second edition has already been called for.

**ART. 18**—*Letters occasioned by a Pamphlet, recently published by Rowland Hill, M. A. entitled, 'A Warning to Professors, containing aphoristic Observations on the Nature and Tendency of public Amusements,' with concise Remarks on a late Withdrawment, from a Dissenting Independant Church. By D. W. Harvey, Esq. 8vo. 2s. Jordan and Maxwell. 1805.*

WHEN a person is once determined to defend or abuse a system, how frequently does he betray his ignorance by confounding the design with the abuses! The society of methodists, whose notions of virtue are so contracted as to prohibit the enjoyment of the most innocent pleasure, and to debar their members of the most rational entertainment, have, as it appears from the first of these Letters, caused a Mr. and a Mrs. Ryland to secede from their congregation in consequence of complaints urged against them by their pastor, Mr. Clayton, for having gone to Vauxhall, given balls, and card parties, and visited the theatres.

Though Mr. Harvey equally disapproves with Mr. Clayton, of the excess of any pleasures, yet he briefly and ably argues the point with him, that indecorous behaviour rarely takes place in a well-regulated assembly; at the same time he candidly acknowledges that a frequent attendance at some assemblies incites a spirit of dissipation which unfits for the regular discharge of those duties which must be performed in the house economy, but adds, 'are all amusements to be denied because some few indulge to excess? Would it be reasonable, for instance, to issue orders for the extirpation of fruit-trees, or for filling up all the wells in the kingdom, because it happens that a boy may eat of the one, or drink of the other, and so be thrown into a fever? Human perverseness can abuse and misapply any thing. In these and all other points, prudence is the only guide, and by that guide ought every one to steer his conduct in life.'

In the second and third letter the writer defends the performances of the theatre against the attacks of Rowland Hill. The chief arguments against the drama have been made by persons of the de-



nomination of methodists. We shall not follow our author through the arguments which he has adopted in the defence of the theatre, but shall add, that we coincide with him not only on this subject, but also in his remarks on the proceedings under the gallery of Surrey chapel; to the orator of which conventicle, the words of the author of the *Rolliad* are very applicable:

‘With wit so various, piety so odd,  
Quoting by turns from Miller, and from God.’

We have been much pleased upon the whole with this pamphlet; but cannot applaud the author for the attack he has made on Mr. Pitt, in page 38.

### POETRY.

ART. 19—*Flights of Fancy; consisting of Miscellaneous Poems, with the Castle of Avola, an Opera, in three Acts; by Mrs. J. T. Serres.* 8vo. Ridgway. 1805.

WHEN a woman of uncommon beauty was pleading before the council of the Areopagus at Athens, conscious of the weakness of her cause, she displayed her bosom, and the incorruptible members of that august tribunal were fascinated into injustice. A law was in consequence enacted, that no female should thenceforward plead unveiled before her judges. Our sense of duty, and inviolable love of impartiality induces us to wish that a custom of a similar nature obtained in this country, and that those fair writers who give their productions to the world, might be prohibited from prefixing their portraits. If, however, in the present instance, we suffer the rigour of criticism to be softened by the attractions of a graceful form, let the example of the hoary Areopagites plead our excuse. This volume is ornamented with a likeness of the authoress: and we shall hardly be accused of want of gallantry, if we confess that we reviewed the beauties of her person with greater pleasure than the effusions of her genius. She has desired that if her productions be found very faulty, she may at least be treated with tenderness and delicacy; and we will comply with her request; for, like Anacreon’s mistress, she has the lips of Persuasion.

ART. 20—*The young Resciad, an admonitory Poem, well seasoned with Attic Salt, cum notis Veriorum. By Peter Pangloss, Esquire, L.L.D. and A.S.S.* 4to. 2s. Jordan. 1805.

A CERTAIN facetious author says of himself, that he scorned to take his degree either at Utrecht or Leyden; though he was offered it gratis by the professors of those universities: he preferred Grub-street, where he had received his education, among the learned of which society he possessed figure and rank. Though this was by no means the truth concerning the above-mentioned gentleman, yet it is very applicable to the present author. His predecessor and namesake indeed took his diploma at Aberdeen, and compared to the author

of the 'Young Rosciad,' he was a well-bred gentleman, perfectly qualified, as all from that learned university are, for his office of tutor to the Duberly family. But the present LL. D. is an illiberal and unmannerly A. S. S.

His admonitions consist of nothing but abuse, idle scandal, and stupid anecdotes, abuse of the public for their encouragement of the young Roscius, scandal concerning his father, and stupid anecdotes relating to the boy. With the private affairs of these two latter, neither we nor Peter Pangloss have any concern whatever; and with respect to the former, we can only say, that John Bull has a right to give his money to whom he pleases: we are well convinced he will give but little to Peter, who will most probably be obliged to continue his 'speculation in Milk-alley for five and twenty years longer,' without remuneration, unless he mends both his matter and his manners. With respect to the plentiful seasoning of attic salt, which the title-page promises, we have been unable to discover a single grain.

ART. 21.—*A Poetical Epistle to the Right Honourable William Pitt.* 4to. 2s. 6d. Gray and Son. 1805.

THE poetry of this epistle is respectable; the satire feeble: after the many blunderbusses which have been fired at the premier, this may be considered as a mere squib. \*

## MEDICINE.

ART. 22.—*Medical Collections on the Effects of Cold, as a Remedy in certain Diseases. With an Appendix, containing an Account of some Experiments made with a View to ascertain the Effects of cold Water upon the Pulse.* By John Edmonds Stock, M.D. &c. 8vo. Longman. 1805.

THIS little work, as its title implies, is a compilation of authorities on the subject of cold, and the diseases in which it has been found by experience to be, or not to be beneficial. Dr. Stock has taken the nosology of Dr. Cullen as his text-book, dwelling slightly on, or merely naming those affections in which the application is of no advantage, or is detrimental. The work displays much useful and judicious reading; and though the author is strongly impressed, as indeed every one who has witnessed the practice must be, in favour of the remedy which he examines, he is no where impelled to overstep the sanction of experience, nor to give an undue or unmerited importance to the expedient which he recommends. A compilation, indeed, as it adds no new fact to the balance of evidence, is calculated to influence but little the general opinion. Satisfied, however, as we are, of the valuable advantages which this practice possesses, particularly in febrile complaints, we feel grateful to any author who brings the subject before the public view in a judicious manner. It is thus made more familiar to the public ear; and the

same evidence, by dint of repetition, appears to be multiplied; and at length, no doubt, it will have its effect.

Dr. Stock has extended the catalogue of diseases in which the use of cold is beneficial, beyond that proposed by Dr. Currie; and on two points, relative to the action and to the application of the remedy, he differs from this distinguished physician. In the first place, he denies that the operation of cold can be in any degree stimulant, unless the mechanical weight and impetus of the water, or other vehicle, be taken into the account. 'And would not,' he asks, 'the sprinkling of a few drops of tepid water rouse a person in syncope, as rapidly as the same quantity drawn from the coldest spring?' Surely not. The *sensation* of cold is the stimulus which rouses the languid movements of the system. Upon the same principle any other powerful sensation, suddenly excited, as the smell of burnt feathers, the stimulus of harts horn, &c. answers the same purpose. Cold, suddenly applied to the living body, has two effects; the abstraction of heat, and the exciting of a vivid sensation. The former is alone taken into consideration by Dr. Stock, and is undoubtedly sedative: the latter is as indisputably stimulant. A painful sensation, if severe, will excite a fever; if excruciating and unintermitting, it will exhaust the sensorial power or excitability, and extinguish life. 'It is not easy,' therefore, as Dr. Currie observes, 'to explain why Dr. Darwin, who understood the laws of sensation so well, should have disregarded the influence of cold on this sensorial power.'

On the second point, in which Dr. Stock suggests the propriety of using the simple abluion in preference to the affusion, where the shock is not likely to 'interrupt the morbid catenation,' and where the object is merely a reduction of temperature, his observations are rational and judicious. After the temporary application of cold, the heat of the surface often speedily returns, and sometimes with increased violence, which the continued application of it, in a more moderate degree, would probably prevent.

We cannot allude to the important researches of Dr. Currie, without expressing our respect for his character, and lamenting, in common with every friend to literature and medical science, his premature death.

## NOVELS.

ART. 23.—*Henrietta Bellman: or, the New Family Picture. A Novel. By Augustus La Fontaine. In two Volumes. Vernor and Hood. 1804.*

AUGUSTUS La Fontaine, if the merit of an author were to be, estimated by the number and rapidity of his successive productions would hold a very high rank in the annals of literature: but unfortunately for his reputation, good sense, discernment of character, power of delineation, correctness of style, and above all, integrity of principle, are requisite to give a writer just celebrity. Good sense, we think it is evident, from his *Six Novels of Love and Vanity*, and *Love*

and God knows what, lately translated by a lady whose original talents, we repeat, would employ her much better, Mrs. Parsons—good sense La Fontaine does not possess. As to discernment of character, he has none of his own; he copies closely, but awkwardly, from Sterne. In the novel before us, ‘My Father’ and ‘Uncle Toby’ are clumsily moulded into a collector and an old disbanded lieutenant, who talks continually of the seven years war. As to power of delineation, he who does not look with his own eyes into the human heart, will never be able powerfully to delineate the actions or passions of men. As to correctness of style, La Fontaine, it is manifest, even through the medium of translation, writes in a conceited manner. Again copying Sterne, he is full of abrupt sentences, which he conceives to be pathetic. Pauses, and laying hands upon shoulders, are called in as helps to dearth of observation, and total deficiency of humour. Integrity of principle we cannot think that author possesses who sneers at religion. Whatever his belief may be, and this is no slight matter, let him at least not disseminate poison, but suffer it to rankle in his own unthinking bosom. In page 36, of vol. 1, of Henrietta Bellman, we have the following sentence. ‘The boy, naturally finding a resemblance between Moses and the magicians, and the collector’s wife assuring him most gravely that whatever he read of Moses was true, William’s imagination was filled with the history of the Bible, the Greek mythology, and all sorts of fairy tales, believing one set of notions as implicitly as the other.’ Again page 94: ‘There is but one God. All the religions in the world are founded on this maxim. It is this which is taught by the Christians, the Jews, and the Bramins. The rest is the error of man.’ If Augustus La Fontaine was even to write less foolishly in future, than he has as yet done, should he continue to write thus blasphemously, we hope our countrymen will have the decency not to translate him.

**ART. 24.**—*Rosetta, a Novel, in four Volumes. By a Lady, well known in the fashionable World.* London. Longman. 1805.

WHETHER this lady well known in the fashionable world, be Mrs. Baker, Madame La Brune, Mademoiselle French, or one of their customers, we have no clue for ascertaining. She seems however by her motto to have a taste for the atrocious in villainy: ‘Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell.’ Accordingly her novel has an eminently wicked character; but she has not been happy in the choice of his name. She calls him Mr. Guy Cunningham; strongly reminding us of a very worthy hatter and hosier of that surname. Guy Fawkes would have been a more appropriate title for so abandoned a miscreant as the aforesaid Mr. Guy Cunningham. In good truth the novel of Rosetta has little to recommend it. The heroine is a foundling. A Mrs. Harley, the lady who receives Rosetta from an old clergyman in Wales, *en passant*, wishes her to be married to her son, a Mr. Harley, but she chuses for herself, and is united to a Mr. Duncombe. From her infancy she discovered by her actions

' that she was not sprung from ignoble parents.' She consequently turns out to be the granddaughter of Lord Elsemere! So much for the story. The style is contemptible enough; tame, uninteresting, and incorrect. The novel is written in letters, which are a great deal too 'full of emotions,' and 'oaths.'—'Upon my soul,' 'devil fetch me!' and the like, recur too frequently. They are not pretty expressions in the mouth of a *lady*. One of the most tolerable parts of the book is the episode of Louisa Conway, who being tricked away from her home, and falsely married to Mr. Guy Cunningham, by the *new* resource of his valet personating a clergyman, stabs herself, and is discovered by Guy (peeping through the key-hole,) bathed in blood upon her bedroom floor!

These horrors, are however, contrasted with some lighter efforts of wit and humour. For instance: 'Why, I protest, Emily, you have sent me quite a volume, I was astonished at the first glance of so large a packet. I began to think it a royal patent for creating me a duchess.' Pooh, pooh, pooh!

ART. 25.—*Memoirs of a Picture, containing the Adventures of many conspicuous Characters, connected with the Arts, and including a genuine Biographical Sketch of the late Mr. George Morland. By William Collins, Author of the Slave Trade, a Poem, &c. &c. 3 vols. 12mo. Symonds. 1805.*

TO those who are acquainted with the secret history of painting, and its present chief professors in England, these memoirs will in some cases excite spleen, in others laughter. To the public they will, generally speaking, be unintelligible. The style of them is rather loose and careless, and in many instances disgraced by cant phrases. But in the life of George Morland, which, with an account of his works, occupies the whole of the second volume, every one who respects the memory of uncommon genius, must be interested. He was one of those men whose wit far outruns their judgment; whose excellence in his profession was equalled by the irregularities of his life; whose extraordinary talents seem to have been accompanied, as is too often the case, by passions of the most wild and ungovernable nature. Johnson's extenuation of Savage's ill conduct is pleaded by this author, in support of his own defence of Morland. We fully allow the amiableness of the motive; and cannot do otherwise than highly applaud a friend, particularly when he has been very candid in stating facts, for striving all he can to remove an undue degree of censure, from the character of his deceased companion. But when an author makes the life of a friend the vehicle for rather violent satire on a large body of men, when he declares his object, 'in delineating the true character of one of those giants in the divine art of painting, nature now and then brings forth' to be the following, 'to mock the erroneous calculation of pedants and the pigmy efforts of mere study,' we perceive a much

less laudable inducement to his publication, than that of zealous friendship. This writer attributes much gross chicanery to many of his countrymen, and many foreigners, amateurs or professors of the art of painting—not indeed by name, but with a suppression of dates and every thing that could constitute a libel, and yet, as we observed above, in a manner sufficiently pointed to those behind the curtain. We wish he had confined himself to his *Life of Morland*, which though in many instances very coarsely written, is an entertaining narrative, and bears the mark of truth. The fate of Morland, though accelerated by his own most culpable imprudence, was a very melancholy one. He died in his 41st year, poor, enfeebled in mind and body; so completely a martyr to drinking, as, though conscious it destroyed him, to declare just before his end, ‘it had become so necessary to his existence, that a total abstinence from it would be his death.’ Shocking infatuation! as such an abstinence certainly would have been the only means of preserving his life. To the contemplation of his works we turn with unmixed pleasure. This author has successively combated an idea, very derogatory to Morland’s talents—that he only excelled in rural subjects. His ‘*Smugglers*,’ and numerous other valuable pieces are sufficient to establish his general reputation, as one of the first rate painters our country has ever produced, except in the higher style of historical composition.

ART. 26.—*The Duellists; or, Men of Honour: a Story calculated to shew the Folly, Extravagance, and Sin of Duelling.* By Wm. Lucas. small 8vo. Cundee. 1805.

LONG before the days of Mr. Lucas, the author of *Sir Charles Grandison* endeavoured to dissuade the fashionable world from the practice of duelling; but his efforts proved ineffectual. Many since that time have made the same attempt, but all have failed. This, however, ought not to deter others from the honourable undertaking. Mr. Lucas has accordingly ventured upon this subject, and we can predict with similar success, though not perhaps for a similar reason. Every page in Richardson affords entertainment as well as instruction, but the novel before us is dull and insipid throughout. Mr. L. should have endeavoured to blend amusement with his scripture quotations, to interest his reader, instead of preaching to him. We agree with Mr. Lucas that Christ was ‘a perfect man and sent to be our pattern,’ but the votaries of this folly are too ardent in sacrificing to the god of this world, to listen to the remonstrance of any friend who should advance these arguments alone for their conversion. To the real christian they are indeed, as Mr. L. observes, the ‘rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley;’ but others will reject them, as the pearls were rejected by the swine. To both these classes therefore this work is superfluous; the former have no occasion for it, and the latter will not take the trouble to read it.

ART. 27.—*Love and Satire : containing the Correspondence of Julius and Eliza ; to which is prefixed, a few brief Memoirs of an unfortunate Lover.* 12mo. 2s. Allen. 1805.

ALTHOUGH there is almost an unvaried sameness in the history of disappointed lovers, yet the reader of novels will be much pleased with the 'brief Memoirs of Julius.' The author indeed would induce us to believe they are founded on facts, but this is so stale a practice in bookmaking, that we are inclined to give no credit to the assertion.

Chance introduced Julius to the acquaintance of a lady whose uncommon beauty and superior talents inspired a passion that terminated only with existence. Possessed of an ample fortune, and conscious of her irresistible attractions, Eliza practised all the airs, and exerted all the superiority of a woman who feels secure of universal admiration : she was, in short, a coquette of most unrivalled eminence. Her ruling passion was satire. Julius had never before been in the society of a woman who possessed such powerful talents. There was something so bold and vigorous in her sallies, that he gave himself up to the most unbounded admiration. In the course of their acquaintance, Julius had sufficient opportunity to observe the inordinate degree of ridicule which she was disposed to exercise. Under this impression he composed an Ode to Ridicule, which was directed to Eliza. He made several efforts to withdraw from her society, but could not arm himself with fortitude enough for so great a sacrifice. During one of these mental conflicts he resolved to make an open declaration of his passion, but his fear predominated : he however ventured anonymously to address several copies of verses to her. As these pieces were not of a nature to draw forth any reply from Eliza, he still continued ignorant of the real situation of her heart. At length he determined to address her, and so far conquered his diffidence as to send her a letter. The reply was such as might be expected from a coquette. The shock was insupportable to Julius, and the attendant consequences proved most melancholy. His strength was much impaired, and his health indubitably injured.

Having left a copy of verses in a summer-house frequented by Eliza, she found them, and sent them into circulation, accompanied by an answer, conspicuous alike for humour and severity ; this soon reached Julius, who determined to assume a style of raillery, that might conceal the poignancy of his regret, and by giving the appearance of burlesque to his passion, afford him at once the opportunity of chastising the ungenerous vanity of Eliza. A single reply, to blunt the keen edge of public ridicule, was all that Julius intended ; but Eliza to feast her vanity, provoked the pen of Julius to a further warfare, thinking that the novelty of such a correspondence would give her celebrity. What now most nearly affected the peace of Julius' mind was the imputation of a mercenary passion ; his attachment to Eliza was represented as an attempt to aggrandize himself by an

union with a woman of fortune. Generous and disinterested to the last degree, Julius revolted with indignation at an imputation so unjust; but now, from pride, he so far disdained to disavow the charge, that he was anxious to appear his own accuser; even ludicrously to insinuate that the fortune of Eliza was the chief object of his desire. This, as was intended, proved most humiliating to her vanity.

Notwithstanding the apparent indifference of Julius, and the jocular manner which he now assumed, nothing could equal his sorrow and dejection; his health rapidly declined, and he felt sensible of his approaching dissolution. Under this conviction he resolved to terminate all correspondence with Eliza, and to retire to a part of the country where he was unknown. He took up his residence in a small cottage on the borders, where at the expiration of three months he resigned his breath.

We cannot conclude this article without assuring our readers that we have experienced much pleasure from the perusal of this novel: the language is classical and elegant; the satirical correspondence also has some claim to our approbation.

## DRAMA.

ART. 28.—*John Bull; or, the Englishman's Fire-side; a Comedy, in five Acts, first performed at the Theatre-Royal, Covent Garden, on the 5th of March, 1803. By George Colman, the Younger. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Longman, 1805.*

THE author of the present comedy, as if anticipating the sentence of the critic, honestly tells us, that

‘ Critics will say,  
‘Tis a trumpery, Eart’lemy-fair kind of play,’

and in good truth there are many parts of it well calculated for the meridian of Smithfield. Abounding with vulgarity, it nevertheless contains a tolerable share of wit and satire; which will afford those who are in possession of a good set of teeth, an opportunity of rendering them very visible.

The part of Tom Shuffleton is a natural and well-drawn character; the remaining dramatis personæ are greatly overcharged; yet we should upon the whole have been much pleased with this comedy, had the moral not been of the German school. We can never give our approbation to any piece, which inculcates seduction under the promise of marriage, in however pleasing a shape it may recommend itself. If the plan of this author be adopted by the sighing females of the present day, we shall have a wedding one week, and a christening the next: the lovers will cohabit as long as detection may be avoided, and the marriage ceremony be made a cloak to hide the sin of prostitution.



## MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 29.—*Scientific Dialogues, intended for the Instruction and Entertainment of young People, in which the first Principles of natural and experimental Philosophy are fully explained. Vols. 5 and 6. 12mo. 5s. Johnson. 1805.*

AN easy and familiar explanation of the principles of optics and magnetism, electricity and galvanism, in the way of dialogue between a tutor and his pupil. Actual conversation, where the curiosity of young people is excited by their own observations, is, we believe, the best introduction to the elements of science. But as many are unable, and many who are able are unwilling, to undergo the labour of explaining incidental appearances to them, the next best method is perhaps to lay before them easy dialogues, which approach in some degree to the vividness of real life. As such we may safely recommend the present performance, though it may be observed that in order to make the pupil bear a part in the conversation, he is occasionally rather more learned and more quick of apprehension than real Charles's and James's will be found.

ART. 30—*A Memoir of the Proceedings of the Society, called Quakers, belonging to the monthly Meeting of Hardshaw, in Lancashire, in the Case of the Author of a Publication, entitled 'A Narrative of Events which have lately taken Place in Ireland, &c.' By William Rathbone. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Johnson. 1805.*

WE have long observed the sect of the Quakers to be on the decline; as far as the exterior is concerned, the amorphous hat of the men is exchanged by many for a narrower brim; and the head of the stiff-necked miss now displays the ornament of the ribband; but from this pamphlet we learn that greater changes have operated among 'the friends,' than mere external decoration: the inward man is undergoing great alterations. A schism has taken place in Ireland, of which a narrative has been presented to the public by the author of this pamphlet; and for the publication of which he has, as appears to us, unjustly incurred the displeasure of the society, who have finely disunited him from membership with them.

Mr. Rathbone, and, we believe, the separatists with him, denies 'that the revelations contained in the scriptures ought to be esteemed a secondary rule subordinate to the immediate revelations of the Divine Spirit, subsequently, *supernaturally*, and inwardly communicated to every true Christian believer in *all succeeding times*.' This is directly the opposite of the doctrine maintained by Barclay, the great apologist of the sect; who taught that the inward and immediate revelations of the Holy Ghost are the only primary rule of conduct. Mr. R. in our opinion, has ably and successfully defended the cause which he has espoused, and we augur with him that the prospect of the dissolution of the society is not far distant, that its very name shall pass away, 'leave not a wreck behind:' the contemptible jargon uttered by the males after a two hours nap in the chapel, shall then be done away, and the caterwauling of the antiquated virgins shall be heard no more,

ART. 31.—*Tracts on East India Affairs; viz. Collegium Bengallense, a Latin Poem, with an English Translation; and a Dissertation, &c. &c. By George Chapman, LL.D. Edinburgh. 12mo. 6d. 1805.*

IN the four opening stanzas of this Sapphic Ode there are two false quantities. The first syllable of *Magus*, a wiseman of the east, is used long, which evidently shews that the wise men did not come from the north; and the second syllable of *Quamvis*, although, is used short. As we proceed, we find various other faults; but before we enter into a full discussion of the merits of Dr. Chapman, as a classical author, we may observe that, like Dr. Hill, the philologist, he is an LL.D. and therefore speaks with the voice of authority, and may fairly be considered as one of the best of the modern Latinists of Edinburgh. Having premised this of Dr. Chapman, and having also heretofore mentioned the metaphysical obscurities of Dr. Hill's *Synonymes*, we shall beg leave to say a few words in answer to an opinion which the Scotch in general affect to maintain, against the classical and metrical discipline of our English schools and universities. And in defending the cause of sound education, we shall not plead guilty to the charge of any national partiality. The broad question is whether the understanding be rendered most vigorous, and the judgment most decisive, by the application to classical, or to metaphysical study? Let those who disjoin these branches of education, undertake to answer what is in itself an absurdity. We will state the practice of our English schools and universities. It is to begin with the study of the classics, and by devoting many years exclusively to that study, to acquire a perfect knowledge of those languages, which are the key to almost every science; which enable us at least, by investigating the first attempts in ancient times towards the improvement, to judge more adequately of the progress of the human mind in successive ages, and thus prepared in our schools, to enter probably with more advantage upon the course of philosophical study, pursued in our universities. We have said nothing of the formation of the taste, nor of the other more elegant acquirements, only to be made by a patient and persevering application to the two great sources of all that is liberal and enlightened in literature, the Greek and Latin languages. That the Scotch disjoin in effect, the study of these languages from their favourite metaphysical system, cannot be denied, when we see the little progress they have made even in these latter years, as classical scholars. Buchanan is still a century before his countrymen, in polite erudition. And we may perhaps be permitted to ask whether these declaimers are entirely competent to weigh the proportionable value of those studies, in our plan of education, which they have so little cultivated in their own. Those members of our English universities who are distinguished for their learning, are contemptuously styled *scholars*. Greek and prosody, classical and mythological allusions, are observed to be the proper

boast and ornament of a school-boy. But such prosody and such classical allusions as those of the Scotch Latinist, George Chapman, LL.D. in his 'Collegium Bengalense,' would be the punishment and disgrace of any child at our public seminaries. After having slightly noticed the superfluous kindness of marking the quantity of words, and the error of using the word 'Ingenū' instead of 'Ingeni' in lyric poetry, and passing over numerous other errors, and instances of prosaic rhythm, we shall present our readers with as barbarous a specimen of Latin, as ever issued from the press of Edinburgh. Stanza. 20. Collegium Bengalense.

'Ista jam surgens academia ampla,  
Bengalæ stabit tibi pignus et fons  
Artium, morum, utilis et scientiæ,  
Puræ et honestæ.

Tu Deum lauda, memorique mente  
Supplica; grates age deinde regi  
Georgio, Melevilio, Veleslo

Mitibus; atque  
Fortibus, qui vos, domitis tyrannis,  
Moxque concordēs animis amicis,  
Pace, sacris, legibus, ædibusque

Amplificârunt.

Sic dixit Gabriel.

We shall make no comment upon the above. The author is an LL.D.—and such are the scholars of Edinburgh who depreciate the discipline of our English schools and universities.

ART. 32.—*An Essay on the Elements, Accents, and Prosody of the English Language. Intended to have been printed as an Introduction to Mr. Boucher's Supplement to Johnson's Dictionary. By Jonathan Odell, A. M. 4s. 6d. 12mo. Budd. 1805.*

A passion for simplifying grammatical rules, for explaining the alliance between different tongues upon philosophical principles, is very observable in our modern writers upon philological subjects. But when we look more accurately into their works, we shall find that such authors multiply dull essays, instead of simplifying critical science. What, for instance, can be the person's knowledge of Latin lyric poetry, who could suppose the following stanza to be a correctly metrical imitation of 'Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ?' &c.

'What unfortunate youth, sprinkled with essences,  
Calls thee now to the grot? Whom to infatuate  
Art thou, Pyrrha, so neatly  
Drest with negligent elegance?'

We have selected the above as by far the best attempt in this volume to prove Bentley's assertion false—that the English language will not admit the metrical rules of the Greek and Latin. An assertion any child might safely make, and no grey grammarian could safely contradict. The translation of Sappho's *Φριγέλιος μὸς κηρὸς*, &c.

shews the author to be ignorant of the Sapphic metre, or to have so bad an ear, as to fancy this line, 'All my limbs, o'erspread with a cold effusion'—to say nothing of its nonsense,—a Sapphic verse; and when he ventures to refer to this couplet, in support of his argument,

'Sing, O Muse, the destructive wrath of Pelead Achilles,  
Source of abundant toil and grief to the host of Achaians;'

passing over the barbarous patronymic 'Pelead,' we must advise him to return to school before he presumes to write again upon prosody.

We might amuse our readers with absurd extracts from almost every page of this work; but shall content ourselves with subjoining the author's interpretation of the epithet *Gracilis*—page 183, '*Gracilis puer*---a youth of slender intellect, easily duped by female art.' This idea has a propriety in reference to what follows; but whether in person the wretched victim was slender or stout is nothing to the purpose.

This writer differs from Mr. Walker in some respects upon the due force of emphasis and the proper place of accent; but upon the whole seems to agree with that gentleman in his grammatical opinions. He favours us with some indifferent verses upon the old English language by way of *bonne bouche*, in the conclusion of his work, and leaves his readers to participate in his surprise, that the true nature of accent, explained nearly thirty years ago by Mr. Steele, should have been misunderstood or overlooked by all English grammarians to this day, except Mr. Walker and himself!

With regard to that part of this volume which relates to the elements of our language, we have nothing very strongly to condemn, though little which we can warmly approve; we would not be understood to damn with faint praise; but we are great enemies to the needless multiplication of books; and L<sup>o</sup>wth's grammar, when we allow it to be guilty of some few faults and a few more omissions, we still cannot help considering as a treatise amply sufficient for all purposes of useful instruction or real improvement in their native tongue to our English youth; and with regard to the experienced student, this essay will surely not pretend, after what we have shewn its ideas of prosody to be, to contain grammatical precepts which can be estimated as either rare or valuable.

ART. 33.—*A Packet Encyclopedia, or miscellaneous Selections: being Rudiments of useful Knowledge, from the first Authorities. Designed for senior Scholars in Schools, and for young Persons in general; containing Information on a Variety of Subjects not to be found in any Book of general Use in Schools, and yet by all Persons necessary to be known. Compiled by J. Guy. Third Edition. 8vo. Longman, and Co. 1804.*

A good selection, but very carelessly printed.

THE  
CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE THIRD.

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Vol. VI.

NOVEMBER, 1805.

No. III.

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ART. I.—*An analytical Inquiry into the Principles of Taste.*  
By Richard Payne Knight. 8vo. pp. 471. Payne  
and White. 1805.

IF it be true, that, in treating a subject which has already occupied the attention of eminent writers, an author stands under the disadvantage of unavoidable comparison with what has been deemed the most excellent in its kind, it must be remembered, that, to enable him to hold his ground in the comparison, he enjoys above those who have preceded him, not only their accumulated experience, but an acquaintance with the sentiments of mankind on the particular topics which come under his investigation. In proportion as the celebrity of authors increases, their opinions attract more notice, and their merits are canvassed with more than ordinary care and sagacity; for, in the same proportion the glory of refutation is enhanced, and the circumstance of agreement becomes more flattering to self-love, and more productive of self-satisfaction.

As fashionable, likewise, as it may be to insist upon the attachment of plain and practical men to established opinions, it might be maintained with equal truth, that the prejudices of the inquiring part of mankind are generally very much on the side of an author, who venturing to call their attention to a hacknied subject, gives reason to expect that his mode at least of treating the same, will differ from that of his predecessors. Former opinions are for the moment set aside, and the mind presents itself free and unincumbered for the reception of new impressions and new pleasures. Resolutions of distrust, which may have been formed at the season of disappointment, are for the most part found of inconsiderable force when the trial is at hand, and a fresh opportunity for gratification offered.

Such are the circumstances under which the author of this Inquiry appears before the public. Upon the same

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ground with himself have already trodden many great and illustrious men, and from the operation of his ingenuity upon the collective experience of mankind, we had just grounds for expecting much instruction. We were not without hopes of discovering a new light, which, for the future, might stand as a conspicuous beacon to direct us through many intricate and obscure parts of the subject.

That taste has its foundation in the natural constitution of our frame as an original principle, and that it is capable of receiving considerable improvement from culture and experience, has been universally admitted by philosophers, and it has been as universally allowed, that the pleasures which the vulgar derive from what are called the objects of taste, are merely gratifications of the senses. To shew how far the pleasures of mere organic sensation extend, and to separate these pleasures from such as are derived from the operation of the mind, is the avowed object of the work before us. Much care and labour have undoubtedly been bestowed upon it, and when we say that in the general outline nothing is proved and nothing is new, we mean not to detract from the merit of the author as to application of thought or invention, in a subject where, upon reflection, we might, perhaps, have discovered that nothing could be said or proved which was not already known. To confine expectancy within the limits prescribed by human power and probability, is, however, a task too difficult of execution for a being whose whole happiness is derived from the idea of progression, and whose most positive enjoyment consists in hope.

In the detail of his subject our author may lay greater claim to originality than in his general speculations. Notwithstanding which, it appears to us, that the object of his book, however disguised, was to clear away the rubbish made by some of his illustrious predecessors, rather than establish any thing in its stead. These collateral subjects of his inquiry are so multifarious, that in looking over the table of contents, we were more disposed to consider the work as an encyclopedia in abridgment, than as a connected treatise on a single branch of knowledge. To analyse the value of each constituent point upon which the author has exercised his ingenuity, would be evidently foreign from the purposes of our review, we shall therefore confine ourselves to some of the chief and most important topics which have met our attention. The rest will, no doubt, furnish abundant matter for examination to those who are more particularly interested in them, and to whom leisure and opportunity are not wanting.

Of the distinction between the organic and acquired pleasures, our author has taken a somewhat more enlarged view than those who have preceded him, and upon its accuracy seems inclined to lay a greater stress than some may deem warranted by the number and quality of the data from which his conclusions are drawn. Indeed, he acknowledges himself to be aware that 'the sensual pleasures are scarcely ever felt separate and unmixed, except in such extraordinary cases as that mentioned by Cheselden.' Supposing; however, as we are inclined to believe, upon his own and the authority of those who have written before him, that our instinctive sense of pleasure extends only to simple organic impressions, and that these are nearly such as he has described, we are satisfied with concluding, that, if our senses be perfect, all may be acquired by exercise which generally passes under the name of taste. By having ascertained the boundaries of organic pleasure with some probability, Mr. Knight has seconded the views of those who, have endeavoured to relieve art from the obstacles which stood in the way of its advancement, by denying inspiration and limiting genius; for surely, to the mere distinction between organic impressions, mankind never did, nor ever will attach the value and applause of taste. This inference our author evidently involves in his whole argument, though, misled by the use of a common expression, he occasionally denies it in his language.

We are informed that the pains and pleasures of hearing and sight, like those of the other senses, arise from certain modes and degrees of irritation; that sensual pleasure depends on a moderate and varied irritation of the organic nerves, which will be affected more or less according to their different degrees of sensibility; and that the beauties of light, shade and colour are all that affect the eye, or make any impression upon organic sense and perception. To talk of a taste for mere light, shade, and colour, is, surely, an absurdity not warranted by the commonest acceptation of the word, and these, as it appears, are the only objects of sensation. Our author is, nevertheless, continually perplexing himself and his readers by calling taste a matter of *feeling*, by which he certainly does not mean an operation of intellect, or improved perception, but simple instinctive sensation. To what conclusion, we repeat, does his whole argument lead, if not to this, that no objects which come within the range of taste properly so called, are detected as pleasures by the organs of sense? To make a distinction between the nature of *feelings*, is a nicety to which our powers

are not adequate, and we maintain that the analogy is false, if any such is intended in contradistinction to the impression made by the result of a judgment.

In his definition Mr. Knight is guilty of a curious error, and nearly allied to the one just mentioned. When he says that taste is 'a general discriminative faculty arising from just feeling and correct judgment, implanted in the mind of man by his Creator, and improved by exercise, study, and meditation,' taste is described as a matter of instinctive sensibility, arising nevertheless from a judgment and perfection of judgment which can have been the only object and consequence of exercise, study, and meditation.

In the series of pleasures, our author next enumerates those arising from imitation, then such as spring from character, expression, technical skill, imagination and judgment. Taste, then, properly speaking, commences as a decision of judgment confirming or denying resemblance in the imitation of familiar objects. The same principle may, perhaps, be extended to every other instance. The common error of attributing taste to feeling rather than a process of the understanding, is chiefly owing to the rapidity with which the decision is made among the more immediate objects of taste. The mind, however, having more connection with the sight, and the sight more exercise than any other sense, it is not difficult to conceive that the effect of habit would very early in life render this operation too rapid to become perceptible. The objects of comparison are, moreover, such as have been fairly and distinctly represented to the mind through the sight, and the forms remain, unlike many of the other subjects of reason which are so intricate and so far removed from sense, as frequently to leave no image whereby they may be compared one with the other, till much collateral aid has been furnished by attention and memory. This *feeling* then, seems only to be the result of a judgment, from habit become rapid and imperceptible, and resembling entirely the conviction arising from all other processes of judgment. Mr. Burke is of this opinion, and extends it so much farther as to deny any suddenness of operation.

Those objects in nature or art of which the mind in this process approves, are termed beautiful. Taste may consequently be called the discovery of the beautiful. But what is beauty? We answer, as a fair conclusion from every thing we have been able to collect from Mr. Knight, or others, that it is truth and fitness in the most comprehensive application of the terms. The beautiful therefore, will vary in every object in nature. In simple objects, according to the



propriety of parts considered in relation to the whole, or the agreement of the individual or species with the truth or propriety of the genus or class; and in complex objects according to their agreement with general nature. The central form and central character (if we may so express ourselves) can be discovered only by a very comprehensive acquaintance with nature. From this extensive survey Blumenbach, in opposition to Hunter, established the Georgian line of feature as most beautiful, or most accordant with the general tendency and effort of nature; and upon the same principle Hogarth laid down his line of beauty from a discovery that nature universally avoids straight lines; and this law will still remain, generally speaking, though Mr. Knight wishes to disparage it by contending that in its proper place every line may be a line of beauty; which no one will deny.

To prove that beauty is mere fitness, Mr. Knight has considered at some length several of its constituents. 'Symmetry, or the fitness and proportion of parts to each other and to the whole, is a necessary ingredient to beauty in all composite forms.' — 'We always attach some ideas of regularity, neatness, or congruity, to the word *Beauty*.' — 'That ease, grace, elegance, and dignity of attitude and gesture, which we so much admire in the Greek statues, do not consist in the lines of beauty, or depend upon the impressions which any specific forms make on the organs of sight; on the contrary, they arise wholly from mental sympathies, and the association of ideas: wherefore the forms which appear easy, graceful, elegant, or dignified in a horse, are totally different from those which appear so in a man.' p. 204. 'The case is, that there are certain postures into which the body naturally throws itself, and certain gestures which it naturally displays, when under the influence of certain passions and dispositions of mind; so that from our own internal feelings and sentiments, we learn to associate the ideas or notions of certain tempers and character of mind, with those of certain attitudes and modes of carriage of the body; which are, therefore, said to express those tempers and characters, as the features of the face do more immediately and unequivocally.' p. 205. 'As to lines, I know of none that may not be graceful, elegant, and beautiful in proper circumstances and situations, and none that are so, when employed improperly.' p. 210. 'All degrees of magnitude contribute to beauty in proportion as they shew objects to be perfect in their kind. That degree of magnitude in each individual which approaches nearest

to that of the meanproportion of the species or variety to which it belongs, is the best adapted to beauty.' p. 227. It appears to us rather unaccountable that Mr. Knight should have suffered the opinions of the author of the *Inquiry into the Sublime and Beautiful*, to have remained unmolested on this subject, when in other less egregious deviations from accuracy, he has attacked them without mercy; or rather that, without particular allusion, he should have protested against the details of his reasonings, without observing that the whole error in his reasoning arose from a misconception of his terms. To have shewn that his usual comprehensiveness deserted him in his application of the term *Fitness*, and that no one of his instances militates against the opinion, that fitness alone constitutes beauty, would have been, perhaps, a task of no considerable difficulty. It appears to us, indeed, that nothing is more palpable, than the error into which he has fallen, in the sections which relate to this subject. Most of the instances adduced, are from objects in nature which are by no means familiar to us, or such as we have never been accustomed to compare together, so as to be able to decide upon their relative fitness. We do not, however, hesitate in asserting, that a naturalist fully acquainted with their several relative merits, would in fact pronounce most of these things to be beautiful or otherwise, though the ignorant might uniformly decide against them. To take the most striking instance: Will any one deny that a keen and accurate naturalist might, with precisely the same feelings as those we discover in regard to objects confessedly beautiful, affirm that he was in possession of, or had lately seen a most beautiful monkey? Even if this could not be, a reason (of which fitness is still the principle) is to be derived from the almost necessary comparison we are obliged to draw between this tribe and our own species. In this comparison, the standard of fitness will, surely, not lead us to give the preference to that animal, which departs further than any of the human race from the central character and form with which we are conversant, and by which we judge them. Fitness of the human figure is also rather more extensive than Mr. Burke has been pleased to imagine, as it consists not only in the due quality and quantity of limbs, but in quality and degree of expression, and a variety of other circumstances. That proportion is not always the cause of beauty, no one ever attempted to deny, and for this plain reason, that proportion is not always a part of fitness or truth. In vegetables, for instance, *fitness* may happen to consist in *want* of proportion. Nei-

ther will any one maintain that *one* and the same proportion constitutes the beauty of different animals ; but that to each his own proportion does so, nobody of ordinary capacity will be inclined to dispute.

Taste, then, or the power of discovering fitness, will, if all our reasoning be just, necessarily vary in almost every individual, and beauty, though a permanent principle, can never be an universal beauty. If, indeed, the original conformation of mind and body were the same in each individual, if all men had received similar impressions and modes of thinking from habits and education, then would all agree in affixing to the same objects the same idea, or there would be a common and universal beauty. As things, however, are constituted, each mind perceives a different beauty according to its acquired ideas of fitness, or the relation it is enabled to discover in proportion to the extent of its acquaintance with nature : and as it is reasonable to distrust the comprehension of individuals, however large their faculties may be, so it has been and still continues customary to consider the general sense of mankind as the only criterion of excellence.

The beauty in the works of art which will stand the test of ages, and be approved as such by the largest number of mankind, will be that propriety or agreement with general nature, which, avoiding details, presents to notice only such features as may be recognized at once, and at once excite sympathy. Upon this principle Sir Joshua Reynolds laid down the inestimable rule which Mr. Knight has borrowed, when he says, (p. 287.) ‘ In all serious compositions, in every representation of character, where strong passions and affections are to be expressed, both the poet, the painter, and the sculptor should adhere to permanent principles, and avoid all fluctuating modes and fashions, for, not only the passions and affections of the human mind, but the natural modes of expressing them, are the same in all ages and all countries ; and the less these natural modes are connected with those of local and temporary habit, the more strong and general will be the sympathies excited by them.’ He might have extended this rule with equal propriety to the comic and ridiculous, for even here it will be found, upon a very slight examination, that only such peculiarities, if it may be so said, which have their principles in general nature, will universally please and continue to communicate pleasure to the great mass of mankind.

In his application of the term *taste*, to the apparent approbation manifested by a conformity with the current fashions of the day, it appears to us that Mr. Knight has degraded

it from its true dignity. He has not made a distinction which certainly exists between adoption and considerate approbation. Fashions are followed from the dislike to singularity, from mere imitation, from love of rareness or distinction without any thought of beauty. So far, indeed, is the mind from approving every thing it adopts, that it is a fact ascertained by daily experience, that scarcely a fashion does please at first, as it must naturally do, if his reasoning were just. Habit alone reconciles to many things, which, it is true, may afterwards be approved and considered beautiful. We cannot, therefore, agree with the opinion that 'real inclination (if it means taste,) is to be judged of more from practice than professions,' nor think it is necessary that 'a fashion must have been previously felt as ornamental, if it ever happen to be really and considerably thought so;' for, not to mention that it would be in direct opposition to the sentiments we have already delivered on the nature of taste, the fact in this instance seems to warrant only a contrary conclusion. Of those who adopt fashions, few think at all; and of those who do think, some are influenced by the motives above specified, and others may perhaps from ignorance approve what is not strictly conformable to nature. What Sir Joshua Reynolds has denominated truth by sufferance, must, it is clear, have frequent place in the decisions of mankind, and may happen to be really and considerably approved.

Upon 'the strange and unphilosophical theories' of the author of an *Inquiry into the Sublime and Beautiful*, Mr. Knight has vented much of his indignation, and has taken pains to prove that magnitude, obscurity, and terror are not necessary ingredients in sublime objects or sublime feelings. These he has simplified into power and the discovery of power, and states as a reason for the repetition of arguments frequently repeated, that these seducing theories are daily acquiring more and more influence over the practice of mankind. 'Every energetic exertion of great and commanding power, whether of body or mind, whether physical or moral, or whether it be employed to preserve or destroy, will necessarily excite corresponding sympathies, and, of course, appear sublime.' P. 359. 'All sublime feelings are, according to the principles of Longinus, which I have here endeavoured to illustrate and confirm, feelings of exultation and expansion of the mind, tending to rapture and enthusiasm; and whether they be excited by sympathy with external objects, or arise from the internal operations of the mind, they are still of the same nature.'

In grasping at infinity, the mind exercises the powers, before noticed, of multiplying without end; and, in so doing, it expands and exalts itself, by which means its feelings and sentiments become sublime,' p. 361. 'The moment the actual pressure of fear is felt, all sympathy with the cause that produces it, consequently all relish for the sublimity of it, is at an end.' p. 367. 'All obscurity is imperfection. The imagination must conceive distinct, but not determinate ideas.' p. 386. 'Critics have been led into the notion that imagery is rendered sublime by being indistinct and obscure, by mistaking energies for images, and looking for *pictures* where *powers* only were meant to be expressed.' p. 387. 'The sublime of vastness of dimensions and unlimited greatness of size, is of that description which every grovelling imagination may reach, without any effort than that of multiplication.'—'The passions can sympathize with no images that the imagination does not comprehend distinctly.' p. 400. 'I do not mean to deny that vastness may be a means of exciting sublime sentiments; but then it is upon the principle of indefinite extension before explained.' p. 403. This latter appears rather a singular qualification of the opinion expressed before, and with this expression we think the author in no wise differs from Mr. Burke's meaning, who says, 'designs that are vast only by their dimensions, are always the sign of a common and low imagination.' p. 136. Whether or no he be correct on the subject of obscurity, may still be a matter of doubt, at least as far as relates to visible objects, and the difference between the obscure in writing, and in objects presented to the sight, is, that the former gives no ideas at all, while the latter does present enough for the imagination to distinguish, without determining the precise limits within which its operation shall be confined. That *power* itself was the chief ingredient in the sublime, Mr. Burke was no less aware than the author of the present work, who, had he taken the pains to read the *Inquiry* carefully through, would have met the following passage. 'I know of nothing sublime which is not some modification of power.' p. 116. Shall we venture to simplify the matter a little farther, and say that the sublime arises in all cases from a suspension of the comparative power, or, in other words, that the idea of the sublime is suggested whenever the effort at comparison which the mind is continually making, fails, in consequence of the want of a standard beyond, with which it may compare its actual conceptions. It seems to be for this reason that terror is incompatible with the feelings excited by the sublime, because

while under the influence of fear, the mind can make no effort at such comparison.

The unqualified censure which Mr. Knight has been pleased to pass upon rules and system, is founded, it appears to us, rather upon their abuse, than upon their usual and proper application. In saying that 'rules and system can never reach every possible case, and that if they could, the act of applying them would distract the attention from the sentiment excited,' it is difficult to conceive what rules and system he had in view, which do affect to extend to every possible case. Was there ever an academy which professed to supply a common measure between art and the several conceptions which might arise in the artist's mind, and which it would be necessary to apply upon every occasion? Or does Mr. Knight mean to say that it is a privilege which ought to be granted to genius, to violate in grammar the rules of syntax; in poetry those of metre; in music those of harmony; in logic those of syllogism; in painting those of perspective; in dramatic poetry those of probable imitation? That he is right only to a certain extent, in assigning to system and rules the want of good artists throughout Europe since the institution of public academies, is clear from many considerations, and particularly from the circumstance that schools existed no less in the most flourishing periods of the arts, than they have done since. Who will deny that the schools of Raphael and the Caracci, produced great men, or that Raphael and the Caracci had previously been subjected to masters, who confined them as much within rule and system, as could have been since done in the larger academies? We are inclined to attribute the low state of the arts to the opposite cause to that assigned by Mr. Knight, namely, to the licentiousness and want of attention to rules and system in our modern artists; and if he will take the trouble of reading any work on the lives of the painters, and with the impressions derived from such perusal, inquire into the habits of his contemporary artists, we think he will come over to our opinion. To illustrate this by a single instance: with one or two exceptions, what modern painter has acquired such a knowledge of the human figure as will allow him to represent it in all its possible, or even some of its most usual foreshortenings, and is not, from this want of knowledge, continually obliged either to distort his figures, or place them in unnatural attitudes to conceal his ignorance of outline? And which of them, possessing this knowledge, will not display it in opposi-

tion to every acknowledged rule of composition and propriety, rather than forego the applause of technical skill and sciences.

That rules may be extended too far, we allow, but that they have been so, we deny. Such rules as shall prevent and supersede the necessity of observation, will certainly destroy the only means of excellence; and by setting aside that which constitutes the agreeable in art, the discovery of truth, and reducing the whole to a process upon trust, will remove the incentives to exertion, (which are the same in this, as in every other department of human industry,) and convert the artist into the mere mechanic. That the business of copying is, perhaps, carried too far, we easily admit, and those who have been conversant with foreign galleries, will not be disposed to think otherwise. Sir Joshua Reynolds was well aware of this truth, and in relation to this and every other subject connected with the art, has delivered *rules*, which, if even *systematically* followed, would, we believe, be found to encroach upon none of the privileges of genius, and take nothing from the highest pretensions of taste. It is in vain to attribute the defect of excellence to want of encouragement and opportunity. We are persuaded that even in this day of perverted taste, if some great artist were to arise, who, by that usual criterion of excellence, the approbation of the community, might be deemed worthy the appellation of the second Raphael, the encouragement he would receive would as far exceed that given to his contemporary artists, as that which has been bestowed on the second Roscius surpasses all the praise and all the profits which his contemporary actors have received. From this tribunal no appeal is successful, and let it be remembered that to question its authority, can be productive only of mortification.

From p. 211, to p. 224, Mr. Knight gives vent to his feelings of indignation at the whole system of modern country-houses and landscape gardening.

‘When according to the modern fashion, all around is levelled and thrown open: and the poor square edifice exposed alone, or with the accompaniment of its regular wings and portico, amidst spacious lawns interspersed with irregular clumps or masses of wood, and sheets of water, I do not know a more melancholy object: it neither associates nor harmonizes with any thing.’ p. 212.

Just as these observations may be considered by many, they will not influence the decision of thousands who approve upon other principles of beauty the system

here abused, and who derive their pleasure from the sense of 'neatness, freshness, lightness, symmetry, regularity, uniformity,' which Mr. Knight has himself pointed out as 'beauties of the highest class.' Association he has elsewhere said, (p. 154), 'renders those qualities which are peculiarly adapted to promote the comforts and enjoyments of social life, pleasing to the eye of civilized men, though there be nothing in the forms or colour of the objects themselves in any degree pleasing to the sense, but perhaps the contrary.' In the habitation of man, then, these circumstances, as highly fitting, may, whatever, be the means employed, continue to be considered as beautiful, and to these circumstances much care and attention has been paid in the modern system of building and gardening.

Mr. Knight observes, that,

'Since the introduction of a style of ornamental gardening, called at first oriental, and afterwards landscape gardening, (probably from its efficacy in destroying all picturesque composition) Grecian temples have been employed as decorations by almost all persons who could afford to indulge their taste in objects so costly: but, though executed, in many instances, on a scale and in a manner suitable to the design, disappointment has, I believe, been invariably the result. Nevertheless they are unquestionably beautiful, being exactly copied from those models which have stood the criticism of many successive ages, and been constantly beheld with delight and admiration. In the rich lawns and shrubberies of England, however, they lose all that power to please which they so eminently possess on the barren hills of Agrigentum and Segesta, or the naked plains of Pæstum and Athens. But barren and naked as these hills and plains are, they are still, if I may say so, their native hills and plains, the scenery in which they sprang, and in which the mind therefore contemplates them, connected and associated with numberless interesting circumstances both local and historical, both physical and moral, upon which it delights to dwell. In our parks and gardens, on the contrary, they stand wholly unconnected with all that surrounds them, mere unmeaning excrescences; or what is worse, manifestly meant for ornament, and therefore having no accessory character but that of ostentation, vanity, &c.' p. 167.

Our author reasons here, as on many other subjects, with regard to fitness, from his own particular associations. He forgets that the objects above described are not considered as misplaced by a very large portion of mankind; that of the spectators a very inconsiderable number will feel disappointed in consequence of any sympathy with the originals; while the great mass will receive pleasure from a variety of sources unconnected with these associations. He forgets the natural sympathy with the rich, and the impressions made by



power, let it be manifested in whatsoever way it will. He does not recollect those 'beauties of the highest class,' which we have lately quoted in his own words, and which will continue to be considered as such, in spite of the remonstrances of critics. By these critics themselves, as it appears, principle has been armed against principle. They have endeavoured to shew by rule why that should not be, which by another rule they have not only proved to be, but to be proper. They have themselves supplied a standard by which others may measure the purity of their tastes, and decide against rules by the establishment of which these critics have, unwillingly perhaps, used every endeavour to disparage their own previous decisions. Of the truth of this many instances might be given from the work before us, in addition to those already noticed. If, as our author shews, gentle variety be a source of beauty and pleasure, surely the line of beauty against which he employs so much of his rhetoric, must, as presenting, of all other lines, the most gentle variety, be likewise beautiful and pleasing. In denying smoothness to be pleasant to the touch, and allowing that the pleasures of this sense arise from gentle irritations, he seems to deny a fact which every one else would maintain, and adopts a principle upon which his argument falls of itself, for surely there can be no irritation more gentle than that which arises from a smooth substance: this pleasure may, indeed, be trifling, but is, perhaps, a general one, independently of sympathy.

We regret the necessity we are here under of taking leave of this very interesting work. If in our imperfect notice of it, we have ventured upon some few occasions to differ from its author, we cannot but acknowledge that in many more instances we have felt obliged to give an unqualified assent to his opinions; and, in recommending the perusal of his elaborate inquiry to our readers, we do it with the full conviction that they will receive much entertainment and much information. The illustrations are for the most part, original and apposite, and many of the topics such as have been scantily discussed by former writers.

Together with the work, we cannot help recommending its author as affording an example worthy the imitation of many of our countrymen. The learned ease of this gentleman may serve as a valuable model to thousands, who amid the many heavy demands of science and philosophy; and with every circumstance of education, fortune, and leisure on their sides, remain, nevertheless, as idle and unconcerned spectators, heedless of the important questions which interest and agitate mankind, and careless in the cultivation of those dispositions and talents, which might essentially contribute to the advancement of private comfort or public utility.

ART. II.—*History of Great Britain, from the Revolution, 1688, to the Conclusion of the Treaty of Amiens. Vols. XI. and XII. By William Belsham. 8vo. Phillips. 1805.*

THE office of the historian is dignified and sacred. He undertakes to describe events, in which whole nations are the agents, and on the issue of which the fate of kingdoms depends. In executing this arduous task, it is necessary that his knowledge, his virtue, and his genius should raise him to an eminence, where he may stand aloof from the common passions and engagements of the world, and whence he may take a wide and uninterrupted view of the grand scenes which he ventures to describe. At the same time the instruction of his species must be his only aim, and eternal truth his only guide.

While history opens to our view the rise and downfall of nations, and traces the causes which have raised some kingdoms to the pinnacle of wealth and power, and precipitated others into the gulf of ignorance and barbarism, it exhibits man in every character and in every state; it makes men wise by the delineation of the actions of other men: it makes us acquainted with our own nature by presenting the most extensive display of our passions, of our intellects, of our vices, of our virtues, of our weaknesses, and of our powers. The historian, therefore, must be thoroughly informed of every feeling of the heart, every working of the mind. It is this knowledge which will enable him to trace the secret springs of actions productive of the most important and unexpected effects, to penetrate with profound inquiry into depths, which to common minds would appear unfathomable, and to exhibit in lucid order, what to common eyes would appear an undistinguishable mass of confusion. It is this knowledge which reminds the historian, although he may have the most exalted notions of what man ought to be, never to forget what man is, and never to suffer his conceptions of ideal perfection to carry him so far, as to lose sight of the real state of things. It is this knowledge, which, while his delineations are wrought with the boldness of genius, and with colours 'dipt in heaven,' still preserves to them the discrimination of accuracy and the fidelity of truth: as the painter's skill in the anatomy of the human frame still preserves to his heroes the likeness of men.

History is the only muse who must resign all connection with fancy: still her affinity to genius is stamped in every

feature, and she will treat on no subject without adorning it. The magic charms of her eloquence will throw a lustre on the most trifling objects, the most important events will be seen in full magnitude by her developement, and even truth itself appear more bright by her illustrations. If biography, who relates the anecdotes of private life, can give dignity to the most minute occurrence by the beauties of narration, if she can, in her humble walk, interest the attention by appeals to the heart, and improve the mind by lessons of wisdom ; if this painter of domestic scenes can thus delineate in glowing colours, what may we not justly expect from history in her more exalted province, where the most magnificent objects are the subjects of her pencil, where heroes, statesmen, and the chiefs of men are the portraits, and the world itself the scene ?

It is the nature of true genius to rise with the dangers of situation, to find in difficulties only new causes for energy, and a wider scope for the exertion of its powers. Such ought to be the genius of that historian who attempts to write the annals of the present age, of the age in which he lives, and more particularly if his own country is the subject of his history. Though he may possess a mind of that sublime tenor which we have described, accompanied with that peculiar sagacity which is required to scrutinize the private agencies of political intrigue ; though he may fully possess these rare qualities, there is danger lest the feelings of patriotism should warp his judgment, lest the ardour of patriotism should throw down reason from her seat, and leave his imagination uncontrolled in describing the exploits of his own countrymen, the heroes of his native soil. As his task is nobly arduous, we should hail his success with the greater applause. Every reader would place himself under the guidance of the sage Mentor, and listen to his instruction with wonder and delight. We critics should only have occasion to point to the tablet of instruction, and to explain the propriety of its various allusions ; and we should be happy in this humble office.

Mr. Belsham does not possess a mind of the above stamp. His abilities have not adorned his page with those beauties, nor have his patriotic feelings tarnished them with those pardonable blemishes, which we have alluded to ; but we have entered into these preliminary observations to shew our conceptions of the great duties and the important office of the historian.

The history before us is little more than a chronicle of events, in which, if our author had confined himself to a sim-

ple and naked recital of facts, he would have done well, and he might have been dismissed with the frigid praise of fidelity; but as he has, in selecting these events, brought forward only those circumstances which suit a particular aim, and coincide with a particular bias of opinion, and as he has interspersed occasional remarks, which breathe a spirit of rancour, where we should rather expect the more proper sentiments of respect and admiration, we can only give a just opinion of his work by a minute investigation of its component parts.

Mr. B. prefaces his eleventh volume with a profession of having 'altered and modified many expressions of anger and asperity' in the preceding parts of his history: he avows himself conscious of the violence of his temper, and solicitous not to transgress into that licentiousness which he has so often mistaken for freedom: by these becoming apologies he invites us to peruse his two last volumes, and induces us to sit down in his company by informing us that his passion has cooled.

We have read of a king of France, who was aware of the impetuous passions which raged in his breast, and who, on the first rising impulse of anger, was conscientiously accustomed to hop on one leg, and repeat the letters of the alphabet, till his mind was thoroughly calm. If Mr. B. had pursued this method, if he had taken this moral and physical hop in a parenthesis between each paragraph, we are convinced that the complexion of his history would have been of a different cast. Perhaps the *regal* splendour of this example may check in our author's mind every hope of imitation; however excellent the maxim may be, republican virtue will not stoop to comply with it. We would therefore recommend to his serious attention the well-known precept of Horace, which has always appeared to us (though none of his numerous commentators have seen it in that light) to have been particularly intended to direct the conduct of lampoon-writers, the frothy spirit of whose petty spite, if corked up for nine years, would subside, and the nauseous draught would then appear vapid and sour, and disgusting to the palate of the public. The precept of Horace is of very wide extent, for there are lampoon-writers in every department of knowledge, in every walk of literature; in history as well as in poetry. The justness of this remark, with the propriety of the advice that results from it, will appear, as we trace the progress of the present work, which we shall do with a minuteness that, we fear, may be tedious.

The eleventh volume of the History of Great Britain opens with the speech from the throne at the commencement of the session of parliament on the 20th of November, 1798, in which his majesty speaks with just elation at the success of the British arms under Admiral Nelson in the battle of the Nile. Then follows an account of the debate on the address which of course ensued in both houses. This account is a specimen of the style and tenor of the whole work. We have seventeen lines of a speech by the Marquis of Lansdown, sixteen lines from that of Lord Holland, about nine from Lord Mulgrave's reply, and fifteen from the speech of Lord Grenville. In the debates of the house of commons, we have ten lines of what was uttered by Sir John Sinclair, and twelve from an harangue by Sir Francis Burdett. Let not our readers contemptuously exclaim, 'Admirable Critics! With what consummate skill do they use their rule and their compasses!' We have been thus minute for the purpose of making the following remarks. In ancient historians we find orations put into the mouths of persons, which really were never uttered by them, but the justifiable and pleasing fiction was adopted as an easy method of placing a variety of arguments and circumstances in a plain and obvious light. If this method was once thought so proper, that recourse even to fiction was allowed, the modern historian may very consistently take advantage of those parliamentary discussions, which regulate the politics of the present day: but in the very outset of his work this dilemma presents itself; he must either give the whole or the chief parts of the speeches on both sides, or he must use the matter of them for the groundwork of his own general remarks; he must decidedly make his choice, and regulate the tenor of his history accordingly; and he must pursue this tenor with uniformity. If he adopt the former mode, it is his duty to make a selection, not partially, but of the best orations on both sides of the question, and to record either the whole of those orations, or such parts of them as contain the whole weight of the argument; and it is his duty to do this on all important occasions. If he gives the speeches on only one side of the question, he is guilty of injustice to the orators on the opposite side; if he selects only a few lines from a long speech which are irrelevant to the subject, he is guilty of injustice to the individual orator, and to the cause which he supports. By this *Procrustean* mode of abbreviation, which cuts off *ad libitum* the heads and legs of orations, we very often lose all that gave sense to the sentiment, or strength to the reasoning. Thus in the debate with which the volume before us

commences, the collective wisdom of all our senators is compressed into the short space of three pages. Although the question which was debated, related to a continuance of the war, and to the new sources of our power from the victory at the Nile, and the consequent derangement of the enemy's gigantic plans of conquest, not one word is said of the relative situation of the armies on the continent, of the condition of the French at Genoa, of the proper or improper policy of offering to make peace while the French were in possession of Egypt, but a few garbled expressions are selected, which have absolutely little or nothing to do with the subject. If the united sense of the House of Lords, and of all our representatives, produced no better arguments than we find in Mr. Belsham's extracts, it was his office as an historian, to give the result of his own reflections on the propriety of the speech from the throne, which described the battle of the Nile (in our opinions very justly) as a 'blow given to the power of France, affording an opening, which, if improved by suitable exertions on the part of the other powers, might lead to the general deliverance of Europe.' Readers of a future age (if Mr. Belsham's works should have any) will not believe, that a momentous question, which was to decide whether we were to paralyze our efforts in the moment of our strength, or whether we were to shew our sense of those advantages, which our seamen had bought with their blood at Aboukir, was passed over in such a superficial manner. Readers of the present age will remember, that it was not conducted in such a slovenly mode. Consequently the account in question is deficient; but mere deficiency might have been forgiven; the privilege of *nodding* sometimes was granted to Homer, and might therefore fairly be allowed to Mr. Belsham. We might have pardoned him, if he had not recorded a single syllable of the debate; but this would not have suited his purpose; he would not have had an opportunity of introducing Sir Francis Burdett's speech, in which there was a passage too important to be omitted—a passage which had nothing to do with the subject, but which was so congenial with the spirit, so harmonious with the colouring of Mr. Belsham's History, that the omission of it would in his eyes have been an irremediable blemish, a defect for which no other beauties could atone. Sir Francis energetically insists, that, as a preliminary to a vote of thanks on the address, the PRISON IN COLD BATH FIELDS should be destroyed.

This generous proposal awakens the deepest sympathy: this is a golden apple, for which our historian cannot resist

the temptation to turn out of his course. But what can the house of correction for Middlesex have to do with the battle of the Nile? As Christmas is approaching, we might fall in with the fashion of the season, and leave the solution of this conundrum to the publication of our next number, but we will not tantalize our readers by keeping them in such suspense. Know then, that his majesty's speech expresses a wish for the deliverance of Europe: this reminds Sir Francis of a gaol delivery; and gives him a delicious opportunity of introducing the celebrated watch-word 'Bastille.' For the full display of this figure of rhetoric, the aid of the printer is called in, and the words 'deliverance,' 'peace,' and 'Bastille,' shine in capitals and italics so clear, that the most stupid may not mistake their meaning, nor the most careless pass them without notice. Such are the six first pages of Mr. Belsham's history.

The next page contains Mr. Tierney's motion for an address advising his majesty not to enter into any engagement which might impede a negotiation for peace. The heads of Mr. T.'s speech are given without the introduction of a single argument from the opposite side, although we are informed that the discussion was of considerable length. We have heard of a Welch judge who never would listen to more than one side of a question, because if he heard both, he was puzzled. If the said judge be now alive, we recommend this history to his worship.

We forbear to stop at the interesting discussion which takes place on the reading of the bill for the suspension of the Habeas corpus act. We have no tears for Colonel Despard.

The objections to the income tax, certainly the most galling of all taxes, are fully and ably stated.

The union with Ireland is introduced with proper remarks on the magnitude and importance of the measure, and the debates on the occasion are given with tolerable accuracy and discrimination: but praise to him, whose zeal, energy, and wisdom planned and matured the great and comprehensive scheme, is scattered with a very sparing hand. In a history of generals by the King of Prussia, there is no mention of the Duke of Marlborough: we cannot accuse our author of exactly similar neglect; we cannot say that in his account of the leading agents of the union, Mr. Pitt is entirely omitted, but he is not placed where every body would expect to find him, in the foreground of the piece.

The operations of the Austro-Russian army, under the command of the renowned Suwarroff, are abridged with

sufficient accuracy from the journals of the day; Mr. B. has enlivened one page, by the following quotation from Gray :

The prostrate south to the destroyer yields  
Her boasted titles, and her golden fields :  
With grim delight the brood of winter view  
A brighter day, and skies of azure hue;  
Scent the new fragrance of the breathing rose,  
And quaff the pendent vintage as it grows.

We admire a happy illustration, and more particularly if it is adorned with the charms of poetry : but from the above quotation we should wish to erase that very passage which most probably appeared to Mr. B. the leading feature of its beauty : we would erase that line, which most probably in Mr. B.'s association of ideas appeared the connecting link, which gave propriety and meaning to the adaption : we mean the first line. Suwarroff's approach might damp the ardour of that 'revolutionary spirit, which had so strongly seized the minds of a great majority of the most daring and enterprising part of the Italians,' and might therefore be matter of regret to certain individuals, but he did not come as a *destroyer*. We appeal to the peaceful, domestic, and innocent inhabitants of Tuscany, whether he, who came to drive away the wolves from their folds, came as a destroyer. Out of your own mouth we will judge you : we appeal to your own pages, Mr. B. and ask how the epithet of destroyer can be applied to him who came, to deliver Italy, when by your own account, 'the directory had by their weak and oppressive policy, alienated the hearts of the Italians ;' when 'Trouvé, under the title of Ambassador of France to the Cisalpine Republic, had domineered over that state with the most insolent and capricious tyranny ; when not even the forms of a free government were suffered to subsist ; but a new constitution was *imperiously imposed* by force upon them ; and the Cisalpines found their pretended guardians converted into the most cruel oppressors ;' when 'Liguria, Tuscany, Rome and even Lucca groaned under the directorial yoke.' The four last lines of the poetical quotation may very aptly be referred to the Russians ; but we conceive that Mr. B. has made the printer guilty of a most scandalous libel, by affixing the asterisk of reference in the first line, to the name of Suwarroff, which ought to have been attached to Scherer or Massena, and which might, without much risk of mistake, have been applied at random to any French invader of Italy.



The horrid assassination of the French ministers, Bonnier and Roberjot, is detailed very circumstantially, and in such a manner as to impute it to the contrivance of the Austrian court. We have never seen the miraculous coat which Mr. Jean Debry wore on that occasion, but must observe that so many curious circumstances attended his escape, that if Mr. Bond or Mr. Graham had been on the spot, he would have been *committed for further examination*. Jean Debry was the first that was attacked, and of course he received the first edge of the assassin's vengeance: 'he fell covered with blood from repeated strokes of the sabre,' and when the hussars returned to see if he was actually dispatched, 'his arm fell as perfectly destitute of sensation.' Yet Mr. Jean Debry afterwards made his way to a neighbouring wood where he bound up his own wounds, and after continuing in the wood all night, ventured out, and crept slowly into the town the next morning. 'The coldness of the night contributed happily to stop the effusion of blood;' but what surprising good fortune supplied him with rags to bind up his numerous wounds, is still matter of conjecture and of wonder. By no means would we wish to speak of this horrid affair, without due abhorrence of the vile perpetrators, but we are desirous of exposing that intemperate judgment which leads Mr. B. into such a hasty decision against the Austrians, when no advantage could possibly accrue to them from such a wicked violation of the laws of nations, and of humanity; but it is not quite so clear, that the directory might not hope something from a diversion of that popular indignation which was now rising against them.

After the retreat of General Macdonald from the camp of Caserta, we are introduced to the situation of affairs at Naples, and to the condition of the *patriots*, who were now deserted by their friends, the French. This part of his work Mr. B. has wrought with every effort of his ability; for this part of his picture of Europe he has reserved the choicest colours of his pallet. In part of this description the honour of his countrymen (as he would make it appear) is tarnished, and here we find the most vivid touches of his pencil. But let us proceed in order. As the inferior ranks of the Neapolitan nation, as the great body of the people were averse from any change in their government, we do not exactly see, why a party, which chose to invite a savage foe to invade their country, and to assist them in planting the 'tree of liberty,' are to be dignified by the name of Patriots. Mr. B. and we have viewed the shield of the goddess of liberty on different sides, and we shall never coincide

in our opinion of its real colour. We cannot conceive on what grounds these patriots, (for so they are called in Mr. B.'s *dramatis personæ*) while they planted the tree of liberty by the aid of the French bayonet, could feel their ' hearts dilate at the prospect of future and progressive happiness.'

The love of our country (as Lord Minto well observed, in his celebrated speech on the Union) may be rational or fantastical, as that of any other object : but only when founded in utility can it challenge its descent from Heaven. If this love be well regulated, and all its modes and affections in due subordination, he who is influenced by it, will prefer the real and solid happiness of his country to any metaphysical or speculative distinction. Let us try the patriots of Naples by this excellent ordeal, (an ordeal, which few patriots of any country can safely undergo) and we shall hesitate before we commiserate very deeply the fate of men, who afterwards felt the edge of that revolutionary sword, from which they themselves first threw away the scabbard. They attempted to thrust, what they called, liberty, down the throats of the Neapolitans, who were not convinced of the salutary tendency of the medicine; and these patriotic physicians of course met with some kicks and scratches from their reluctant patients. But (say they) the people were mad, or they would have known what blessings we were preparing for them. If the people were mad, it was they who let loose the uncured maniacs, and accordingly they very deservedly felt the effects of their fury.

In our author's account, those who joined the king and crowded to the royal standard, are styled desperadoes and insurgents, rebels against the regular government; and yet in the same breath he confesses, that, even in their own nation, in the midst of their own people, the personal safety of the members of this government could not be depended upon any longer than while they were under the protection of the French army. Surely Mr. B. adopts a strange vocabulary ! Surely, without any violation of common orthography, without any perversion of truth, that handful of self-created government-manufacturers, who voluntarily overthrew the established forms of the state, might justly be called the insurgents and rebels. But we will not quarrel about names, we will not dispute with our historian about misapplied epithets, for such an altercation would be endless. We will call the king and the bulk of the people, rebels, and the democratic faction, patriots : but we cannot join in astonishment with Mr. B. that, when the forts in which the patriots were besieged were taken, a few of the ringleaders

were executed. It is almost the natural consequence of things, that those who plant the tree of liberty in an improper soil, should ultimately be hung upon its branches. To avoid confusion, we comply with Mr. B.'s terms, and we describe the king and the populace as being in a state of insurrection: but we must confess that the misnomers in this chapter have puzzled us more, than we were ever puzzled by the two *SOSIAS* in the play. If the lions could paint (said the beast) we would draw a different picture; if the culprits were editors of the *Newgate Calendar*, they would probably describe the judge and jury as delinquents; and perhaps the memoirs of Colonel Despard may represent the whole English nation, king, lords, and commons, as conspirators. What can be more distressing to us critics than a chaotic confusion of words!

The patriots (Mr. B. relates) were besieged in two castles, and these 'two castles contained all the pride and ornament of the Neapolitan nation, all that Naples could boast of science, of patriotism, or of virtue.' They certainly did not contain all the wisdom, for of that a very small share could be possessed by those, who attempted to overthrow a government with which the people were contented. They certainly did not contain all the humanity, for what feeling for their fellow-creatures could *they* have, who, for the purpose of establishing a fantastic liberty, fraternized with French invaders and involved their country in anarchy and bloodshed? These castles surrendered, and the patriots (we abide by Mr. B.'s vocabulary) marched out with all the honours of war. The greater part of them were put on board prison-ships, some dismasted vessels in the Bay of Naples, where, as is not unusual in that climate, the weather was very warm. Mr. B.'s oratorical flourishes convert these ships into 'watery Bastilles,' (this is too favourite a figure of rhetoric ever to be let slip) where the unhappy prisoners were exposed to the burning rays of a meridian and solstitial sun. But it was not the confinement on board these watery Bastilles, not the want of food and clothing, not the burning rays of a solstitial sun that affected the feelings of these unhappy victims, so much as the sight of the British ambassadress going on board the admiral's ship in a handsome barge, or, to use our author's words, 'gallantly attended, like another Cleopatra, and rowed along the bay in nautical magnificence before these floating tombs.' These glowing colours are not idly thrown on the canvas: all this effect is not studied for no purpose: the figures are thus grouped, that those, whom our author wishes to expose, may stand in a more conspicu-

ous light. All this labour of description is employed, that Lord Nelson may stand forth accused of having suffered the King of Naples to break the treaty of capitulation which was made with the patriots, when they surrendered the fort Castell-a mare. With respect to the whole business we can only say, that those who excite a revolution are themselves the authors of all the horrors of a counter-revolution. We are not masters of all the facts; nor do we know that Lord Nelson could have prevented the execution of the ringleaders, if he wished so to do: but we know it to be a fact, that Captain Trowbridge, who was *under the command* of Lord Nelson, did about the very same time actually prevent the patriots from being exempted from the capitulation entered into between the King of Naples and the French officer Garnier. Instructions to demand the patriots were sent from the king, and the Princess Belmonte was the first person demanded. Garnier refused to deliver her up, and Sir Thomas Trowbridge applauded the refusal; and Sir Thomas certainly acted with Lord Nelson's approbation.

Mr. B. allows that the 'inferior ranks of the Neapolitan nation were by no means prepared for so great a change. Their minds, unenlightened by knowledge, did not expand at the idea of *liberty*; a term of which they could, indeed, scarcely be made to comprehend the import.' Of course neither the king nor his British allies, but the patriots themselves, were answerable for the miserable scenes which ensued upon the departure of the last gleam of the French bayonets.

In the foregoing account we do not find the slightest allusion to the tyrannies exercised by the patriots, while under the protection of the French. We read of these 'martyrs at the shrine of liberty being shut up in the dungeons of the castles, which they had surrendered,' but we do not find the smallest particle of commiseration for those English prisoners, and for those of their own countrymen, who had, but lately, been confined by these patriots in these very castles. No! They were '*state-prisoners*.' We love pity as a feeling of the heart, and we admire pathos as a figure of rhetoric, but we do not like to see it misapplied. Mr. B. has a tear only for republican woes; and we dare venture to assert that if the '*state-prisoners*' had been put on board the dismasted vessels, we should not have read of '*watery bastilles*,' but of prisons *where the air might circulate, and where the genial heat of the sun might be felt*. This is not a flippant, but a well-grounded remark, we should not however have hazarded it, if we had not received a confirmation of the justice of

it by Mr. B.'s description of the seizure of the pope. We turned with some curiosity, to this part of the history, and found, as we expected, the tables reversed. Here the French and the patriots have the upper hand, and Mr. B.'s tone changes, as the squire's does in the fable, when he found that it was his own heifer which had done the injury. We had always understood that the aged pontiff and his cardinals had been plundered of their property, and that neither the age of Pius VI. his infirmities, nor the sanctity of his office, procured to him, from the banditti who dragged him away, even the common forms of personal respect. But we were mistaken—never were we more mistaken. His journey was less fatiguing, than a swing in one of Mr. Merlin's cars; he was '*removed*' across the Appennines and Alps to Briançon, whence, on the alarm caused by the approach of Suwarroff, he was again '*transferred*' to Valence. Here 'he occupied the *beautiful* apartments belonging to the ancient commandant of that fortress under the monarchy. Again he seemed to enjoy some repose, the fine gardens and delightful scenery of the surrounding country affording him much apparent pleasure.' What a consolation for the loss of a throne! We have not the former volumes of Mr. B.'s history before us, and we forget whether he thought that Messrs. Horne Tooke and Thelwall received ample compensation for the loss of their liberty, in the magnificent view of the rich bosom of the Thames, and of the Surrey hills, from their apartments in the Tower.

While we were writing the above paragraph at breakfast this very morning, October the 16th, 1805, the morning newspapers were brought in, and we met with such a curious confirmation of the propriety of our remark on the different representations of the same circumstance, according to the temper and party of the narrator, that we had a hearty laugh on the occasion. We will quote the passages, and perhaps our readers will smile at the remarkable coincidence. One paper mentioned that 'the greaterpart of our unfortunate countrymen who were at Verdun, have been removed to the castle of Vandrenil. This is an old building, defended by a moat, and situate in the midst of an unhealthy morass.' Another informed us, that 'part of the English prisoners hitherto detained at Verdun have been removed to the fine castle of Vandreuil, surrounded with *water* and *pleasant* prospects.'—*Utri creditis, Quirites?*

In the intervening account of the campaign in the north of Italy, Piedmont, and Switzerland, our author puts the cockade of his party in his pocket, and passes quietly through

the ranks of either army with the neutrality of an historian. We have a long list of names and a map of places, with little in the narration to condemn or to admire. The movements of the armies are related with exactness, but there is little of that animation, which glows in description, which transports us to the scene of action, and brings to the 'mind's eye' a perfect view of the rapid river, the extended plain, the towering citadel, the deep morass, the craggy mountain, and all the theatre of war.

The thirty-second book of this History opens with an account of the preparations for the invasion of Holland, which to a British politician, and indeed to the politician of every country, who sees things in their true light, must appear a very natural and a very commendable effort of the court of St. James', a generous attempt to deliver the United Provinces from a state of servitude and degradation, to restore them to their rank among the independent nations of Europe, and to render them once more a rich, flourishing, and happy people. Our author sees it under a very different point of view; he regards them as an expedition, which 'aimed at no less than the entire subversion of the Batavian republic;' and, as we know the event, we naturally looked forward, with the expectation of finding in this chapter some of the choicest figures of Mr. B.'s rhetoric, among which *misrepresentation* is not the most sparingly used. He opens with great glee, and concludes the very first paragraph with an impertinent sneer at our commander in chief. We by no means would wish that history should depart from her dignity, or desert the cause of truth; by concealing any error of government, or of the most distinguished person; but without undertaking to defend either the plan or the conduct of the expedition in question, we enter our protest against ill-manners, against bad temper, against petulance and scurrility.

We are informed that 'in every village the citizens took arms: the requisitions of the government were answered not by a cold and formal compliance, but with an emulation of eagerness; and multitudes offered on all sides, as volunteers, to join the army in North Holland.' We can suppose that the inhabitants\* of the villages complied with the commands of the French generals, and that they fought against our troops with all that courage which is natural to men who are urged on by the bayonets of those behind them; but we know that the majority of the inhabitants of Amsterdam

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\* 'Citizens,' in Mr. B.'s vocabulary.

were anxiously looking for the arrival of their expected *deliverers*, the English. Men of Holland, are ye not made of flesh and blood like the men of Tuscany? Surely you are! and if our brave countrymen had succeeded in rescuing you from French tyranny and oppression, we verily believe that your long suppressed detestation would have broken forth, as it did in the breasts of the Tuscans. We know (though it did not suit our author's purpose to relate it) that after Scherer's defeat in Italy, hatred and revenge broke forth in every place that had suffered under French despotism. Insurrection burst forth every where, and the French, who were dispersed about the country, fell under the blows of the Italians, who were a few days before quite obedient. We verily believe, that the Dutch obedience under General Brune very much resembled Italian obedience under General Scherer, and that, if our army had succeeded, the French would have lost the United Provinces, and the *republic* of letters would have lost Mr. B.'s glowing description of the 'emulation' and 'eagerness of the volunteer citizens of the villages.' The French would have been massacred; the trees of liberty would have been cut down, and with them, (O! loss irreparable) all the gaudy flowers of Mr. Belsham's rhetoric.

The Duke of York's dispatches are sifted for the purpose of exposing two or three incautious expressions, which might naturally fall from the pen of any writer, in such a perilous and anxious situation, and which common feeling and good sense would attribute to the hurry of the moment. Even the common newspapers of the day are searched for the same malignant purpose, as if an expression (however intemperate) hastily dropped by an editor of a paper, could in any degree affect the wisdom of government. It really is curious to remark the sparing hand with which praise is bestowed on our troops, the cold expressions, which relate the bravery and victory of the British army. 'Another garland is added to the Gallic laurels,' but we look in vain for a single leaf to deck the brow of a Briton. General Daendels attacks the English with 'great spirit?' General Brune 'has two horses killed under him,' 'breaks the line of the English and Russians,' and '*drives* them from their several positions:' the English *run*, but the French only *withdraw*, and *retire*.

We have not yet even peeped into Mr. B.'s twelfth volume, and of course we do not know what he says of our victories in Egypt: but we must own that we tremble for the character of our brave soldiers in such hands. If Mr. B. in any future edition of the eleventh volume, should alter the ex-

pressions of 'asperity,' as he has professed to have done in the preceding volumes, he will find an ample catalogue of errata in this chapter. We have not quoted them, because we do not wish to blazon rudeness.

Our historian proceeds in the next place to describe the internal situation of France. This description occupies ten pages, in which the weakness and incapacity of the directory, and the plots and counterplots of the various factions, are well delineated. The fatal consequences of the 'Law of hostages' are exposed with propriety, and the whole view of the state of the nation is summed up with a spirit which we have not often occasion to applaud in this work. Mr. B.'s words are as follows:

'The folly, as well as wickedness of the law respecting departmental hostages, now became fully apparent; and the forced loan having proved very unproductive, the treasury was exhausted and without resource. The republic was rent with the rage of civil discord, the armies of France were defeated, and the enemy triumphant. Suspicion and fear pervaded every mind; public confidence was annihilated, and an insurmountable apathy, or rather despair, prevailed among those who had so long breathed ineffectual wishes for their country. Justice had become a name; patriotism a mask; liberty a phantom; and virtue a deception. Obscure and opposing machinations involved every one in perplexity: and the state appeared reeling, as it were, like a drunken Bacchanal, without either guide, guardian, or support.'

'All France felt the full force of her past and present evils, and the imperious necessity of establishing a better order of things. She required a government capable of repairing the ruins of the political edifice, or rather of reconstructing it on more solid and durable foundations. But by what miraculous interposition was this to be accomplished? By what superhuman means was confidence to be restored, was courage to be re-animated, was civil discord to be healed, and authority, now every where spurned at, to be invigorated and confirmed?' 'To solve these interesting questions, it is become necessary to revert to the history of that celebrated commander, who'—

So far all is well, and for the sake of the pleasure of giving praise without alloy, we would have omitted to censure the absurd epithets 'miraculous' and 'superhuman,' if our author had thought them necessary to describe the bold promptitude of Bonaparte in flying from Egypt to seize the reins of government in France: but Mr. B.'s temper and judgment will not permit us to enjoy that pleasure undiminished, even through a single page. Let our readers bear in their minds our author's account of the generous and li-



beral attempt of this country to deliver the Seven United Provinces; let them bear in their minds his sneers, his indecent exultation, at the failure of the attempt; and then let them endeavour (if they can) to restrain their indignation, while they peruse the conclusion of the paragraph which we have quoted:

— ‘ in the spirit of romantic enterprize, had, in the beginning of the preceding year, bid adieu to his country in search of new adventures, and in the hope of acquiring fresh, and, if possible, more verdant laurels on the opposite side of the globe.’

What! was the invasion of Egypt, and the massacre of the inhabitants which ensued, merely a romantic enterprize, an adventure to acquire verdant laurels? For the credit of the British nation, for the credit of humanity, we will shew that we have men of virtue and of talent, who are capable of feeling as men ought to feel, and of describing events in their genuine colours. For the satisfaction of our readers we will present them with a description of the same event by an enlightened philosopher, a true lover of liberty, and a pious Christian. ‘ Recollect (says Mr. Hall, in his sentiments on a particular crisis of affairs) Bonaparte’s invasion of Egypt, a country which had never given him the slightest provocation; a country so remote from the scene of his crimes, that it probably did not know there was such a man in existence; (happy ignorance, could it have lasted !) but while he was looking around him, like a vulture perched on an eminence, for objects on which he might gratify his insatiable thirst of rapine, he no sooner beheld the defenceless condition of that unhappy country, than he alighted upon it in a moment. In vain did it struggle, flap its wings, and rend the air with its shrieks, the cruel enemy, deaf to all its cries, had infixed his talons, and was busy in sucking its blood, when the interference of a superior power forced him to relinquish his prey and betake himself to flight.’ In the name of our brave countrymen, in the name of justice, we return thanks to such a writer as Mr. Hall.

In the third page after that which announces the ‘ romantic enterprize in search of verdant laurels,’ Mr. B. proceeds as follows:

‘ On the 1st of March the army moved towards Jaffa, the ancient Joppa. The trenches were immediately opened, and in a few days the breach appearing practicable, the place was carried by assault; and the greater part of the garrison, who made a resistance equally furious and obstinate, put to the sword.’

Bonaparte himself owned that the carnage was so great, that the 'horrors of war never appeared to him so hideous;' and yet Mr. B. records this assault, in which a garrison who defended themselves against an unprincipled invader, were put to the sword, without any other comment than that 'Jaffa was an acquisition of importance, being a secure depôt for stores.' It was a mere adventure, gentle reader! in search of verdant laurels. Our author, afterwards, in a NOTE, observes, that 'such a procedure cannot be reconciled to the feelings of afflicted humanity;' but at the same time he enters into a long palliation of his celebrated hero's conduct, apparently with the most trembling anxiety, lest our admiration should be mixed with abhorrence. He follows the march of the French army through the defiles of Mount Carmel with shouts of exultation, in which we were almost tempted to join, in expectation that they were mere graces of history to introduce the British hero who stopped their career, in a more grand and conspicuous point of view. We ought to have known the style and temper of Mr. B.'s narration better than to suffer ourselves to be so deceived. It has been doubted whether Adam or the Devil is the hero of the *Paradise Lost*; and we find ourselves in a similar hesitation between Sir Sidney Smith and Bonaparte, in Mr. B.'s account of the siege of Acre. In commenting on the text, a French critic might very justly claim the distinction for the latter. Bonaparte's proclamation, in which he boasted of having overthrown all Christian establishments, is not allowed to be an impious declaration, but a piece of 'complaisance to the religion of Mahommed.' An open renunciation of the divine superiority of the Christian faith was, in Mr. B.'s ideas, mere complaisance! Sir Sidney Smith's animated detestation of the Corsican's cruelties are styled 'gross and virulent personalities, incompatible with decorum,' although Mr. B. allows that the 'massacre of the Turkish prisoners in cold blood has been corroborated.' What are our author's notions of decorum? Shall we look for them where our commander in chief is the subject of his history? Mr. B. dedicates a great part of a long note to an extenuation of the cruelty of the massacre of the Turkish prisoners, but Sir Sidney's want of courtesy admits of no palliation. What are Mr. B.'s notions of humanity? The same anxiety for the reputation of his hero (for upon a second reading we decidedly give that character to the French general) continues to the end of the chapter, and without a blush Mr. B. tells us, that Bonaparte quitted the siege, and retreated from Acre '*unattended with the slightest degree of military degrada-*

dation.' Sir Sidney informs us that 'the French grenadiers absolutely refused to mount the breach any more over the putrid bodies of their unburied companions, sacrificed in former attacks by Bonaparte's impatience and precipitation, which led him to commit such palpable errors as even seamen could take advantage of.' What are Mr. B.'s notions of truth? So eager is he to lead his hero off with a flourish, that he hurries over the flagrant breach of honour and of war, in firing a volley of shot and shells, while a message by a flag of truce was under consideration, not knowing (as he declares) whether to denominate it an act of passionate indiscretion, or of artful design. Nay, so eager is he, that he hastens to sum up the number of towns taken by his hero, and the thousands killed or made prisoners by him, without stopping to explain any probable good consequences that might arise from the check thus given to the French in Syria, without decking the brow of the gallant Sir Sidney with a single leaf of laurel. What are Mr. B.'s notions of patriotism?

'On his arrival at Grand Cairo, the general and his soldiers were received by their *fellow citizens* with loud acclamations;' and after 'enjoying some repose in that great metropolis and centre of his conquests,' he acquired 'new laurels by a victory over the Turks at Aboukir.' The reader is hurried on without the respite of a moment for reflection on the mad ambition which gave rise to all these horrors of war, without time even for a sigh of commiseration on the unhappy victims. No! the mark of guilt on the forehead of the author of these woes of Egypt, is hidden from Mr. B.'s view by thick laurels, which to his eyes appear beautifully verdant, though they may owe their vivid hue to the moisture of the blood of our allies. What are Mr. B.'s notions of right and wrong? Mr. B. seems to admire humanity, truth, patriotism, and justice, but he does not take any of them as partners for life, but merely as partners at whist, where it depends on the chance of the cards whether they are his antagonists or his friends.

The arrival of Bonaparte in Paris is related with spirit, and the same may be said of the detail of the revolution which followed. We have an account of facts, without any developement of the secret intrigues from which events originated. Perhaps this cannot be expected from an historian who writes the annals of the times in which he lived; but surely our author does not shew much sagacity, in hesitating whether to ascribe the revolution to a preconcerted plan between Sieyes, Talleyrand, and Bonaparte. There cannot be a doubt of the fact. The ma-

majority of the votes in favour of the new constitution are given with a gravity which made us smile: and we think that the new constitution, though it commenced 'so brilliantly,' though it regulated the power and office of the 'three Consuls' with such precision, and though it so 'permanently secured the inviolability of every citizen's house,' &c. &c. &c. might very well with M. Cabanis's treatise on it, have been thrown into a note, instead of occupying so large a portion of the text in a History of Great Britain.

The remainder of the thirty-second book is almost wholly occupied by a just and well-written account of the transactions in India, which terminated in the death of Tippoo Sulthan, and with the restoration of the ancient royal house of Mysore. We should have been happy to close the account of this book with undiminished praise, but here again Mr. B.'s temper exhibits another freak, and destroys the harmony of our resolution. A single paragraph of a few lines at the end of the book is introduced, for the purpose of an eulogy on Kien Long, upwards of sixty-four years Emperor of China. Due praise is given to his virtue and to his talents, and also to the beauty of his person, and to the dignity and grace of his deportment. 'He is represented,' (Mr. B. tells us) 'as usually wearing a robe of yellow silk, girded with a blue sash; a cap or turban of black velvet, with a red tassel, and plume of peacock's feathers, and boots embroidered with gold; a costume truly oriental, and which may justly vie with the stars, garters, and coronets of European *vanity*.'

True! And so they may vie with the glossy black small-clothes which warm and ornament a part of Mr. B.'s person; but what British blood can flow in his veins, what love of his country can he feel, if he promulgates this fatal truth to the whole world? We do not subscribe to the fact, and a jury of tailors, to whom we referred the point, confirmed the justice of our opinion: but what we mean to observe is, that if Mr. B.'s real sentiments are in favour of the peacock's feather, and of the embroidered boots, it was wrong in him to express his thoughts so fully. *Honi soit qui mal y pense!*

The thirty-third book contains events of the greatest magnitude and importance, and the spirit of our author's style in general suits the dignity of his subject. The debates on the overture of Bonaparte for peace, are given with tolerable fairness, and in the latter part of the book, the passage of the French over Mount St. Bernard, and the battle of Marengo, are narrated in an animated manner. We will not diminish our praise by an exposure of a few petulancies. We cannot, however, omit noticing the apparently implicit con-

fidence, which our author puts in Bonaparte's professions of religion, and of his submission to the sovereign will of the people, as if hypocrisy or ambition formed no part of his character.

The twelfth volume commences with the negotiation for an armistice between Great Britain and France, which our ministry very properly refused; but they were under the necessity of using some evasion, as they did not wish to be separated from their allies, nor on the other hand did they wish to break off the negotiation. An armistice by sea must have secured the French in the possession of Egypt and of Malta. Our author seizes, what he thinks a lucky opportunity, of praising the great diplomatic ability of M. Otto, and of exposing the 'egregious incapacity' of Lord Grenville.

In the month of February, 1800, an attempt was made to throw supplies into Malta, by a small squadron consisting of five sail, one of which was of the line. They were intercepted by Lord Nelson, who captured the flag-ship, and one of the frigates. The *Guillaume Tell* also, of eighty-six guns, endeavouring to escape from Malta, was taken, after a gallant resistance. Our historian tells us that these advantages were counterbalanced by the accidental blowing up of the *Queen Charlotte*, mounting 120 guns. If Mr. B. can possibly find out any circumstance which may counterbalance British success, he always seems very ready to do it: but we cannot agree that the loss of the *Queen Charlotte* (deeply as we may deplore the event) in any manner counterbalanced the effect of that victory, which by cutting off the supplies sent to Malta, ultimately gained us possession of that important island, and of its prodigious fortifications. Mr. B. concludes his account of the disaster, as follows:

'This was the ship on board of which Lord Howe hoisted his flag on the memorable 1st of June; and in these ships the king and royal family were entertained, on occasion of the visit made by them to the fleet after that splendid victory. Such are the mournful reverses of fortune and of fate, and so frail is the foundation on which rests the fabric of human vanity.'

We beg leave to class this solemn reflection on British vanity, with our author's observations on Kien Long's boots.

The affairs of Egypt, and the convention of El Arish occupy the chief part of the beginning of the thirty-fourth book. The character of General Kleber, and the magnanimous conduct of Sir Sidney Smith, have their due praise; but the English ministry come in for their full share of blame, without any allowance for that state of things in Europe,

which must justify their determination with respect to the French army in Egypt.

In recording the arrival of Lord Nelson in England, and his honourable reception by his countrymen, our author's spleen breaks forth again in a manner which provokes our indignation. He informs us, that 'the public saw in him only the hero who had achieved the most splendid name of modern ages: that unhappy part of his conduct during his abode at Naples, which blended itself, like the deadly nightshade, with the immortal verdure of his laurels, was known comparatively to few.' We believe that the malignant spirit, which warps Mr. B.'s judgment in viewing the actions of his own countrymen, was felt comparatively by few: that malignant spirit, which will not suffer him to join in any exultation at British glory, and under the influence of which every British laurel withers at his touch. This censure is severe, but we will not retract one word of it: for let our readers learn with astonishment, that this same historian, who is so eager to twine nightshade with British laurel, is, as we have observed, tremblingly alive to any censure on Gallic perfidy or cruelty. In this very volume, (p. 497,) Sir Robert Wilson is severely censured by our author for his 'unnecessary invectives' against the First Consul: the poisoning of the sick is most earnestly denied by him; and because he cannot confute the evidence concerning the massacre at Jaffa, he attempts very studiously to palliate it, by searching for something parallel in the annals of British history, which he thinks he has found in the conduct of Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt! From what soil does this sensibility spring, which would willingly tread under foot the British laurel, and yet touches that, which decks the brow of a Corsican, as it would the sensitive plant, with the utmost caution and with the most tender delicacy? Our bookseller positively assures us that Mr. B.'s history is not a translation from the French.

It was naturally to be expected that Lord Nelson should be received by the city of London in the most hospitable and most honourable manner. Our author's spite (we would not have used this word if we could have found a better,) is here so ludicrous, that we shall quote the passage for the amusement of our readers.

'Being invited by the city of London, on the 9th of November, to dine at the Guildhall of the metropolis, a sword studded with diamonds, of exquisite workmanship, was presented to him by the chamberlain: who, on this interesting occasion, pronounced a *gorgeous civic* oration, in which the exploits of his lordship were

extolled as superior to the heroic acts of Sesostris. He was, moreover, complimented as having exemplified, in the pious *non nobis domine* of his modest dispatches, "that virtue which the heathen world could not emulate." And his lordship, with equal complacency, as if equal in value, received the sword and the panegyric.'

We recollect that the chamberlain, in the name of the generous citizens of London, and in the warmth of that moment of hospitality and joy, pronounced a panygeric on Lord Nelson, in which perhaps his expressions were not studied with the lingering coolness of cautious precision; but what does Mr. B. mean by a *gorgeous civic* oration? Aye! here's the rub. By the association of the two words 'gorgeous' and 'civic,' we are verily inclined to believe, that a sneer was intended at the chamberlain's purple robe and gold chain, in which he was of course habited on the occasion. Do not be too proud of your honors, Mr. Chamberlain, there is nightshade for you also! Our author seems to have the same antipathy to stars, garters, coronets, robes, diamond hilted swords, and magistrates, that a 'puritan has to the sound of an organ,' and we must class this petulant paragraph also with the reflections on the *vanity* of the royal visit to Lord Howe, and its counterpart, the sage remarks on Kien Long's boots. When a bowl has got a wrong bias, where will it not run? For a justification of Bonaparte, Mr. B. carries us back to the battle of Agincourt, and for the sake of a sneer at our knights of the garter, the manes of Kien Long are disturbed; and yet in the latter part of the same volume our author relates with great complacency, the entry of Cardinal Caprara into Paris, 'who was escorted by an honorary guard of cavalry, the crosier being borne before him to the palace:' he also gives us the cardinal's fulsome speech, with Bonaparte's pious reply, without a single comment. The establishment of the legion of honor is announced with great gravity, but we do not here find the least hint at human *vanity*.

Scarcely had we finished the above sentence, when the sound of cannon interrupted our attention, and upon inquiring the cause, we found that the British fleet is victorious, but that Nelson is no more!!!

'Peace to the brave, who sink to rest,  
By all their country's wishes blest.'

We were preparing to continue our minute examination of Mr. Belsham's History, but our bosoms swell at this moment with feelings so ill according with that calm patience, which would be necessary for a dissection of his FRENCH-

ENGLISH work, that we might be betrayed into intemperate censure ; and as it would be hardly worth the while to make another article of it in our next number, we shall here conclude, briefly observing, that whoever possesses a regular file of opposition papers, possesses a history of Great Britain equally full of good matter, equally liberal, and equally impartial with Mr. Belsham's Annals.

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ART. III.—*A Description of the Island of St. Helena, containing Observations on its singular Structure and Formation, and an Account of its Climate, Natural History, and Inhabitants. Small 8vo. Phillips. 1805.*

THE island which affords the subject of the volume now before us, is an object of considerable curiosity and importance. To the philosopher it supplies ample scope for investigation in its organized and mineral productions, as well as in its grander features. To the statesman and the merchant, its value far outmeasures any estimation which might be rashly made of it from its magnitude, its population, or its wealth. They equally admire it as a safe harbour, placed, as it were, benevolently in the midst of a wide ocean ; as a station secure from the violence of external attack ; and as the first resting spot for the gigantic genius of the commerce of Britain, who there pauses, ere by another stride he embraces the dominion of the peninsula of the Indies.

We conceive therefore that this account of a settlement in so many respects important, is likely to be well received by the public, if the fidelity and acuteness of the author, and the excellence of his composition, shall bear any proportion to the subject he has chosen ; and if our verdict in his favour may promote the success of the work, it is not likely to want a reasonable share. With some exceptions, we think the performance entitled to considerable notice.

It is dedicated to our mercantile sovereigns of the east, who are earnestly and humbly entreated to receive under their fostering wing this chicken of literature, that, anxious for the success of his attempt, fails not to beset with arguments and flattery the ears of their majesties of Leadenhall-street. Like most authors, however, who treat of particular places, he is by no means insensible to the merits of his subject, and occasionally exaggerates its importance farther than our phlegmatic fancies are disposed to follow. The merits of the East India company are surely not so high as are here represented in their support and patronage of St. Helena,



which would have yet reared its barren head to the storms of a thousand years, had it by nature been placed out of the tract of the company's shipping. We feel and highly applaud that liberal humanity which has procured the blessings of personal freedom to the negroes of that island; and it is to be hoped and expected that the measure of emancipation will turn out not more consonant to humanity and religion, than agreeable to the justest views of enlightened policy. The permanence of these boons of the company, which, according to our author, will remain when the empire of the east shall have passed away as a shadow, and left no vestige of their power and greatness, appears by no means the most evident of propositions. In such an event, it cannot be doubted that St. Helena would follow the fate of the Indies, and vanish from the list of peopled countries, with the causes which upheld its existence. The company, if they still remained such, would consider it as an expensive and useless incumbrance; and the inhabitants, accustomed to European supplies even of provisions, and unable to subsist without them, would quit a spot where life could no longer be sustained, and leave only some miserable remnant of negro population to testify the departed and fugacious prosperity of a commercial station.

In a preface, the author informs us, that for a period of five weeks, he exerted his utmost diligence to observe and record the natural phenomena of the island. The observations are therefore so far original; and for his theories, they are, as he tells us, the best that occurred to him. Though these confessions seem very commendable for their candour and their modesty, he yet fears that he may have treated the subjects of geology and mineralogy too profoundly for the vulgar, and too slightly for the adept. But good theories of the changes which have occurred on the surface of our globe are, we fear, never likely to originate from the consideration of local phenomena, where the observer, strongly impressed with the present objects, forgets the structure of other soils, and, like a late French traveller,\* mounted on the summit of a hill in the Isle de France, half conceives himself another Jove, and deals out strata and rocks, urges the torrent of the deluge, animates the earthquake, and rouses the slumbering volcano, where he pleases, and howsoever it may suit the wildness of his fancies.

In the first chapter the author gives an account of the

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\* See Appendix to Vol. IV. of the Critical Review.

mineralogical appearances of St. Helena, which in every respect seem worthy of much attention. The chief part of the rocks of the island is basaltic, in many instances of an uncommonly regular and columnar structure. These columns are occasionally beautifully curved or oblique, and sometimes shivered into minute fragments. The central parts are by far the most compact, and the lower and upper portions, where the rock terminates in what our author calls clay or volcanic matter, are either honeycombed, or terminate in round knobs. The ever intruding idea of igneous operations has led him to distinguish, by the term scorification, various appearances of blackness, which probably have arisen from the operation of time. The rock runs insensibly into a hard clay. The whole is considered by the author as being arranged in strata, some of which are characterized as obviously volcanic. The degree of mineralogical discrimination displayed in the work is, however, not always very great, and the propensity of the author to the system of fire, is easily discernible. It is of the highest importance to refer minerals to their proper species, when they form the groundwork of any reasoning on the origin and formation of the strata of the earth. This correctness, we fear, our author does not always attain. One of his observations seems hostile to the opinion of the agency of subterraneous heat in the fusion of basalt. Certain cells and caverns, which are noticed as frequently occurring in the summits and bases of the rocky strata of St. Helena, are sometimes met with in the central parts of it, and in these instances the cavities are often filled with a large quantity of pure water.

The bed of rock is asserted by this author to be frequently confined both above and below, by a mass of light, porous, and scorified fragments, cemented together by a lava, various in its texture and its colour. The strata of rock, alternate with those of fragments, and the thickness of both, varies very remarkably, as well as their direction, which is sometimes straight, and often waving or serpentine. There are also said to be strata of clay regularly accompanying the others. Many of these phenomena will unquestionably strike the reader as little reconcileable with the formation of these masses by fire, at least in these latter periods, and by volcanic interference. It is remarkable that near the sea the clay is found only in thin layers, but further inland it is more abundant, and is the principal matter of which many large hills are composed. Among these argillaceous mountains are to be observed numerous perpendicular *strata*, as our author rather whimsically calls them, which penetrate the horizon:

tal beds, and are composed of various-coloured rock, all as regularly fissured as the stones of a building.

The second chapter is opened with some very well expressed observations on the theory of the phenomena described in the first part of the work. The author imagines it past the shadow of a doubt that St. Helena has been the seat of volcanic fires, of which, however, he offers no better evidence than the existence of spongy and vitrified stones, sometimes cemented by what he calls lava, and of the summits and bases of basaltic rocks, blackened and scorified by fire. The second of these observations must be far from confirming the truth of the first in the mind of the cautious geologist. Though the agency of fire may be sufficiently probable in many of the phenomena described, yet we believe it not to have been always of that volcanic kind imagined here, and we earnestly desire an account of the mineralogical phenomena of this island from some of those able and excellent philosophers who now exist in England. We do not know any spot which promises so rich a reward to the labours of the industrious cultivator of science. In the work under present consideration, though extremely interesting, we look in vain for that precision of knowledge which distinguishes the philosopher and promotes the progress of philosophy. To this indeed the author does not aspire, and his ambition may be well satisfied with the fruits he has reaped, though another and a more plentiful harvest remains to crown the exertions of scientific perseverance. In fact, it is impossible to expect any thing like a satisfactory or plausible theory of the changes which have occurred in the structure of the island of St. Helena, from any person who is not thoroughly acquainted with those theories which profess to explain the cause and origin of the structure of the crust of our earth, and who is not readily able to distinguish by an appropriate and accurate name, every stratum or mineral production which may arrest his attention. Nothing can be more unpleasant than to hear, as we frequently do in this work, of strata distinguished by the general and confused names of stone, blue stone, shivered stone, red earth, volcanic matter, and so forth.

We have of late years heard so much of extinct volcanoes, that we listen perhaps with unreasonable scepticism to any further attempts to extend the dominion of Pluto; and after all that this work contains, to prove the volcanic origin of St. Helena, we perceive a saving clause at the latter part of the discussion, wherein it is acknowledged that 300 years ago, when the island was discovered, the very summits of the

extinct volcanoes were covered with herbs and plants. There are no earthquakes, no signs of submarine volcanoes, no sulphureous, bituminous, or inflammable matters, to testify the departed power and fallen magnificence of these mountains of fire.

The atmosphere of St. Helena is pure, the temperature moderate, and the climate healthy; nor are the inhabitants here pursued by the desolating agitations of the air and the earth, which terrify and harass the tropical islands, and counterbalance the rich gifts which nature has otherwise bestowed on them. Rain, however, falls so sparingly on this island, as to be a source of serious inconvenience. This deficiency seems very justly attributed by the author to the smallness of the island, and the remoteness of other land; its heat thus seldom differing much from that of the trade wind, which sweeps its surface with an unvarying and never ceasing blast. In these circumstances it is pleasing to remark that this little spot is free from every peculiar or malignant disease, and affords a joyful and renovating retreat to those whom the parching heats of the Indies have driven from the cares of avarice or the toils of military enterprize. The small pox has, it is asserted, never found its way to this spot; and the canine race may live unmolested by the terror of the halter or the pond, since there the curse of their kind, the hydrophobia, is unknown.

At the time of its discovery, St. Helena was found to possess several shrubs and plants, of which a few are peculiar to it. Some pages are spent in the consideration of the way in which these were conveyed to this island after its fires had ceased to burn, and the heat of its soil become sufficiently moderate to permit the growth of plants. The reader, however will rise from the perusal just as wise as he sat down, unless he adopt the sentiments of the Grecian philosopher, and think it a great deal to know that he is ignorant. Had it not been, however, for this fiery theory which burns in the brain of our author, he might have recollected difficulties enough of a similar kind which it might puzzle him to explain, in every quarter of the globe. In these times, however, St. Helena is provided with trees and plants from various and distant regions, and so mild and favourable are the air and soil, that the productions of the most distant and different climates meet and prosper in its bosom. Fruits of various sorts abound, the orange, the apple, the peach, the grape, and the olive. The peach-tree seemed particularly congenial to the soil, and grew wild or cultivated in every corner of the island, and sprung spontaneously from every crevice

in the rocks: the very hogs wallowed in the luxury of a peach diet. But all human blessings totter on the limits of destruction. While every one looked forward to the continuance of this source of pleasure, there came a vine from the Cape or the Mauritius, and with the vine came an insect which immediately attacked the peach trees, and has almost extirpated them from the island. 'An old inhabitant,' says our author, 'describing and lamenting the ravages it had made, could not forbear crying out, the tears almost starting from his eyes, "We would with pleasure have given up to it half the trees of the place, had it only spared our peaches, which we valued so much."'

St. Helena produces no sort of corn nor does it possess a soil fit for the cultivation of grain. Our author therefore very properly suggests the introduction of vegetables of other kinds, which might serve to avert the dangers or alleviate the horror of a famine. He advises especially the cultivation of the palm, and among the palms prefers the cocoa-nut. With these indeed he seems quite in love, and assures us that man wants but little that is not supplied by this admirable tree, upon which he expatiates in a long eulogium. It grows often on the margin of the ocean, and its nut is carried by the waves to distant countries, on the sands of whose shores it is buried and produces a tree. 'In this manner,' says our author, 'palms have sprung up in some uninhabited islands, where no trees grew at so recent a period as that of the discovery of India by the route of the Cape of Good Hope.' And here the writer cannot avoid mentioning a curious fact regarding the manner in which a new species of cocoa-nut was first introduced on the west coast of the peninsula of India. 'The natives of Travancore had long observed that strong westerly winds blew upon their shore great quantities of cocoa-nuts, which being of a peculiar form, they called the sea cocoa-nut, supposing that it grew at the bottom of the sea; and from their ignorance of geography, not knowing where else it could be produced. According to their accounts, many ages passed before they became sensible of the advantage of attending to the culture of this plant. It was left to the spontaneous efforts of nature, and sprang up here and there among the sand. It is now, however, considered as one of their most useful trees; and is in some respects reckoned more valuable than the common cocoa-nut. It probably came from the Sechelles, or some of the remote Maldives, where the same species is still found.'

There follow in this place many judicious remarks on the different species of trees, the natives of other countries

which it would be advisable or practicable to rear in St. Helena. Having already noticed this work at so great length, we cannot make any remarks on this part of it, which, however, we hope will call attention where it will be more useful to obtain it. The last chapter gives some account of the inhabitants, who, according to this representation, seem at first sight to be blessed beyond the common lot of humanity with long life, exemption from disease, a healthful offspring, and beautiful women. But carking care lurks in ambush, and the natives are infected with an insane discontent at their situation, and a longing desire to visit England, which they have never seen. Jealousies, also, scandal and party work, prevail here with all the force they usually obtain in confined situations and a limited society.

In this narrow spot the arrival of East Indiamen is the signal of joy and hilarity. The men, it seems, expect to make money of the passengers, by letting lodgings, and the ladies do all they can to be married, which we conjecture is not peculiar to St. Helena. The departure of these vessels, like the knell of death, extinguishes the voice of merriment, and disperses the gay parties who had crowded to the shores; and so associated are the ideas of joy with the appearance of the company's shipping, that a native lady of the island observed once, that 'the arrival of the Indiamen in England must make London very gay.'

This narrowness of idea may appear surprising, but the men seem to have the same limited notions from the following anecdote.

'As the writer of this was one day walking with a gentleman who had never been out of the island, they stopped to look at a small spot of ground, where the vegetation was very exuberant, when the gentleman, lifting up his hands, cried out with great fervour, "If St. Helena were all as fruitful as this place, it would be the noblest and richest country in the world." Yet the island is only twenty-eight miles round, and hardly exceeds in extent the larger parishes of England.

Before we conclude, we cannot resist the pleasure of extracting a short passage regarding the negroes of St. Helena, of great importance to those who would confirm the arguments for the possibility of our West India islands supplying their own stock of blacks.

'The blacks here long remained under the absolute and uncontrouled dominion of their masters, till complaints of the oppression and abuses that this gave rise to, induced

the court of directors to place them under the immediate protection of the magistracy, and to put a stop to all further importation of slaves. Several regulations were at the same time enacted to render their situations more easy and comfortable, by which they seem to have been encouraged to marry and propagate: for it is a fact, that before these regulations were established, there was an annual loss of about ten in a hundred. But since the blacks have been placed under the immediate protection of the magistracy, and all further importation of them prohibited, they have increased.' This fact requires no comment—it speaks for itself.

Upon the whole, our opinion of this work is very favourable: it every where shews marks of an active and intelligent mind; the facts newly brought forward are numerous and important; the style is vigorous, and not without elegance; and the perusal of it will afford an agreeable and instructive amusement to the general reader, for whose inspection it is chiefly designed.

ART. IV.—*The Life and Pontificate of Leo the Tenth.*  
By William Roscoe. 4 Vols. 4to. Cadell and Davies.  
6l. 6s. 1805.

THE perfect orator, whom Cicero has shadowed out to us, the glowing imagery of Johnson in his description of a perfect poet, must necessarily fall far below that comprehensive idea, which should figure an author capable of undertaking a general history of literature. In a vigorous and patient mind, he must combine the opposites of deep research and subtle genius; must thoroughly understand the languages of Europe, both ancient and modern; must familiarize his pen to the elegant discriminations of taste, and the technical distinctions of art and science; must develop each secret spring of political action; must illustrate and correct all former writers, whether in the luminous page of history, or the obscure deductions of schoolmen. Finally, he must divest himself of all bias, religious and national. And to every other quality we have enumerated, the addition of permanent health, constant assiduity, and a life extended beyond the usual limits of mortality, are indispensable.

We might add the absolute necessity of travel, and the evident advantages derived from the conversation of scholars and artists; but we have already proved it impossible that such a phenomenon should exist. Nay, we cannot

impute to literature even the embryo production of such an attempt. In this age of universal illumination, when original labour has been exhausted, when modern taste and philosophical research, unblushingly pilfer the weighty stores of their ancestors; when the science of bibliography has superseded the science of books; when the bookseller caters for the author, and prescribes the limits of his performances; amid the compendious epitomes and voluminous collections of the present day, and in a word the *charlatanerie* of modern learning, no literary quacks, no eminent scholars, have endeavoured to furnish us with that grand desideratum, from which both, though from separate causes, have shrunk with dread and hesitation.

We have hitherto stated the insurmountable difficulties attending a general history of literature; viewing, however, the subject in a particular point, neither the same causes nor effects are demonstrable. We shall now have occasion cursorily to mention, and to enlarge more fully hereafter, on the meritorious labours of those indefatigable writers, who may without impropriety be classified into three divisions, in reference to their scientific research. The studies of the former, are of all ages and of all nations; of the latter, strictly national. The elucidation of distinct epochs, the elegant and ornamental discussion of those periods of literature, whose pre-eminence has gained them the flattering epithet of '*golden*,' belongs to the first class. They have illustrated the age of Pericles, in Greece; of the Ptolemies, in Egypt; of Augustus, in Rome. Some have bent their studies to the revival of letters exclusively; some to the exclusive history of the reformation. The golden ages of Leo X. in Italy, of Ximenes in Spain, of Louis XIV. in France, and of Anne in England, have been delineated with beauty, spirit, and fidelity. In the introductory volume of Robertson's Charles V. we perhaps more admire the compression of the multifarious subjects it contains, from the restless want we feel of general illustration, than from the beauty of chastised style, and luminous observation. To the second class, the voluminous catalogue of those authors is attached, who have distinctly treated of some particular art or science. Painting, architecture, music, and the mathematics, have enjoyed their several annalists. Yet the comprehension and arrangement of any one of those subjects in all its parts, is a Herculean labour; and Warton's History of Poetry alone will give us the melancholy proof, that genius and erudition are insufficient to embrace a subject so extensive. It might be added, that the '*Bibliotheca*' of Fabri-



cius, and the varied essays of the 'Academie des Incriptions,' too frequently humiliate the student, who had rashly conceived that initiation in the mysteries of literature bordered on perfection. The last, and most prolific class of writers on literary subjects, bent their attention to national objects, by making which their exclusive study, the effect of their labours has uniformly been most judicious, interesting, and satisfactory. Even the *Catalogues Raisonnées* have not wanted utility, and general application. But when we examine the surprising efforts of Tiraboschi, the ponderous, though unfinished productions of Mazzuchelli, the laborious minuteness of Crescimbeni, we are lost in admiration. The *Memoires pour Servir à l'Histoire*, &c. of their great men, among the French, have abundantly supplied, by domestic anecdote, and patient curiosity, those portions of historical truth, which the professed chronicler, either from the want of leisure, or of materials, has declined inserting in his more ample work. That we may delay no longer on this subject, it may not be amiss to suggest the infinite importance which the student and the private gentleman must daily feel to be attached to the biographical books, which for several years have cast a lustre on the literary endeavours of our countrymen.

Our high ideas of the merits of Mr. Roscoe, exemplified in his beautiful History of 'Lorenzode' Medici—exemplified still more strongly in some of his inedited manuscripts which we have indulged ourselves in perusing, brought conviction to our minds, when we were advertised of the publication of the Life and Pontificate of Leo X. that however impossible it might be that the grasp of *one* man should seize on the universal literature of even *one* age, yet that a nearer approach to perfection might fairly be expected in the historian of Liverpool, than in his predecessors or contemporaries. We were inclined, in anticipation, to undervalue Tiraboschi, to abandon Muratori, to shut our Jortin and our Robertson, in the full expectation of new lights and discussions rendered more interesting, as the result of controversies which have agitated the learned since Erasmus was embalmed by Jortin, and Luther by Robertson. It may, indeed, very justly be asked us, by what right did we expect in the professed Life of Leo X. a general history of Europe and its literary pursuits during that period? To this question we should calmly reply, that knowing how short the life of Leo really was, how uninteresting the individual exertions of his mind, or actions of his arm, how connected with and dependant on the life of the pontiff, were the

general politics and the private history of the times, we seriously did not conceive (as the fact has proved) that four volumes quarto, with four enormous appendices, besides a preface, notes, and dissertations, could possibly be occupied by the mere biography of the Italian priest. We mention this *in limine*, as an objection which may not improbably be raised by those sensible gentlemen, who wish to confine our author to the narrow limits of biography.

The readers of this Review probably may at this moment feel the same sensations towards Mr. Roscoe's performance, before they have pushed their inquiries beyond the title-page, which we felt, when it was announced for publication. Disappointment, however, is a grievous draw-back on partiality in literature. Our readers will probably feel the same disappointment with ourselves, and unprepared as we have been to expect an anticlimax in our favourite author, let us manfully resolve in future to resist with coyness the flattering impulse of a first regard, lest, in the subsequent destruction of our hopes, it should render us morose and acrimonious.

We were inclined, from the particular bent of our studies, from the individual esteem we bear for the author, as far as that character is compromised—from the admiration, the surprize, which is naturally excited in us when we reflect that these stores of learning have been amassed by an attorney in the north, (a circumstance highly glorious to himself, and delightful to his British reader,)—to anticipate the judgment of the public: nay, to sin against that public, and to anticipate our own. '*Victas damus manus.*' The impropriety of such an idea is now most lamentably confessed; and we have been justly amerced in the fine not only of reading, but of commenting on our mistaken prejudices. When we perused the first volume, we forgave a great deal, under the hopes of turning over a new leaf; in the second we became sceptics; in the third we were disgusted; and after the perusal of the fourth, we found it necessary to have recourse to '*Watson's Theological Tracts,*' to preserve us in the good old cause of orthodoxy, from which we had unwittingly and momentarily swerved.

Notwithstanding the due fine imposed upon intemperate zeal, a just sense of the propriety which caused the exaction, superinduced a rigid fulfilment, and compelled us most conscientiously to toil through the text, notes, and appendix, *more than once*, to examine the quotations on which Mr. Roscoe supported himself, with unusual attention; and occasionally to refer to those quotations on which Mr. Roscoe

unfortunately did not support himself. We then attempted to apply to him the modes of classification which we have discussed above : but be that mode fanciful, or be it not, we found that Leo X. as a species, was incomprehensible under any of our genera. It then naturally occurred to us, that a patient analysis of this work, continued from chapter to chapter, however dull it might cause us to appear, would most fairly illustrate the object we had in view ; but a thought very naturally suggested itself, that in the servile imitation of a vicious plan, our own good sense might eventually be impeached.

With the independent impudence natural to reviewers, an impudence, however, which we in this instance shall maintain without fear of reproof, we purpose to anatomize Mr. Roscoe's work, and to deliver our lecture on the four morbid members of which it is composed—a lecture which, while it compels us occasionally to enlarge on those disagreeable subjects, which involve the diseased structure of the interior, shall not prevent us from discriminating the nerves, the muscles, the *contour* of figure, which has lent a seeming grace to the exterior.

It was impossible to do justice to Mr. Roscoe by any other distribution of his book. To descant on it as a biographical memoir, would have been an outrage to common sense ; to have discussed its historical matter, in consideration of it as a general history, would have raised from their cerements the indignant manes of Guicciardini and Commynes ; to have spoken of its scientific and classical knowledge, might have eventually condemned us to the pencil of Gillray, or the rod of Eton ; and our approval of the moral and religious principles of the work, might have rendered us obnoxious to that self-instituted tribunal, the Society for the Suppression of Vice.

These prefatory remarks sufficiently announce the censure which they precede ; the justice of which censure shall be established on the irrefragible proofs of quotation and indubitable inferences. In the first instance we will dispatch the preface ; and after mature consideration, shall divide our strictures of text and appendix conjointly, under the four following heads :

1. We shall consider Mr. Roscoe, in his assumed character of a biographer.
2. We shall endeavour to trace him as a general historian, as the retailer of Machiavelli and Paruta, not less than the avowed copyist of Guicciardini.
3. We shall consider the subject of literature, (a subject, unfortunately, little considered by Mr. Roscoe) and shall

include under the same general term, the progress of the arts in the age of Leo X.

4. We shall humbly offer a correction of the manner in which Mr. Roscoe has analysed the religion of the times.

The principles and the style of the writer shall be considered in each of the above capitularies, when the occasion offers; and while the praise that is really due, is not unsparingly bestowed, it is trusted that the reproof will be allowed warrantable, by the simple transcriptions of letter-press from the 'Life of Leo X.' into the Critical Review.

Of prefaces there are sundry kinds, the 'dedicatory,' the 'deprecatory,' the 'insolent,' the 'namby-pamby,' and the 'humble.' The preface before us is a non-descript, as far as relates to the above distinctions. We had almost forgotten to mention a gruff frontispiece of Leo X which would scare a more timid heart than we possess, from the exercise of its duty. Comeliness and exactness in the division of letter-press and notes, the balancing the weight of text against the weight of appendix, might naturally have induced a suspicion that the public would have been delighted with a less gloomy portrait of Leo than that which terrifies us in the outset. The picture was doubtless an image of the mind; and we are inclined to believe our author sufficiently disinterested, to have caused to be inserted a fair and exact copy from Raffaello. In a book, however, written for effect, we would, without a sneer, have recommended this plate to a banishment in the index to volume IV.

Mr. Roscoe informs us, that he was led by imperceptible degrees to a situation in which he could scarcely with either propriety or credit, have declined the task. The sequel will shew how far he has consulted his credit by the publication; but we fully agree with him in the next page, wherein he informs us that his undertaking called for exertions beyond what his talents could supply. He timidly avows the union which he has admitted, of 'individual biography with general history:' but it may be fair to ask, whether the biography of Leo X. alone, as an insulated period in the history of Europe, would even have been worth the recital. In Leo X. there was nothing great; he was an intriguer far less famous than his predecessors: equal to them in all the malevolent passions of the heart, he yielded to them only in subtlety: his reign was disastrous to the religion of which he was supreme: he was the tool of low buffoons and flatterers; and his efforts in the cause of reviving literature may be placed in a secondary point of view, when we arrive at the consideration of those causes which first resuscitated genius, and

which only owe to him that they were not again extinguished in darkness. A reign of gloomy self-willed tyranny, actuated by the comprehensive term 'nepotism,' of treachery and avowed dereliction from those principles which bind man to man; would ill have suited the colouring of an elegant pen. But Leo X. fell in with times of high import, and however his name may direct the dates on the top of each page, few actors have less to do in the story than the manager himself. Our objection then is forcible against a general history, which enlarges on trifles, and omits many of the most grand and most unexampled historical illustrations, and many of those causes which by crumbling the papal jurisdiction, superinduced new laws of war and peace, new codes of society, and new information on those subjects, which the gloom of ignorance and superstition had obscured. The general history might certainly have *generalised* our ideas on these points without unnecessary amplification. There was sufficient room for retrenchment; but to these subjects there will be an opportunity of returning shortly.

The crabbéd details of Italian politics, during the allowed assumption of Papal arrogance, are in no respect amusing: to the philosopher, however, they are interesting; to the historian, necessary: but it was reserved for the luminous remark of Mr. Roscoe (Pr. p. vi.) to insinuate that 'the siege of Pisa was as long and as eventful as the celebrated siege of Troy!' We will not attempt, like Mr. Bryant, to discredit the glories of this siege: but while we confess our anterior ignorance, of this stupendous exploit to the extent insisted on by our author, we cannot but suggest, that the simple reason may have been, that Mr. Roscoe commemorates the one, and Homer the other.

Paulus Jovius has written a Life of Leo X. Mr. Roscoe has not well characterised him. He partook, with all the historians of his age, of a decided and splenetic partiality for the district of his birth, which led him into unfair conclusions on the abilities and actions of his contemporaries, whom the distance of a few miles consigned to the jurisdiction of some hostile duke or marquis. Robertson, if we are not misinformed, while doubting on the subject to which he should apply his talents, so gloriously devoted afterwards to his Charles V., had meditated the history of these times. Collins, the poet, published proposals for his execution of a similar plan. Mr. Warton entertained ideas of the same nature; and the modesty of Mr. Roscoe will doubtless induce him to unite with the world in vain regrets that their intended labours have been superseded.

Monsignore Angelo Fabroni paid Mr. Roscoe the compliment to cause his life of Lorenzo de' Medici to be translated into Italian by the Cavaliere Mecherini: Fabroni wrote a life, in Latin, of Leo X. but Mr. Roscoe has not returned him the compliment of setting about a translation. He proceeds in a tolerably fair statement of the sources from whence he derives his information; and were we here inclined to cavil, we might justly declare that the obligations he is under to Tiraboschi, deserved a more ample and open acknowledgment. To travel in the walks of Italian literature without Tiraboschi, is to attempt a labyrinth unassisted by a clue. We could have wished never to recur to the abortive History of Poggio Bracciolini, by Mr. Shepherd. Mr. R. did not here study effect. We now come to a compressed and succinct examination of the four several points, which we have established as the landmarks of our criticism.

Pursuant to the plan we have adopted, the epitomized biography of Leo X. shall first pass in review before us, unattached, as far as possible, to the transactions which refer solely to those of his contemporaries, who were not immediately implicated with him.

The subject of this memoir was born December 11, 1475. His original name was Giovanni de' Medici. He was the son of Lorenzo de' Medici, whose conduct in the direction of Florence during a varied series of events, has been better known to our countrymen since the publication of his life by Mr. Roscoe. Giovanni was intended *early* for the church; since he received the tonsura, or insigne of his future profession, before he had attained his eighth year. His father was rather fond of accumulating pluralities on his infant son, who, at the above tender age, was appointed abbot of Fonte-dolce by Lewis XI. King of France, which appointment was followed in a few months by the investiture of the rich monastery of Passignano, bestowed upon him by Pope Sixtus IV. The particulars of this singular instance of ecclesiastical promotion, and of the additional honours heaped upon Giovanni de' Medici, are given by Lorenzo himself, with great simplicity, in his *Ricordi*, from which Mr. Roscoe himself has translated them. VOL. i. p. 12.

Well might Fabroni exclaim at this period of his work, 'Good God! what pluralities hath this single youth accumulated,' when we consider that he was at the same time canon of three cathedrals; rector of six parishes; prior of Monte Varchi; precentor of St. Antonio at Florence; proposto of Prato; superior of fourteen abbeys; abbot of two dioceses; and in 1510, archbishop of Amalfi. In 1488, after some

intrigues, not unusual among the Italians of the day, at the tender age of thirteen, he was made cardinal. His mind was expanded by the instructions of Politiano, confessedly the first scholar of the age, and the co-operation of sundry auxiliary tutors, whose reputation, particularly that of Bernardo da Bibbiena, has been undeservedly heightened by the biographer.

Let us, once for all, observe, that as we shall hereafter in our review of the literature of this work, have occasion to deliver our opinions concerning the judgment of Mr. R. on the subjects he has selected for praise, we shall confine ourselves in this instance to jejune annals: although in page 29 we cannot avoid quoting a blaze of metaphor, 'where *spectacles sowed seeds of dissipation, which afterwards met with a more suitable climate in the fervid atmosphere of Rome.*' Baron Munchausen's bean-seed might be said '*to meet the moon:*' but we have in no other instance heard of an embryo so aspiring.

Although Giovanni was nominally a cardinal, yet terms were entered into between the pope and his father, that he should not assume the insignia of his rank, or be received as member of the College of Cardinals, for the space of three years. This arrangement displeased Lorenzo; but during the time which it continued in force, Giovanni was compelled to pursue theological studies at Pisa. Lorenzo strove in vain to accelerate from the pope an enlargement of this probation. An intimacy was in these early years formed between Giovanni and his cousin Giulio, the natural son of Giuliano de' Medici, who had been assassinated in the conspiracy of the Pazzi. In this instance, as in most others where the opportunity can possibly present itself, Mr. R. refers the reader to his '*Life of Lorenzo.*' We conceive this to be very unfair chicanery; and it strongly reminds us of the Göttingen professor, Heyne, who, (though he chokes us with his notes to his Homer and Virgil) is never easy unless he refers us to *what he has said* on Tibullus, Pindar, or Apollodorus; whereas each reference might very fairly supersede a correspondent portion of nonsense with which he degrades his pages. But however this may be allowable in a German, we should have hoped it would have been an obscurity avoided amongst the

*Minimâ contentos nocte Britannos.*

The investiture of Leo took place March 9, 1492. In page 35, an *interesting* biographical anecdote is related, 'that in his return to his residence, the rain still continued to pour

down in copious torrents, and as the luxurious convenience of a modern chariot was then unknown, the cardinal and his numerous attendants were almost overwhelmed in their peregrinations.' Gentle reader! attend! the cardinal (aged seventeen) was caught in the rain! but, most luckily, he did not catch cold.

With these '*authentic particulars*,' (ib.) we are dismissed from the view of our hero. There is in the first chapter much viciousness of style, and confusion of matter. Some ridiculous minutiae, below the dignity of history, have already compromised the energy of character and observation: the notes are intrusive, and the appendix ponderous.

In the third chapter we are introduced to the baby cardinal again for a moment, and weep with him over the ashes of his father, who died April 8, 1492. The honours of the family were continued in the person of his brother Piero. Apprehensive, and as the event proved too justly, of the fickle disposition of his countrymen, Giovanni, however, returned to Florence; and Pope Innocent VIII. who died in the month of July in the same year, appointed him legate of the patrimony of St. Peter and the Tuscan state, to give him additional importance on this occasion. In the troubles which ensued on the irruption of Charles VIII. into Italy, Piero played the part of a traitor to his country: he delivered up its fortresses to the French, and returning to the city of Florence, was very naturally refused admittance within its walls. The Cardinals Piero and Giugliano with difficulty escaped from the exasperated populace, and fled to Bologna, where they were not cordially received. From thence Piero hastened to Venice, and Giovanni to Pitigliano. There the Vitelli hospitably entertained the holy fugitive. In 1497, the Medici made an unsuccessful attempt to re-enter Florence: their designs were speedily frustrated, and some of their adherents were accordingly executed. The character of Pope Alexander VI. is universally odious, and among those who incurred his hatred was our young cardinal; the character of the latter was, however, sufficiently supple to obviate the apparent fate which menaced him; and on his return to Rome from Genoa in 1500, an era which we now anticipate, he was received with open professions of esteem.

We proceed in the words of our author, premising that the disturbances of Italy had again compelled the cardinal to abandon it, not without fears for his personal safety.

'These portentous transactions were not regarded with an inattentive eye by the cardinal de' Medici. He had now attempted, in conjunction with his brothers, at three different times, to effect the



restoration of his family to their native place. The ill fortune or misconduct of Piero had defeated all their endeavours, and every new attempt had only served to increase the violence of their enemies, and to bar the gates of Florence more firmly against them. During five years he had been compelled to avail himself successively of the protection of the ancient friends of his family, in different parts of Italy: but as the hopes of his restoration to Florence diminished, he began to be regarded as an exile and a fugitive, and in the approaching disturbances of Italy, it was not easy to determine in what part he might find a secure asylum. The city of Rome, which ought to have afforded him a safe and honourable residence, was rendered irksome to him by the vices, and dangerous by the animosity of the pontiff; whilst the Florentines, in order to secure themselves during the approaching commotions, had acceded to the league with France, and thereby cut off from the Medici all hopes of deriving assistance from that power on which they had hitherto relied. Impelled by these circumstances, and perhaps also actuated by the laudable desire of visiting foreign countries, the cardinal determined to quit Italy, and to pass some portion of his time in traversing the principal kingdoms of Europe, till events might arise more favourable to his views.

This design he communicated to his cousin Giulio de' Medici, and it was agreed to form a party of twelve friends; a number which they considered sufficiently large for their mutual security in the common incidents of a journey, and too small to afford any cause of alarm. Discarding, therefore, the insignia of their rank, and equipping themselves in an uniform manner, they passed through the states of Venice, and visited most of the principal cities of Germany; assuming in turn the command of their troop, and partaking of all the amusements afforded by continual change of place, and the various manners of the inhabitants. On their arrival at Ulm, their singular appearance occasioned their being detained by the magistrates; but on their disclosing their quality and purpose, they were sent under a guard to the emperor Maximilian, who received the cardinal with that respect and attention, to which, from the celebrity of his ancestors, and his high rank in the church, he was so well entitled. Far from interrupting their progress, Maximilian highly commended the magnanimity of the cardinal in bearing his adverse fortune with patience; and his judgment and prudence, in applying to the purposes of useful information that portion of his time of which he could not now dispose to better advantage. Besides furnishing him with an honourable passport through the German states, Maximilian gave him letters to his son Philip, then governor of the Low Countries, recommending the cardinal and his companions to his protection and favour. After having passed a considerable time in Germany, the associated friends proceeded to Flanders: where they were received by Philip, not only with hospitality, but with magnificence. The cardinal then intended to have taken shipping, and proceeded to England; but the danger of the voyage deterred his

friends from the undertaking, and at their intreaties he relinquished his design. They, therefore, bent their course towards France. On their arrival at Rouen they were again seized upon, and detained in custody; and, although the cardinal, and his cousin Giulio, made an immediate discovery of their rank, and represented the object of their journey to be totally unconnected with political concerns; yet in the state of hostility that had then commenced between the kings of France and of Naples, there appeared to be too much ground for suspicion, to admit of their being speedily released; nor was it until letters were obtained from Piero de' Medici, then in the French camp at Milan, that they were enabled to procure their discharge. Having again obtained their liberty, they proceeded through France visiting every place deserving of notice, and examining whatever was remarkable, till they arrived at Marseilles; where after a short stay, they determined to proceed by sea immediately to Rome. The winds being, however, unfavourable, they were compelled to coast the Riviera of Genoa, where having been driven onshore, they thought it advisable to relinquish their voyage and to proceed by land to Savona. On their arrival at this place they met with the cardinal Giuliano della Rovere, who had fled thither to avoid the resentment of Alexander VI. A common enmity to that profligate pontiff, and a similarity of misfortunes, rendered their meeting interesting; and three refugees sat at the same table, all of whom were afterwards elevated to the highest dignity in the christian world. The two cousins of the Medici gave an account of the objects which they had met with on their journey; and related the difficulties which they had surmounted by land, and the dangers which they had encountered by sea. The cardinal della Rovere recapitulated in his turn, the events which had taken place in Italy since their departure, and in which they were so deeply interested. From Savona the cardinal de' Medici repaired to Genoa, where for some time he took up his residence with his sister, Madalena, the wife of Francesco Cibò, who had fixed upon that city as the place of his permanent abode. VOL. I. p. 293.

The first volume, inasmuch as the hero is concerned, terminates with the Machiavellian attempt of Cæsar Borgia, to restore the authority of the Medici at Florence. The succinct account we have given of Giovanni, comprehends, we believe, all the scattered notices of that distinguished character to be collected in a quarto containing more than 450 pages.

In the year 1503, Pope Pius III. died, and the Cardinal de' Medici and two of his brethren were appointed by the college to receive the oath of fidelity from Monsignor Marco, the Bishop of Sinigaglia. In the same year died the unfortunate Piero de' Medici; yet after that event the fortunes of his family began to revive, for his widow was shortly allowed to return to Florence, and claim her rights of dower from the property of her husband. On this occasion the

crafty disposition of the cardinal appeared to some advantage; and conscious of his returning influence with the Florentines, he was not behind hand in shewing them that he had originally only *tolerated* a great portion of his brother's conduct, in respect to the ties of consanguinity.

We had before an opportunity of interesting our readers with an account of the cardinal when caught in the rain; we have now an additional pleasure in informing them that he duly sweated himself, to prevent his growing too fat, or to use Mr. R.'s *verbiage*, 'for preventing that corpulency to which he was naturally inclined.' *In tenui labor.* The only faults in the biographical account of Leo, of which we complain, are a disregard to the flagrant immoralities and low buffooneries of that prince—a weak sophism in argument—and an unnecessary dilation on trifling topics.

In the battle which proved fatal to the renowned Gaston de Foix, in 1512, the cardinal was taken prisoner. We expect, however, some better authority than that of Luc. Eremita in testimony to the *sole* charitable action which was ever recorded of the military prelate. In this suspicious account it is insinuated, and affirmed by Mr. Roscoe, that 'when the fate of the day was decided, he did not immediately attempt to quit the field, but devoted himself to the care of the dying. The '*maluit ab hostibus capi,*' of Luc. Eremita, would evidently infer a *possibility* of escape: now we have no reason to surmise such a *possibility*, nay the facts bear us out in assuming the utter impracticability of such an attempt. The fact is, this is one among the many traits of Italian flattery, in which Mr. R. has placed implicit confidence; and has thence frequently admitted into his text either details or conclusions of a similar nature.

After the fatal battle of Ravenna the cardinal was transported through Bologna and Milan on his road to France, but the confusion which prevailed among his guards suggested to him the practicability of an escape. Our limits will not permit us to place before the reader the descriptive passage which contains this narrative. In description Mr. R. succeeds; and we were much amused by his simple and ingenious method of telling the story. Shortly after this, the family of the Medici was re-established in Florence; and although their return was not signalized by any act of severity against the adverse party, yet the moderation of the cardinal in this respect was unable to prevent the effects of individual resentment. A dangerous conspiracy was formed, which however was discovered and prevented. Julius II. died February 21, 1513.

To those who have neither leisure nor desire to read the ecclesiastical history of Italy, in the ponderous tomes of many a sacred and anonymous historian, the succinct account of the mode of electing a pope, (c. x.) will not be unentertaining. The conclave elected the Cardinal de' Medici, who immediately assumed the appellation of Leo. X. Many historians concur in the ignoble motive which swayed the sacred college in their determination: decency forbids us to quote the text, but as the circumstance is important we shall convey the disagreeable truth in the words of Bayle: '*on pretend qu'il n'y eut rien qui contribuât davantage, à l'élever à la papauté, que les blessures qu'il avoit reçues dans les combats vengeriens.*' The conclave thought he would not live long. But, to leave the subject for ever, we cannot conceive why Mr. R. quotes Jovius, while he disbelieves Bayle; for we aver that the Latin of the former is not incompatible with the French of the latter.

Having seated Leo in the pontifical chair, we shall briefly examine the character given him by Mr. Roscoe after his death, and take occasion from our utter dissent from that character, to illustrate the more prominent features which occurred during those times, which have owed more of their celebrity to external causes, than the immediate discernment and patronage of the degenerate son of Lorenzo. We shall hereafter have occasion to prove, that Mr. R. is childish to a surprising degree in all his attempts to sum up characters. It would be a pleasing task, could we affirm, that he is only a weak historian in these points. We shall leave the reader to his own judgment, which must finally pronounce between the impartiality of Mr. R. and our critical justice.

'That the hand of nature has impressed on the external form and features, indications of the mind by which they are animated, is an opinion that has of late received considerable support, and which, under certain restrictions, may be admitted to be well founded. From the accounts which have been transmitted to us of the countenance and person of Leo X. and from the authentic portraits of him which yet remain, there is reason to believe, that his general appearance bespoke an uncommon character; and the skilful physiognomist might yet perhaps delight to trace, in the exquisite picture of him by Raffaello, the expressions of those propensities, qualities, and talents, by which he was more peculiarly distinguished. In stature he was much above the common standard. His person was well formed; his habit rather full than corpulent; but his limbs, although elegantly shaped, appeared somewhat too slender in proportion to his body. Although the size of his head, and the amplitude of his features, approached to an extreme, yet they exhibited a certain degree of dignity, which commanded respect. His com-

plexion was florid; his eyes were large, round, and prominent, even to a defect; insomuch, that he could not discern distant objects without the aid of a glass, by the assistance of which, it was observed, that in hunting and country sports, to which he was much addicted, he saw to a greater distance than any of his attendants. His hands were peculiarly white, and well formed, and he took great pleasure in decorating them with gems. His voice was remarkable for softness and flexibility, which enabled him to express his feelings with great effect. On serious and important occasions no one spoke with more gravity; on common concerns, with more facility; on jocular subjects, with more hilarity. From his early years he displayed a conciliating urbanity of manner, which seemed perfectly natural to him, but which was probably not less the effect of education than of disposition; no pains having been spared in impressing on his mind, the great advantage of those manners and accomplishments which soften animosity and attract esteem. On his first arrival at Rome, he soon obtained the favourable opinion of his fellow cardinals, by his uncommon mildness, good temper, and affability, which led him to oppose no one with violence, but rather to give way, when urged with any great degree of earnestness. With the old he could be serious, with the young, jocose; his visitors he entertained with great attention and kindness, frequently taking them by the hand, and addressing them in affectionate terms, and on some occasions embracing them, as the manners of the times allowed. Hence, all who knew him agreed, that he possessed the best possible dispositions, and believed themselves to be the objects of his particular friendship and regard; an opinion, which on his part, he endeavoured to promote, not only by the most sedulous and unremitting attention, but by frequent acts of generosity. Nor can it be doubted, that to his uniform perseverance in this conduct, he was chiefly indebted for the high dignity which he attained so early in life.' VOL. iv. p. 309.

The main object of Mr. Roscoe's work is the avowed panegyric of Leo X. All who revere the name consecrated to their memories, by the traditions of early youth; all who have embraced speculative notions on the restoration of letters by the commanding genius and influence of a crowned individual; all who have attributed even the reformation in religion to the secret machinations of pontifical liberality, may fairly now exclaim,

Extorta voluptas,  
Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error.

This studied panegyric has bared the vices, the inefficiency of the pontiff to public view—it was dangerous to disturb his ashes. We pledge ourselves that, if Mr. R.'s book be ever read, it will convey to the most impartial, a feeling little short of execration towards the hero.

The reputation of few who have figured in the page of history, has suffered more from the enmity of biographers, and the false attachment of the '*pessimum inimicorum genus, laudantes*,' than that of Leo. Mr. R. has kindly volunteered to examine and correct these incongruities. We too will make our inquiries, and establish the result of them, as far as the fallibility of Italian annals will permit our researches.

The passage quoted above will perhaps afford us more of merriment than serious disquisition. It relates, as the reader will see, more to the minutiae of personal accomplishment, than to the discriminative elucidation of intellectual endowment, or political conduct. On the latter points we shall be compelled, for the sake of brevity, to exhibit the most apposite touches of Mr. Roscoe's and our own colouring, by the application of short remarks to short extracts. The absurdity of commencing the character of a great man by a reference to his physiognomy, dilated through many a drawling sentence, is sufficiently absurd. If the lines of character are deducible from the exterior of person, alas! poor Esop, we must e'en think thee the vilest of hypocrites. We must resign our sense and the noble axiom of *Fronti nulla fides*, and allow in its utmost extent, the indivisible union of beauty and virtue, deformity and vice.

'His person was well formed.' Notwithstanding this assertion, if the reader will take the pains to turn his eyes to the quotation we have produced, he will discover a catalogue of defects, which surely invalidate the position. In the name of folly, shall we not vent our disgust, when we are trifled with in the information, that 'his hands were peculiarly white?' The vulgar Paris de Grassis tells us, in his homely phrase, that 'in hot weather the pontiff sweated from top to toe:' the bluntness of his diary is more tolerable than the babyism of Mr. R.'s remarks. The affable virtues attributed to Leo were the premeditations of crafty design, of studied hypocrisy. Not all the varnish with which Mr. R. has decked his portrait, can exclude from the penetration of the least fastidious, the real baseness, and subtle machinations of the original. The libel, the panegyric, each have their day; unconnected with the substantial basis of history, they crumble neglected into dust, while that fabric only occasionally uses those materials from the dilapidation, which may serve to strengthen or beautify itself. In the history before us, the truth of many ages has been elicited by that hand, which would fain stifle her deductions. The politics of Italy, dark, melancholy, dangerous, branded

with its due stigma the unfortunate family of Borgia. The same history, no longer pampered by Papal munificence, seduced by popularity, or warped by faction, has at least preserved for us those unfavourable traits in the dynasty of the Medici, the developement and illustration of which, it would seem, required only sense and impartiality in the compiler. The infractions of his treaty with Francis the First, would alone be sufficient to destroy the fame he might acquire on the plea of political sincerity.

The length of our article precludes us from enlarging farther at present upon these topics. We pledge ourselves in our ensuing number, to a fair and unbiassed examination of those points immediately connected with the subject before us. We have hitherto travelled through the most uninteresting province in the work: the province, however, which has been most assiduously cultivated by the hand of 'art.' Compelled, as we shall be, to compress our disquisitions in a space much smaller than we could wish, we boldly avow the expectation that our remarks on the literature of the times, a subject on which Mr Roscoe has decidedly mistaken his talents, knowledge, and precision, will prove neither unentertaining nor uninstrusive.

(To be continued.)

ART. V.—*Claims of Literature. The Origin, Motives, Objects, and Transactions of the Society for the Establishment of the Literary Fund. Large 8vo. pp. 278. 7s. 6d. Miller, 1803.*

IT may require an apology that the work before us has been so long unnoticed; and that apology might be derived from incidents and revolutions in our own state; for even courts of criticism are now subject to revolutions.

But we fell into the common error of the whole literary world, that the work entitled *Claims of Literature*, was an advertisement of the society for the Literary Fund, drawn out with the usual ability and address of the founder, into an eloquent and powerful appeal to the humanity and generosity of the public.

We also felt, we believe in common with the principal members of the republic of letters, a species of false shame, disinclining us from contributing to the diffusion of an opinion, that the votaries of literature were objects of charity. It is true, this error proceeded from a pre-conceived error concerning the nature of the work, in which the word *charity* is scarcely to be found; and when found, it is in its genuine and noblest sense.

The author (for the founder is here properly the author) pleads not in the style of a mendicant, but in the high tone of an advocate for injured merit; not for common *charity*, but for common *justice*; and he insists most ably on the necessity of extending the *law of equivalents* to all the useful productions of genius and literature.

An institution on such principles, which may be pronounced philosophic in the ancient and genuine sense of the word; by a man, unquestionably of extensive talents, but so careless of public opinion that he has suffered calumnies, domestic, political, and literary, to float around him for the third of a century, when a few sentences, perhaps a few monosyllables, might have dissipated them;\* an institution under such circumstances for the relief of literary distress, at a time when literature and conspiracy were rendered nearly synonymous, is certainly a phenomenon even in an age of phenomena.

Complaints of the poverty of genius, and the misery of literary labourers, are probably as ancient as the Proverbs of Solomon; and projects to remove the dishonour and disgrace of them have been extremely numerous, but abortive.

It was reserved for a man of no influence, but what he derived from his own talents; of a singular and unpopular character, but radically and truly, we believe, a good man; patient from good temper; scarcely susceptible of private views; and of unyielding resolution and perseverance, when once determined on his measures—to furnish the first idea of a practicable plan for this purpose of exalted humanity; to develop that idea, gradually, under numerous disadvantages, and against numerous difficulties: and it seems probable from late occurrences, the patronage of the Prince of Wales, and the possession of a house for the society, that he will escape the common fate of most benevolent projectors; and will live to see completed all the noble views, with which he first formed the society for the Literary Fund.

Having thus, with the sentiments which should be felt by every man who wields a pen, paid our tribute of grateful

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\* We do not mean to write either satire or panegyric on the general character of David Williams; but to notice this peculiarity, as it affects his public undertakings. He sustained a heavy literary loss, by the dextrous management of revolutionary imputations on his journey to France in 1792. Several years afterwards, it appeared by the papers of Madame Roland, that his conduct had been honourable to himself and his country. We more than suspect that pamphlets have been attributed to him which he has not written. We mention these things as impediments to public views, which most men would endeavour to remove.



admiration, to the head that formed, and the heart that has nursed this noblest child of humanity, we will proceed to our duty as critics; in which we shall certainly have much to praise; and if we have somewhat to blame, it will be the blame of friends, who wish the institution to be, what perhaps it is impossible it should be, without blemish and without fault.

There is something uncommonly affecting in the general sympathy with which this institution is inspired towards its beneficiaries, manifested in a fundamental regulation, that no member or officer of the society shall disclose their names.

This, like most noble actions, requires sacrifices. The society cannot detail its transactions; and on its public days, it must not, as other societies may, exhibit the objects of its benevolence to stimulate the humanity that may furnish the means of their relief. This circumstance has not only retarded the accumulation of its funds, but rendered its annual account of the proceedings of the society less interesting, than must have been expected from the talents which were soon attracted into its offices and committees, by the excellence of its institutions.

In these circumstances, it was supposed a history of the society might be of great utility; and a committee was appointed to prepare it.

This committee consisted of Mr. William Boscawen, Mr. John Reeves, Mr. David Williams, Mr. Henry James Pye, Mr. William Thomas Fitz-Gerald, and Doctor Symmons.

We know not the deliberations and proceedings of this committee; but the first paper that appeared in consequence of them, promised a correspondence (including a history) between Mr. Reeves and Mr. Williams; but after some consideration it was abandoned, we have been informed, to the great regret of Mr. Williams, as he would unquestionably have used his utmost address to sanction the most liberal and extended application of the principles of the institution, with the loyalty and orthodoxy of Mr. Reeves's name.

It is very honourable to these gentlemen, that though supposed, and perhaps considering each other, hostile as politicians, they became friends the instant they met on the ground of exalted humanity, prepared by this excellent institution; and Mr. Reeves holds, with great honour to himself and with great utility to the society, one of its most important offices. The correspondence being abandoned (vide p. 2.) Mr. Williams, the founder, and the person best acquainted with the origin of the society, was appointed by the committee its historiographer; an office of some difficulty, as he might appear the hero of his own tale.

Mr. Williams avoids this difficulty with great address; for he renders the objections and obstacles to the first formation of the institution, questions of philosophy and policy, which he discusses without the least reference to himself.

The following is his plan :

‘The history of the society, to be useful, should consist more of argument than narrative: for the difficulties which affected its origin, arose more from misapprehension and sophistry, than from any of the common obstacles to charitable institutions. On the first intimation of the design, it was asked.

‘I. What is meant by literature, when proposed as the object of a charitable fund?

‘II. The author of the first outline of the institution was charged with assuming what he should have proved, that the benefits of literature outweigh its evils; and it was alleged, if that opinion were proved, he would not be justified in promoting those evils, and increasing the number and misery of authors, by holding out encouragement to the choice of literary employments.

‘III. The society was charged with indirect censure of the government of the country, though that government has liberally founded schools and universities, and supports learned and opulent establishments.

‘IV. And, supposing the establishments of the country should not provide for all literary claimants, it was seriously and earnestly advised to leave them, as they have hitherto been left, to the discretion and patronage of the government, nobility, and opulent gentry; and not to undertake their relief by a literary fund.’

‘These have been important obstacles to the progress of the undertaking; and if I state the considerations and reasons, which, by surmounting them, founded the society, I shall, in the most useful manner, write its history.’ P. p. 7, 8, 9.

In the second section (p. 10) the author defines the expression LITERARY in the most enlarged sense,—

‘Comprehending every species of mental exertion, which has been or can be communicated by language, writing, printing, or any arts analogous to them.’

In the third section; and in answer to the second objection, he maintains the utility of literature. This is a section displaying great ability, both as to matter and composition; yet it bears several strong marks of the author’s characteristic indolence, and even of that negligence of public opinion, to which he has been more attentive in this than in any other of his publications.

He describes the nature and importance of genius, like a man who himself possesses it; but when he says, ‘It takes place of virtue,’ meaning, as appears afterwards, in extent of

glory and influence, he alarms the feeble, and furnishes, as he has done on former occasions, weapons for cavil and ill-nature.

He claims, and justly, the highest productive merit to genius, in opposition to Adam Smith; but why has he overlooked and spared his old friend Rousseau, whose discourse against the sciences and arts, is a standing libel on Mr. Williams' institution, and whose artifices of phraseology and style, might have been happily opposed by a great master in the same way?

In p. 30. he has the following paragraph :

‘It is not my intention to write the history of literature, to which I do not feel competent. It would at this time, be a most interesting and important work. The action and counter-action of knowledge and ignorance, of literature and warfare, and the fluctuations of principles, morals, and manners, in consequence of them, from the night which followed Pliny, to the morning which arose with Bacon; from Epictetus to Montaigne, and from Plutarch to Locke, would be more useful, than any development of cabinet intrigues, or any detail of military occurrences.’

This is nothing more than the apology of indolence, for the principal defect of this, otherwise most excellent pamphlet.

Such a history as he describes, including a satire on Rousseau, in his own manner, would have been a jewel in this work; and considering the apparent remaining vigour of Mr. Williams, who, we understand, has spent a long life principally in reading, and who joins facility to the arts of composition, we are surprized that the committee accepted the apology: and we hope it will find the means of inducing him to remove the deficiency for which he would only apologize, to perfect his own work, and materially serve the interest of his favorite institution.

Every man and every woman who have derived instruction, amusement, support, or consolation from books, should peruse attentively and repeatedly the fourth section of this work, ‘On the Evils and Miseries of Literature.’

On the subject of *patronage*, in the 5th section, and in answer to the fourth objection, the author, we think, indulges his disposition to satire. He must have reasons unknown to us, but which he certainly should have intimated, to deny the merit of patronage to the government, (except in the solitary instance of Herschell) to the nobility, to the church, and to the law.

Can Mr. Williams have been eighteen years in so advantageous a situation for this species of knowledge, as that of

one of the most active conductors of the Literary Fund, and be ignorant of numerous instances of patronage, even in his own sense of the word?

We remember Mr. W. among the frequent visitors at Lansdowne House. What does he denominate the salary and entertainment of Dr. Priestley, and after his departure from the house, the continuance of that salary to the Doctor's death?

It cannot be unknown to Mr. W. that the Duke of Norfolk has printed the whole edition of Mr. Thomas Taylor's translation of Plato, at the expence of a thousand perhaps fifteen hundred pounds: trusting for his reimbursement (which he could not have expected) to the sale of the copy?

What would Mr. W. call the conduct of the Prince of Wales, towards the Society for the Literary Fund? He has emphatically pronounced it patronage; for we have no doubt he was active, if he was not the proposer, in the election of his royal highness, as its patron. Who advised the prince to this measure; one of the wisest and most honourable of his royal highness's life? Was it not the Earl of Chichester? Has not Mr. W. himself at public meetings of the society, proposed his lordship's health, as that of its most disinterested and best friend? And will he refuse to Lord Chichester the appellation of patron? We are sure he will not, unless in his own storehouse of happy expressions, he can find out any that will convey a higher and better opinion of his lordship. We think, therefore, the author should recompose the section on Patronage; not enter the lists with Mr. Horne Tooke, for the palm of indiscriminate asperity; but consult his own natural disposition, and touch his pictures of the times with pleasing lights, as well as dark and deep shadows. He will in that manner, more speedily than by arguments, remove objections to his views, and promote the prosperity of the institution.

The difficulties attending the formation of the society, embarrassed the founder principally from the year 1787 to 1790, when he was first enabled to produce it to the public. Having disposed of those difficulties, he commences its actual history in the sixth section.

It appears (v. 102), that his first attempt was to form associations of literati and artists, in the manner of the friendly clubs, who should, by their own subscriptions, provide for future misfortune, old age, &c. He assigns reasons for the failure of this attempt. We think, however, such associations, accredited and encouraged by the present society, might be very usefully established; and we wish the

benevolent author would promote them. The advertisement by which the public attention was roused to this most interesting subject, we shall copy, from a sort of grateful respect.

*'Literary Fund.'*

'The humanity of the public has been directed, by numerous examples, to distressed talents in several pursuits; but men of letters, whose studies often preclude all pecuniary attention, suffer in poverty, and sometimes die in want.

A small number of gentlemen, in whose knowledge affecting instances of this nature lately occurred, have formed the outlines of an institution to relieve and support genius and learning in sickness, age, and at the termination of life; and to preserve from distress the widows and orphans of those who have any claims on the public, from literary industry and merit. The constitutions of the society are printed, and sold for the benefit of the fund, by L. Davis, bookseller to the Royal Society, opposite Gray's Inn, &c. &c.

The whole of this section is replete with the most affecting truths, happily expressed; and his conclusion, which will unquestionably draw on him the blessing of every real friend of genius and learning, is worthy of any writer, and of any man.

'For me, if by argument, attention, and assiduity I could essentially contribute to the permanent establishment of a large and regulated society, acting uniformly and impartially on the principle of benevolence, which has hitherto directed the Literary Fund; if I could see the society sufficiently powerful to sustain above indigence all unfortunate men of great talents and genius, the most valuable acquisitions of society, and to influence and improve the general condition of eminent and useful literature; if my wishes were, in any considerable degree, realized by means of this institution, to convert literary misery, which is now, and which must ever be, the source of discontent, faction, and revolutionary enterprize, into a spirit of public health and national improvement; if I could hope, that in some future time, the truths exemplified by this society, might induce an enlightened legislature to form a LITERARY JURISPRUDENCE to allot to GENIUS, in all its exertions, an equitable portion, present and eventual, of the effects of those exertions, I should think, in proportion to my attention to its proceedings, I had rendered my country the most important service:

'I'd weigh it as the action of my life  
That must give name and value to the whole.' P. 125.

It remains to say that this work is throughout written with great force, as well as great purity and elegance of language;

in many passages commandingly energetic, rising into a bold and manly eloquence.

Several of the opinions and positions advanced in it, however, appear to us of a very questionable nature : and to some of them (if we understand them) we must refuse our assent. The speculations on public and charity schools contain profound truths, but are not given sufficiently in detail to afford any substantial benefit ; and the observations (p. 58, et seq.) on the universities, are of a similar character. At p. 117, a strong and perhaps hyperbolic passage presents itself, to which we are unwilling to accede. ‘ Ancient literature, to the beauties and excellencies of which we can scarcely be said to be approaching,’ &c. Attached as we certainly are by education and early impression to the works of the ancients, we cannot easily be induced to award so penurious a meed of applause to modern writers ; and Mr. W.’s own performance may be cited in support of our sentiments.

We must also be allowed, as reviewers, to shrink from the sarcastic censure of ‘ seeking consolation in the vanity of passing illiberal judgments on others in secret tribunals ;’ such consolation we beg leave to disclaim : and must likewise express our hope and conviction that the public will not rank us with ‘ those whose perpetual cavil and disguised calumnies deprave the public taste, and infest conversation and social life with an insatiable spirit of censure and detraction.’

Having already noticed what we consider to be the greatest defect in this work, we must now observe, that to general readers the effect and interest of the composition is much lessened by a compression of style, that renders many passages doubtful, and some (to common understandings) in a great measure unintelligible.

The author, with a mind evidently long accustomed to philosophic inquiries, and writing upon subjects that had long engaged no small portion of his attention, seems to have been unconscious that the greater part of his readers might not be able to draw upon stores of reasoning and deduction equally ample with those he himself possessed.

He should have recollected, that the abstruse and difficult subjects touched upon in this work could answer no useful purpose, if they were not sufficiently dilated to ensure a general comprehension. Philosophic principles hinted at, rather than stated, and unaided by sufficient illustration and example, have, we doubt not, by inducing misconception and error, much lessened the utility of this production. From that which is not accurately understood, the judgment cannot be convinced ; and consequences contrary to the intention of the author, may be drawn by the cavil of envy

and the rapid glance of prejudice, from his strong language, obscure from its terseness, and admitting of perversion from want of amplification.

Mr. W. may perhaps think with Dr. Johnson, that 'it is the business of an author to provide his reader words, and not understanding;' but we must ever consider that the first duty of every one who undertakes to inform or to interest the public, is to convey his meaning clearly and fully; he may then take place in the ranks of literature according to the ability he possesses of adorning the ideas of genius with the impression of energetic, and the grace of elegant expression.

The constitutions of the society have long spoken their own praise. They bear the usual stamp of the productions of real genius, great simplicity of matter and expression.

The auxiliary papers are,

I. Remarks, by Mr. William Boscawen, on the cases in which relief has been administered from the Literary Fund.

This is written in the moderate style of an apologist; but it convinces us that no particular account can be given to the public of the transactions of the society, without violating its fundamental law of secrecy.

It will be one of the great advantages of its house, that its records may be arranged for private inspection.

II. Poetical Contributions.

Though other societies have had recitations, they are not understood to be, as in this society, regulated parts of the annual festivals. And yet every writer seems to act wholly from himself, and to be completely answerable for his particular contribution, the committee of management, as we understand, only ascertaining the composition to be worthy of recitation. There is much wisdom in such latitude, as indeed there seems to be in all the regulations of this society.

The elder Captain Morris and Mr. Dyer insinuate claims from the rights of man: by the poet laureat, by Mr. Boscawen, by Mr. Deputy Birch, and particularly by Mr. Fitz-Gerald, the same claims are blended with the warmest effusions of loyalty, orthodoxy, and antigallicanism. This at once destroys the first and principal instrument of envious detraction, 'that the founder had republican views;' and it exhibits a beautiful effect of real humanity in engaging men of all opinions to plead its cause.

Dr. Symmons, with more propriety, but perhaps with less effect, avoids all excursions from the subject. His ode,

though a little too laboured and didactic, has several passages of genuine poetic merit, and does great honor to his head and heart.

The verses of Mr. Deputy Birch are also too didactic, and enter too much into detail ; but they have some passages which are pathetic and even beautiful.

Mr. Pye, the laureat, shines in the department of humanity with more lustre than in his periodical panegyrics. We wish, however, that in his poetic compositions, he would forget his Greek.

Mr. William Boscawen, whose poems all taste of classic springs, seldom uses what the vulgar call *hard words*. His verses are harmonious ; and he is generally happy in the beauty of his exordium. For instance :

1. 1.

‘ Hence, base inglorious passions ! Hence  
The thirst of gain, the lust of power !  
To thee, divine Benevolence,  
We consecrate the social hour !  
And while the circling glass imparts  
New fire to melt obdurate hearts,  
Bid sympathy, by taste refin’d,  
Expand and purify the mind ;  
Bid her attend the thrilling strains,  
When genius speaks its heartfelt pains,  
And waft them to the sacred shrine,  
By liberal pity rear’d, and cherish’d by the nine !

1. 2.

‘ Hark ! ’tis the muse’s well-known voice ;  
Heard ye the glad triumphant song ?  
She bids her gentle choir rejoice,  
And thus with rapture fires the throng :  
Rise ye who claim my guardian care,  
Rise from the slumber of despair !  
To dry your tears, to chase your woes,  
With new born zeal Britannia glows ;  
At length her generous sons proclaim,  
That “ want no more attends on fame ;”  
At length a dawn of happier days  
Beams on your rising hope, and animates your lays.’ p. 184, 185.

We have reserved for our conclusion, the most powerful poetic pleader at the anniversaries of this institution, Mr. Fitz-Gerald. His verses, though not always correct, are animated, strong, and epigrammatic ; and his recitation multiplies their force. In the introduction of loyal sentiments, he is always among the foremost ; and at every



meeting we have attended, he has been called upon more than once: particularly for an *address*, in which he happily contrasts the *liberties* of England and France.

He has also succeeded in the most difficult of all poetic tasks, that of panegyric. His lines-respecting Mr. Williams, as the founder, are free from all the common objections to panegyrics. They are strictly within the limits of truth, and yet they are highly poetical: they have all the beauty of Mr. Gibbon's compliment to Lord North, with the addition of an easy and happy versification.

'When time has swept the present race away,  
And friends to science celebrate this day;  
Remembrance shall, with more than pleasure, name  
And give your liberal patronage to fame—  
To rival genius—mutual envy past—  
Succeeding ages shall be just at last;  
And he who first this noble fabric rais'd,  
Shall, with no common gratitude, be prais'd:  
Time, that destroys the hero's trophied bust,  
Shall spare the bay that blossoms o'er his dust.' p. 219.

On the whole, we rank the *Claims of Literature* among the most important works which have lately appeared. It has, as we have before insinuated, the general fault of being too compressed, and calculated for the higher and not the common classes of readers. It has, however, not only our approbation, but it is our ardent wish and hope, that the benevolent authors may see all their views realised, and all their pains and anxieties compensated; that the heir of the British throne may consider his patronage of the Society for the Literary Fund, as the central feather of his princely honours; and that his royal highness may, as he can, extend its utility and influence throughout the whole of the British isles.

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ART. VI.—*The Christian System unfolded, in a Course of practical Essays on the principal Doctrines and Duties of Christianity. By Thomas Robinson, M. A. Vicar of St. Mary's, Leicester. 2 Vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s. Rivingtons. 1805.*

THE zeal of those who have engaged in the defence of the genuine doctrines of the gospel, has exerted itself in a variety of ways for the support and extension of the christian system. Their ardor founded on conviction, and

strengthened by experience, has produced corresponding results. They have furnished a cloud of testimony evidencing their own diligence, and directed to the establishment of others in the faith. Some have vindicated the principles of evangelical truth, others have enforced the duties to which these principles give birth. A third and a most useful class, have asserted the necessary connection between the former and the latter; between christian doctrines and christian practice, in opposition to the attempts of those who endeavour to reduce the gospel to a system of mere morality, and at the same time studiously remove the only motives upon which the practice of morality is successfully inculcated. Publications have appeared in every variety of form and style, of title and distribution, that can adapt them to the tempers, and pursuits of different persons, or meet the multiplied diversity of errors in principle and practice. There is scarcely any mode of human frailty or perverseness, that has not been maturely considered by those who profess the art of ministering to a mind diseased, and its appropriate, and scriptural remedy distinctly pointed out. The ignorant are instructed, the stubborn are admonished, the dejected are consoled. The humble and self-denying exertions of many divines in the study and in the pulpit, are not discouraged by the task of adapting their expressions to the meanest capacity, and enable us, we hope, to state that in this country more than in any other of equal territory and population, the poor have the gospel preached to them. But this is a subject respecting which more than any other, we may say, 'nil actum—si quid superesset agendum.' Still there are many persons, who require additional information upon their most important concerns, and an invigorated attention to their religious interests. The various arts, which ingenious self-love employs to hide men from themselves, call for a diversified application of the means of counteraction. A display of the standard of truth does in reality what is attributed in romance to the fabulous shield and ring; it dissipates the illusions of self-complacency; and shews without disguise, the true state of our disagreement from the word of God.—A hasty view will be sufficient to convince us that no reason at present exists for the suspension of religious instruction by a removal of the want of it. And under this impression we are happy to congratulate the public on an addition to the opportunities already afforded of applying the doctrines of scripture to the improvement of individual christians. So long as human nature betrays a propensity to error, both in speculation and in conduct, the number of religious publi-

cations already in print, seems no just ground of objection to their further increase. If error be continually and industriously infused into the mind, it must be continually obviated by fresh antidotes, and corresponding perseverance. Even supposing the objectionable works removed, the number and variety of those which remain certainly amounts to no more than what the difference of temper, education, age, and taste render necessary, and the multitudes of those, who stand in need of religious instruction, imperiously demand. If St. Paul became all things to all men, that he might by all means gain some, much more is it incumbent upon each particular author, to study to recommend that part of the subject which has hitherto not received its due share of attention, or to illustrate what has yet been but inadequately explained. Nor will it be any reasonable ground of objection to Mr. Robinson's submitting his production to the public eye, that much of the substance of his publication is to be found in other authors. The unity of subject in theology forbids the expectation of new matter; and if a new arrangement be an inducement with some to listen to instruction, sufficient motive is afforded to furnish them with the means of acquiring it. If the eloquence of the pulpit has sometimes made 'those who came to scoff remain to pray,' the desire of novelty and the hope of acquiring information critically, may lead some at least to the perusal of what will afterwards detain them by a stronger attraction, and reward them with more solid advantage. Whatever has yet been done by separate tracts, or more systematic and laboured productions, there still seemed room for a work, which, partaking of the nature of both these kinds of writing, should possess beside, peculiar advantages not to be found in either; a work that should present in an orderly series of distinct parts, the fundamental truths of our holy religion, with a short pertinent application under each head, of the revealed point which it proposes to our belief. Two obvious advantages result from this method. A systematic and comprehensive body of theological instruction is afforded to those who would be afraid or unable to encounter the ponderous and learned volumes to which a methodical arrangement is generally confined. In the reflections which are subjoined, we find the advantages of the smaller practical treatise, correcting the propensity of the mind to rest in speculative notions; and facilitating the remembrance of each precept, by its connection with a doctrine occurring in an orderly series. Much time must have been employed and much pains exerted by Mr. Robinson, and we think with considerable

success, in forming the plan of the present publication, with a view to exhibit each division of his subject in a clear light, to demonstrate the existence of the respective doctrines by a collation of texts, and to pursue them to their consequences. His title to praise is the more firmly established from the evidence which his book affords of the personal labour exerted by its author. However the general features of many parts of the work resemble the writings of other authors upon the same subject, the whole seems to have been new moulded by his own hand. The manner of conducting his arguments shews that if he has sometimes been obliged nearly to coincide with the expressions of those who entertained the same views of the subject, he has not adopted their sentiments, without an independent exertion of his own judgment, in ascertaining the truth of their opinions. To execute such a plan with spirit and yet with equability, so as to preserve the connexion requisite to form a complete whole, and support at the same time the interest of each particular part, is no easy task. The rough draft indeed of such a plan is so obvious, that few persons who have not attentively considered it can estimate the pains necessary, even to the mere division and distribution of the parts. But the labour, time, unremitting attention, and repeated revisal requisite to furnish the statement, discussion, illustration, and application of each particular part, cannot easily be computed but by the author. A constant and attentive study of scripture joined to a judicious selection, and discrimination of heads, for arranging the variety of matter thus obtained, furnishes but the first principles of such a work. The subject of each head is again to be analyzed, and expanded separately; the reasoning is to be supported by such texts of scripture, as bear with the most direct particularity upon the matter under consideration. In the practical application, a fresh difficulty arises from the necessity of adhering to that narrow path, a deviation from which is the encouragement of error. If in considering any one duty by itself, its relation to the whole, and its bearing upon other obligations, be forgotten, a dangerous opening is made for the introduction of fatal mistakes; a temptation too seducing is held out to those who are previously inclined to limit themselves to a partial and defective obedience.

Of systematic arrangement the most natural fault is to run too much into general speculation, and to besparing of circumstantial application and practical deduction. On the other hand, in treatises strictly practical, the conduct inculcated is not always distinctly supported by the motives appropriate

to it. To combine the advantages of a satisfactory investigation of principles, with a happy mode of exhortation to bring them into action, requires the assistance of much subordinate and collateral reading, in addition to the more direct study of divinity. But more is necessary than can be produced by study and retirement. Experience alone can place in a clear point of view the obstacles to the conveyance of instruction, and the means of removing them. Few are easily aware of the extent in which these difficulties exist; much less are they prepared but by persevering and often by painful reflection to meet and encounter them with success. A diligent discharge of the duties of the pastoral office, during a long series of years, furnishes the only adequate probation for this purpose. Of such a course of life, we are led by the preface to conclude, that the volumes before us are the result: And it is in this view, that we are enabled to trace the connexion between cause and effect in the success attending the performance.

The employment of a clergyman actively engaged in the discharge of his duty, affords the most extensive opportunities for an enlarged and accurate acquaintance with the human character. This position will be reluctantly admitted by those who have adopted the higher and more active departments of secular pursuit; and who claim a knowledge of mankind as almost their peculiar praise. It will be readily admitted that they meet with a greater number of individual subjects for observation in their constant and complicated intercourse with the world. Whether greater varieties of character are brought within their notice, may be fairly questioned: and it is certain that they cannot possess the same opportunities for deliberate and repeated observation. The interference of different interests forbids mankind in general to see each other as they really are. And the caution which this introduces between man and man is certainly not diminished when they are brought together by concerns of business, of politics, or even of pleasure. But what conversations are attended with so little reserve as those between a benevolent minister and his parishioners? His is surely the liberty above others of analyzing character in the last recesses of the heart: and, if to a solid and sincere piety, he joins a sagacious and reflecting mind, this opportunity will be improved to the most beneficial and exalted purposes. To a man aware of the importance of the sacred profession, and eager to promote the interests of religion, the study of the human mind will be a most attractive pursuit, as it furnishes data for the science of instruction: and thus considered

it may sustain a comparison with the most inviting departments of experimental philosophy. It calls for an equal exertion, and creates an interest as much superior as the ends it has in view. Every action, every word of each individual, becomes a subject for reflection, and is treasured up in the memory to be applied to future purposes. Satisfaction repeatedly given to those who are in doubt and distress, supplies an habitual dexterity in the solution of difficulties. An intuitive sagacity in removing objections to the truth, and detecting the closest delusions of the heart, is thus acquired, and observation continued and extended,

‘ Till old experience do attain  
To something of prophetic strain.’

When this faculty is exerted in the province of an author, the reader is surprized to find that remarks expressed in general terms apply with a personal particularity to himself. The objections he has been accustomed to make are considered and obviated; the latent unsoundness of his moral conduct discovered and reprov'd.

With such views, and a mature advancement in such necessary requisites, Mr. R. seems to have commenced his undertaking, and the important purpose with which he sets out, he keeps constantly in view. The method, in itself judicious and correct, is but a subordinate excellence. It has a happy effect in exhibiting the connection of the great truths of religion with each other, and thereby adding to the conviction of their certainty and importance; but its influence is not confined to the production of this effect. The adherence to arrangement is evidently dictated by the desire of giving a greater practical energy to the principles which it comprises and displays. We remark in Mr. R. none of the prevalent fondness for exhibiting the result of much industry, where little has in reality been employed: no resemblance to those writers who vaguely advert to the scripture doctrines, and filling up the intervals with their own crude fancies, call the congeries a system of divinity. The least fault of such men, is the exposure of themselves. They mislead the incautious, aggravate unnecessary differences of opinion, and pervert the minds of those who are led by inclination, or compelled by want of time, to take their opinions upon trust.

The object to which Mr. R.'s plan is directed, and the outline of which is given in the introduction, is to lay before the reader in a regular series of essays, the circumstances connected with man's salvation. These will of course

be such as introduce, and render necessary the scheme of redemption; the actual undertaking, and accomplishment of it; its consequences, and ultimate purposes. The divine Origin of the Scriptures as the obvious Preliminary and Foundation of the Christian System, forms the subject of the first essay; and their claim to our implicit belief being established, we are led to a consideration of their contents. Our attention is first directed to the Deity, his Character, and Attributes; the Creation, and the Fall of Man, with its various deplorable Consequences; the divine Plan of reconciling Man to his offended Maker; the Character and Offices of Jesus Christ. The Holy Spirit is pointed out as the Divine Agent in the Conversion of Sinners. The effects of this agency are instanced in the production and confirmation of the various parts of the christian character, Repentance, Faith, Sanctification, &c. The rule of our duty is laid down as contained in the ten commandments, which are successively commented upon. An Essay on Prayer is followed by an Explanation of the several Parts of the Lord's Prayer. Considerations on Public Worship and the Sacraments; on the general Resurrection, and the Happiness of Heaven, conclude the whole. The subject matter of the respective essays is given in a very copious table of contents in the first volume, which may be of use to afford a general view of the work preparatory to reading it, and to digest the information that has been obtained by the perusal. To each volume is beside prefixed the titles of the essays it contains, which afford considerable insight into the mode of conducting the design, and from which it appears, that the method adopted naturally arises out of the subject. Events are here preceded by the occasions which produced them. The scheme of salvation is deduced from a description of the divine agents, engaged in contriving, and accomplishing it. The various attributes of the deity previously considered, lead to the display of their combined energy in human redemption. The sanctification, and obedience of man on earth is followed by the concluding views of a future existence, and the eternal happiness which it is to introduce.

Mr. R.'s style is strong and clear, but he is so unambitious of ornament, as occasionally to degenerate into some degree of carelessness. In a few instances the insertion of the texts is rather abrupt and disjointed, so that the support they afford to the preceding argument, is not immediately and distinctly perceived. The arrangement is in general very good, the statement of the doctrines clear,

the inferences just, and the application natural and important. The execution is so equable throughout, that it is not very easy to select any passages which have a superior claim to attention, or which will operate as more commendatory specimens than the rest. But if we propose as a criterion of the merit of the work, an extract incidentally taken, though the author appear to lose the advantage of studious selection, an accurate ground of judgment is afforded, and a character of the work which will not disappoint expectation. With the exception of a few passages, which we shall afterwards notice, we can point out scarcely a single essay, which does not afford proofs of information and diligence, successfully exerted in vindicating and recommending the christian system. The nature of this work is calculated rather to quiet the remaining doubts and difficulties of a mind already well disposed to the truths of revelation; and to persuade those who acknowledge the authority of the divine precepts, to the practice of their duty, than to answer the cavils of objectors, or to disentangle sceptical perplexities. It supposes in those to whom it is addressed, a general disposition to be instructed; the writer disclaims the character of a disputant, or controversialist, and professes it his sole object to promote the purposes of christian faith and holiness. One unquestionable advantage which it possesses, is the having brought together the principal topics of christianity, in a systematic form; so that a connected view may be gained of the whole subject, and reference made to a larger or more argumentative treatise, upon any single topic, respecting which the reader may desire further information. Every part of the subject, though not treated in an argumentative style, is distinctly considered and clearly stated. Faith and obedience, by the partial, inadequate, or confused consideration of which some theological systems are disgraced, are here unfolded, each distinctly in itself without excluding the other; each claims its appropriate influence, and office; and without being undistinguishably confused, they are harmoniously combined. Mr. R.'s ideas of the christian character, appear to us to be in conformity with the established criteria of our church. It is evidently his design to inculcate the union of scriptural faith with scriptural obedience: Nor will any man square with his estimate of christian perfection, who does not rely for favour in the sight of God, upon the unqualified merits of Jesus Christ: and who does not accompany this reliance, by that unreserved obedience to all the commands of God, which, where it is genuine, it will always produce.



The first essay opens with some general Reflections on the Sacred Writings, and the peculiar arrangement which obtains in them, totally different from the regularity of method usually adopted by other authors. Obvious reasons are given for the advantages to be derived from occasionally considering the series of doctrines and duties in a systematic order.

The consideration of the apparently hopeless state of man, after the fall, and the admirable fitness of the plan of redemption to display the various and infinite perfections of God, (p. 46) is rational and pious. But of the evidences adduced of the holiness of the divinity, one is offered, which does not appear to us to apply to the subject, or afford strength to the conclusion :

‘ That God is holy, we might collect from his nature, as he is a self-existent spirit, possessed of unlimited power and understanding. He must be entirely removed from all those ignorances, infirmities, and temptations, by which we, or any of his creatures, may be deceived, allured, and overcome. By his knowledge, he must discern things exactly as they are ; and in consequence of his omnipotence, being perfectly independent, he can have nothing either to hope or to fear. It follows, therefore, that “ God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man.” p. 78.

The self-existence, unlimited powers, and perfect wisdom of God, are certain assurances to us that he must be free from every influence of fear, infirmity, or temptation. But the holiness of the divinity is no more a necessary inference from these, than are any other of his attributes. This argument proves only that he is exempt from those occasions of evil, to which creatures are subject. That holiness is inseparable from the divine nature, we consider as an intuitive truth which receives no additional support from this statement. The reflection belongs indeed more properly to the consideration of the veracity of God where it is again introduced.

At p. 110, we meet with this sentence : ‘ The angels sing, “ Glory to God in the highest,” because there is “ peace on earth, and good will towards men ;” and we have extracted it for expressing our dislike in general of that sort of interpolated citation. In the instance before us the collateral import of the sentence as it stands, after the insertion, is not materially altered from its original meaning as it is found in scripture : they are closely connected, and in substance one is fairly deducible from the other. But we object to the practice ; for every text has several different aspects in which it may be placed by such a process, and which, without materially altering the principal idea, may, and we apprehend often

do operate unfavourably upon the doctrines, in support of which they are adduced.

The consequences of the fall of man in vitiating and enfeebling the faculties and affections of the mind are considered at large. The effects of this moral obliquity in human nature are placed in a forcible light at p. 209, where notice is taken of

‘The general want of honesty among men in their transactions with each other. The facts are so glaring, and the inference so undeniable, that it seems sufficient barely to mention the case. The world is full of fraud and robbery, which could have no place, if men were upright creatures. What do our prisons, our courts of justice, and almost all commercial dealings exhibit, but proofs of sad knavery, and of an universal disposition to overreach and oppress by the basest tricks, if not by force and violence? Why must our persons and property be constantly defended by armour, by bars and bolts? Whence is it, that “sin sticketh close between buying and selling?” Why must such precautions be used in every bargain, that the man, who places implicit confidence in another, and guards not against deceit with suspicious vigilance, as if every one were a rogue, is condemned and laughed at for his total ignorance of the world? This want of confidence implies a general conviction that there is no sound principle of probity and veracity in the world. And while we perceive this universal failure in one of the plainest duties of morality, among all ranks, and in all the nations of the world, shall we hesitate to draw the conclusion, that men are not affected towards each other, as they would be in a state of uncorrupted purity?’

The activeness of this principle possesses a strong claim upon the attention of all who are engaged in the education of children: and the representation which the writer gives of it, is calculated to stimulate them to invigorated exertions, and to encourage their perseverance in that anxious and often painful duty.

‘This doctrine claims the peculiar attention of parents, with a reference to the education of their children. How important is your trust, to whom is committed the instilling of right principles into young and unfurnished minds! Beware that you do not cherish in them any ideas of their own natural goodness or sufficiency. Flatter them not, that they are uncorrupted, and as free from moral stains, as the pure white paper is from blots; but rather apprise them, that they will find religion to be an arduous business, chiefly from the disordered state of their own affections, and that they will have occasion for incessant prayer, vigilance, and humiliation, because “the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.” O warn them of their evil propensities, and unruly passions;

and guard them especially against pride and selfishness, folly and sensuality.

‘In your great solicitude also for their progress and establishment in truth and righteousness, be not surprised that you meet with many obstructions. From the universal depravity of nature it must follow, that they will never grow up to be wise, virtuous, and holy, without continual instruction, and the painful discipline of correction. You must not, therefore, be discouraged, though your efforts for a long time seem to fail. Against many unpromising appearances renew your charitable endeavours, imploring and expecting success from divine grace alone. But how inexcusable will you be, if you leave them to themselves, to gratify the vile affections of their hearts without controul! And how perfectly inconsistent will be your conduct, if, while you profess to believe the doctrine of human depravity, you expose them to temptations, as if there were no evil tendencies in their nature!’ P. 225.

From the consideration of the depravity of man, the author proceeds to remark the suffering, which is the result of it. And he supports his observations on the general misery of the world by the well-known testimony of Solomon, and by some judicious remarks on the sufficiency of his evidence.

‘The language of complaint and murmuring is to be heard, not only among the poor, and those who have been tumbled down from rank and opulence into deep affliction, but from those, who yet stand on an eminence, and seem to have every thing at command. Something is still denied them, or there is some impediment in the way, which prevents their happiness. And were the state of their minds better known, they would not be regarded with envy. They feel an emptiness and a disappointment in the midst of all their abundance, and with every possible accommodation. Their titles, their equipage, their extensive domains, rather create than satisfy desires, increase their cares and perplexities, but can never secure their peace.

‘Let one instance suffice instead of a thousand: and it is one, which it should seem God himself has selected and held up for our admonition. Solomon was well formed to take an estimate of human life, and, after a wise and attentive survey, he thus records the result of his observations: “All things are full of labour; man cannot utter it: the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing. —I have seen all the works that are done under the sun, and behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit.” This is not the conclusion of a speculative recluse, totally ignorant of life; or of a gloomy ascetic, who had no taste for pleasure, no sensibilities in his soul; or of an envious disappointed mind, which may induce a man to speak contemptuously of what he cannot possess; but it is the instruction derived from sound wisdom and large experience, it is the admonition of him, who, with great refinement of sentiment, had strong passions; who could command every gratification, and ac-

ually "withheld not his heart from any joy," determining to make a full trial whether the world could render him truly happy. A thousand experiments were made, but they all failed; and at last, with bitterness and anguish, he felt and owned his folly, warning others that they never could succeed better than himself, and that every scheme for attaining earthly bliss must end in disappointment and misery.' P. 224.

The Essays on Man's State of Condemnation, and inability to recover himself, introduce the method of reconciliation to God, by the resources of which they are obviated and removed; and by which an opportunity is offered to all, of readoption into the benefits of the first covenant.

On the Humiliation of Christ; his appearance at so long an interval from the event which occasioned it, is accounted for by its having afforded a more complete and experimental conviction of the inability of man to devise any help for himself. But this we do not extract, as it has appeared before in Mr. R.'s Scripture Characters. The idea that the benefits of our Lord's death and intercession extend to other worlds beside our own, is probably adopted from Lord Bacon's confession of faith.

The example of Jesus Christ is proposed as a model of obedience: and the duty of continually endeavouring to imitate him is forcibly enjoined as of indispensable obligation upon all christians; but with particular emphasis on the teachers of religion.

In the two Essays on the Atonement, considerable ability is exerted in unfolding the subject in a full and particular manner. The reflections are adapted to make a salutary and practical impression: and this effect is aided by the copiousness and accuracy with which the doctrine is traced to its different consequences and relations. From the connexion of the parts with each other, it would however be difficult to give a general idea of it without transcribing the whole.

In treating of the mysterious subjects of the Trinity and the godhead of the Saviour, we think some texts are introduced, and some inferences drawn from scripture, which are very remotely connected with the positions which they are intended to support. The indulgence of a latitude of interpretation, where the ground to be maintained is important, we presume to be dangerous. These doctrines rest upon the firm and unassailable basis of so many express texts, as to render it entirely unnecessary to superadd citations whose support is questionable.

At P. 444, an instance of verbal inaccuracy occurs, at which we were much surprized. 'To join issue with his foes,'

is used to signify community of interest with them; whereas 'to join issue,' is the act of two parties engaged in litigation in a court of justice.

The second volume opens with the subject of the personality and divinity of the Holy Spirit. Here also we are inclined to lament the unnecessary multiplication of texts, a part of which, selected with care, would, we are of opinion, have placed the doctrine in a more distinct and satisfactory point of view. Texts and arguments of decided weight and authority are produced by the author, and supported by circumstances and events of the gospel history. Surely after this, the question is rather obscured than assisted by loading it with inferential deduction.

At p. 26, is an observation to which we are not prepared to give our assent.

'It must not pass unnoticed, that even that mechanical kind of skill, which was requisite for preparing the proper furniture of the tabernacle, was communicated by him to Bezaleel and Aholiab. And why should not the ingenuity of artificers, in all their useful inventions, be considered as his gracious gift for the benefit of mankind?'

Surely this is not a fair conclusion: for are not Bezaleel and Aholiab distinguished from other artificers by those very gifts?

On the necessity of the Holy Spirit's agency to form right dispositions in the minds of christians and to support and direct them in the path of duty, Mr. Robinson is very strenuous. The ample and satisfactory manner, in which he has laid down this doctrine, will, we conceive, leave no doubt upon unprejudiced minds of our having the unquestionable, and repeated authority of scripture for believing it. He is equally assiduous in guarding against the fallacious pretences of those who abuse and pervert the doctrine. His cautions, at p. 133, against such unsound and delusive claims are so well drawn up, that we lament our inability to insert them.

The doctrine of justification occupies sixty pages, a considerable portion of so comprehensive a work, but certainly not more than the importance of the subject demands.—We waive the controversial view of a question, on both sides of which have appeared men, whose piety, learning, and abilities we revere. We are aware with Mr. Robinson, that his opinions will not meet with an universally favourable reception. But as the object of the work is to promote the practice of piety and the relative duties, his represen-

tations, if calculated to secure this point, have answered his purpose, and we think he may safely rest the merit of his performance on this test. To those who estimate a chapter or a book by its title, and acquit or condemn by this summary process, the words 'justification by faith alone,' will probably be an insuperable objection: and as they usually apply the same compendious method in judging of men, that regulates their opinion of books, they will be ready to condemn Mr. Robinson under some general class, to save themselves the trouble of examining his individual claim to attention. Their decision, however, is of very little importance. If serious, sensible, and reflecting men entertain apprehensions of the abuse of this doctrine, as tending to weaken the obligations of morality, his statement, when fairly considered, will vindicate itself. His exact regard to scripture and conformity to the articles of the establishment, his caution in laying down the doctrine, and guarding it from misapprehension and perversion, and his explicit sentiments on sanctification and obedience, shew beyond all doubt that he is no preacher of what is called faith without works. Faith as a principle, and obedience as its effect, are distinguished by him without being separated, and the patient examination of these two parts of the subject which Mr. Robinson solicits, will prove that no such divorce is intended. Let him speak for himself.

'The design of these essays is to exhibit the grand outlines of the christian system; to give, in their order and connection, a clear representation of the doctrines revealed, and of the duties prescribed. It is desirable, that our readers may not only be impressed with some things of peculiar magnitude and importance, but take a comprehensive view, and admire the consistency and excellence of the whole together. They should therefore be cautioned not to be precipitate in their decisions, not hastily to receive an objection or a prejudice in their minds, much less to condemn, and reject any detached parts, till they have considered the plan throughout.' p. 293.

Referring to several texts just cited, he says in the same essay,

'From these and various other scriptures it is manifest, that real christians are not merely dedicated to God by profession, or distinguished from others by an external badge, or by religious ceremonies, but are possessed of an internal excellency, the enlivening, purifying grace of "the Spirit of holiness," by which they are "made to differ," as "a peculiar people." This should appear in them by a growing hatred of sin and deliverance from its power, by the vigorous exercise and increase of all holy affections. Thus the various parts of the christian character are exhibited, improved, and per-

fectured; "the fruits of righteousness" are brought forth and matured; humility, fear, love, zeal, gentleness, temperance, purity, and heavenly-mindedness, are preserved and nurtured, till they are advanced to a state of completeness. This is "sanctification." P. 334.

Again,

'From this view of the subject it appears, that sanctification ought not to be confounded with justification. It is not the same thing, but perfectly distinct, and an additional blessing in the great scheme of man's salvation. They are mentioned in the very same passages, as two different points, to each of which the proper place and importance should be assigned in our system. "Of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us,—Righteousness and Sanctification."—"Ye are sanctified, ye are justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the spirit of our God." The believer possesses both: but they differ essentially in their nature: the one being an alteration of his state, the other of his character. By justification he is delivered from the condemning sentence of the law, and is accounted righteous as if he had fulfilled it; by sanctification the corrupt affections of his heart are subdued, and holy principles are implanted. They are to be ascribed also to separate causes; the former to the imputation of Christ's obedience, the latter to the continued communications of the spirit's influence. The former is perfect immediately upon believing, and cannot receive any addition even in heaven: the latter is defective in the most eminent saint upon earth, as to its present degree and measure; but it is progressive, just as the growth of children, the increase and ripening of the corn, and the gradual augmentation of the morning light, "that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." In due season, however, this shall attain the same absolute completeness as the other; and both together shall constitute the consummation of the christian's felicity in the heavenly world.' P. 343.

On the necessity of this renovation of principle in a sincere christian, his expressions are clear and correct.

'Shall we then presume to set aside, or consider as useless, that which the Lord God in his immutable council hath ordained, as the only method of training up his children for heaven? Or to what evidence shall we trust, that "it is his good pleasure to give us the kingdom," if we be entirely destitute of purity of heart? It is written "the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are his:" but it is added, "let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity." "Wherefore the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure:—adding to your faith virtue." Here we see the proper use and salutary tendency of the doctrine of God's sovereign and free grace in Christ Jesus. Such an application of it contains the best answer to the objections commonly urged against it. It

is not for us to read the names of individuals, "who are written in the Lamb's Book of life:" we must look, not to the divine decree, which is necessarily concealed from our view, but to the fruits and evidences of grace, resulting from it, and thus manifestly declaring it. Are not the interests of holiness hereby secured? Is not its necessity clearly ascertained? Such is the representation of the church of England: "Those whom God hath chosen in Christ out of mankind, be called according to his purpose by his Spirit working in due season, they through grace obey the calling:—they be made like the image of his only begotten Son, Jesus Christ: they walk religiously in good works, and at length, by God's mercy, they attain to everlasting felicity." P. 445.

[*To be continued.*]

**ART. VII.—***An Inquiry into the System of National Defence in Great Britain.* By John M'Diarmid, Esq. 2 Vols. 8vo. 18s. Boards. Baldwin. 1805.

IN taking up this work, we were naturally induced to expect some valuable information, which, in the course of the arduous and expensive contest in which we are engaged, might be speedily and successfully reduced to practice; but how great was our disappointment, to find, that the only conclusion to be drawn from the author's reasoning, is, that all which has been done, or which in all probability will be done, for the defence of this country, tends only to obstruct the prosperity and accelerate the ruin of the empire! The sum total of the argument is—Retrace your steps, renounce all the plans, abolish all the institutions which have existed for centuries, and the ground-work is accomplished. Do nothing, but 'leave things to their natural course.'

After perusing the whole work, we were at a loss to account for the introduction of the first chapter on the 'Prosperity of Great Britain,' as many readers might foolishly imagine that it afforded a complete answer to the conclusions which are attempted to be drawn from the author's subsequent reasoning. Fifty-six pages are employed in proving, that our productive industry exhibits the strongest marks of increasing vigour and activity; that by its exertions the means of subsistence continue to increase, and also the population, which necessarily multiplies in proportion; that the soil of Great Britain affords the means of multiplying its population and productive industry many fold; that, as productive industry is the great and never-failing source of wealth, the wealth of Great Britain must necessarily be permanent and continue to increase, while that industry acts, and has the means of employing itself, and that Great Britain excels



every other nation, and continues daily to improve in private virtue of every kind, in freedom, patriotism, good order, and religion. The next two chapters, however, are intended to shew that this unparalleled prosperity is obstructed, diminished, and will probably be ruined by the means employed for the national defence, because a large number of her most vigorous subjects are withdrawn from her productive industry; and a large quantity of her annual produce is taken from maintaining productive labourers, and consumed in maintaining those who are unproductive; because the capital destined for the maintenance of productive industry is by this means diminished, and the number of labourers who might have been maintained by this capital, is therefore lost to her productive industry, and because the wealth of the nation is in consequence less by perhaps one half at the end of the century, than it otherwise would have been, and the population diminished in proportion. It is also asserted, that the freedom of the nation is endangered by the depression of spirit which necessarily follows the enormity of taxation, by the vast addition of patronage thrown into the hands of the crown, by the great body of armed men continually at the disposal of government, by the introduction into our army of a number of foreign adventurers, and by the larger portion of her citizens who are taken out of the protection of the civil, and placed under the jurisdiction of martial law. We need hardly apprise our readers of the wonderful ingenuity and novelty displayed in the collection of these important objections. Our author discovers a similar degree of industry in filling eighty pages in order to prove, that all schemes to reduce the national debt at once, are impracticable or ruinous, and that a sinking fund can only retard or palliate the pernicious effects of the funding system, while more debt is contracted than the sinking fund is calculated to redeem. The second part of Mr. M'Diarmid's Inquiry is intituled, 'Of improving the System of national Defence,' but is almost entirely occupied in shewing what, in his opinion, will *not* improve it. All foreign assistance, either in the shape of allies on equal terms, subsidized allies, or foreign mercenaries, is reprobated. The whole colonial system, and all accessions, of distant territory instead of augmenting the resources of Great Britain, are supposed to tend to their diminution, and instead of increasing her strength, to produce an unnatural weakness. What is called the mercantile system, all bounties, prohibitions, and monopolies, and the whole code of the navigation laws, are with indiscriminate indignation, pronounced fatal to the interests and prosperity of the country and destructive of the

resources more peculiarly applicable to her defence. These various topics have frequently undergone separate and ample discussion by persons of acknowledged ability, and do not, we conceive, upon the present occasion, demand particular notice. The sovereign remedy which our author deigns to propose for all these multiplied evils, is contained in these few words, without further argument or illustration. 'The best way to increase the resources of a nation, is to leave things to their natural course.'

The third chapter considers the means of rendering a people warlike; and according to the author's usual mode of reasoning, we are informed that it is not long peace, nor perpetual warfare, neither rudeness, nor a high degree of refinement, riches nor poverty, agricultural nor commercial pursuits, climate nor situation, which chiefly affect the character of a people in rendering them martial or effeminate. The abstract philosophical solution of the question is, that to render a nation warlike, they must be intrepid, hardy, patriotic, and at the same time, skilful and dexterous in the art of war. Separate sections are devoted to the consideration of these particular qualities: every thing which appears in the shape of a regulation, or which arises from any interference on the part of government, is condemned. The laws of primogeniture and entail, all hereditary honours and privileges, the establishment of public schools and colleges, every circumstance which tends in the smallest degree to obstruct the free circulation of property and the spontaneous exertions of industry, are pronounced to be hostile to the formation and support of an intrepid, hardy, and patriotic character; and our author, as before, shortly winds up the argument by declaring, 'that merely by allowing industry its free and uninterrupted course, and by permitting the whole inhabitants of a country to enjoy what ought never to be withheld from them, they may be rendered intrepid, hardy, and patriotic, universally, permanently, in the highest degree and in the manner most adapted to the purposes of warfare, as far as the defence of a nation is concerned.' Skill and dexterity are to be acquired in the same manner. Nothing whatever must be done by compulsory measures. Recruiting for the line, the militia system, the general defence act, and the volunteer establishment, as at present conducted, are all in turn reprobated, either as unconstitutional, oppressive, inefficient, or injurious to the general prosperity of the country. Having thus annihilated the whole military force of the empire, and all the existing laws upon the subject, but admitting of course, the necessity of an army

of some sort, Mr. M'Diarmid at last feels himself compelled to propose some plan by which an effective force may be raised; and has accordingly hit upon a most ingenious and satisfactory expedient. As it is inconsistent with our author's ideas that any man should be compelled or even requested to become a soldier, some inducement must necessarily be held out, sufficiently strong to produce voluntary and effectual service. For this purpose he fixes upon an absolute exemption from the property tax in favour of all those who will at their own expense undertake the labour of military duty, and has not the smallest doubt that interest and inclination will tempt a sufficient number of individuals by this plan to form an army fully adequate to the defence of the country. The advantages of this measure are supposed to be incontestible. As the property tax does not extend to those who do not possess sixty pounds a year of clear income, the labourers and poorer classes of the community would be allowed to continue their employments without interruption; and the industry of the country would obtain a considerable relief. The greater the income is of any individual, the greater the temptation to undertake military duty, so that those who would have arms in their hands, would consist wholly of men of considerable property, having the largest stake in the country, and the strongest interest in repelling invasion, and repressing civil commotions. This proposed force is to be called the constitutional army. We are left entirely in the dark, as to the manner in which this army is to be organized, trained, or disciplined. The interference of government is at all events deprecated. Every man, it would appear, is to do that which is right in his own eyes, and the astonishing gratification of being exempted from a tax, is in the first place by magical effect, to create an army of three or four hundred thousand men, and secondly, to produce the highest degree of intrepidity, skill, and discipline.

The labours of our author, we should have supposed, had been now happily brought to a conclusion, but finding unfortunately that Ireland is not yet in a state adapted to the formation of a constitutional army, and that while government is so stupid, as to retain an inch of colonial territory, Ireland and our foreign possessions must necessarily be defended, he most reluctantly admits the propriety of having an additional force, while this necessity unhappily exists. For this purpose, he, with much seeming inconsistency, prefers a standing army to every species of temporary levies. Numerous objections may be made to such a measure, founded on his own principles. They are all, however, to be obviat-

ed in a manner indeed hitherto unknown in the history of military affairs. The life of a soldier is to be the most inviting and most agreeable in the community. No officers to be appointed from their rank or influence in society; no promotions to take place through interest or purchase; every person desirous of attaining the situation of an officer, must pass an examination before judges to be appointed for the purpose, and at first be placed in the situation of a non-commissioned-officer. They then become entitled to offer themselves as candidates for commissions, and their respective claims are to be decided by competition. The whole code of martial law is to be abrogated, as unjust and oppressive, and the civil rights of the privates to remain untouched and unimpaired. But our readers, we think, must be perfectly satisfied with the account we have given of Mr. M'Diarmid's bold conceptions. When so many objections are made to almost all the existing regulations and institutions of the country, it cannot be expected that we should either have leisure or inclination to enter into a minute examination of them. We are at a loss to conceive what object the author could have in view, by presenting the public with such a performance at the present moment, nor can we say whether it would have been better timed a few centuries ago, or should have been deferred for a few centuries to come. What impression it may make upon the members of the legislature, we know not; but we venture to predict that his majesty will not be inclined to resign the command of his armies, that the house of lords will not assist in their own annihilation, and that even a house of commons will not be found bold enough, upon the recommendation of Mr. M'Diarmid, to repeal or alter all the laws, statutes, and customs of the realm, except what merely relate to personal freedom and security.

When we were about to shut the book, we discovered that two short chapters remained, of four pages each, on 'The Art of War,' and 'Fortifications,' and even in this short space expected a few practical hints at least upon the subject of batteries, lines of circumvallation, Martello towers, catamarans, and infernal machines; but there are several reasons, our author informs us, which render it necessary to omit the consideration of these topics for the present. The chief reason is, that no complete system either of military discipline, or the art of war, has hitherto been founded on principles demonstrably true; and that without an investigation into principles, it would be idle to propose any changes in the systems in use. This is illustrated by an anecdote which,

whether it be applicable to any other part of our author's speculations, every reader will judge for himself.

'The bad effects of allowing changes to be made by guess, have been proved by innumerable instances in the art of war. The Marshal Lascy, about the middle of last century, thought he should produce an admirable reform in the Austrian armies, by converting their swarms of irregular troops into regular battalions; yet this change, while it produced a very fine appearance, is blamed as the cause of those numerous disasters which the Austrians experienced during the war of the French revolution. The opinion of no man ought to be taken as a rule for conducting the affairs of nations, unless he can give a distinct reason for that opinion. While the affairs of nations, whether military or civil, are led one way or another, as chance directs, by the bungling guess-work of opinion, instead of being guided by rules founded on plain and intelligible reasoning, mistakes and failures must continue to be the result, and succeeding schemes bear the same reproach with the Marshal Lascy.'

We cannot anticipate what may be the effect or ultimate fate of this ingenious and bold 'Inquiry into the System of National Defence,' which embraces so many other topics, that it might with equal propriety have been intitled an Essay on Population, Agriculture, Commerce, Finance, Navigation, Colonization, or any thing else. We shall rest satisfied in having given a short but faithful account of its contents, and shall not attempt by rash praise or censure, either to promote or obstruct its progress to the closet, the shelf, or any other place; but adopting the author's favourite maxim, 'leave it to its natural course.'

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ART. VIII.—*Memoirs of Samuel Foote, with a Collection of his Bon Mots, Anecdotes, &c. mostly original; and three of his dramatic Pieces, not published in his Works. By William Cooke, Esq. 3 vols. 8vo. Phillips. 1805.*

A LIFE of the celebrated Foote was a desideratum. It is now near thirty years since his death, and yet (as Mr. Cooke observes in his introduction) 'except a meagre collection of a few dates and facts published in the "Biographia Dramatica," and since literally retailed in a number of theatrical catchpennies, no written account of him is extant.' Mr. Cooke is at a loss to account for this neglect, but imagines that it may have proceeded from the interested reasons of some friends, who did not wish to make enemies by propagating his satirical remarks; from the incapacity of others, who felt themselves unable 'to carry a bon mot steadily;' and from the indolence of those who were fully qualified for the office.

of a biographer, but who suffered 'the business of to-morrow' to go off from day to day 'to the last syllable of recorded time.' Perhaps one reason of this neglect may be, that the incidents of Foote's life were of so public a nature, and his 'witty sayings' so current in conversation, that his literary friends deemed it useless to record what every person knew. Whatever the cause of this deficiency in biography may have been, Mr. C. has undertaken to fill up the void, and he has performed the task in a very respectable and pleasing manner. Here a question very naturally occurs: what pretensions has Mr. C. to the discharge of this office? To this we have a reply, which is perfectly satisfactory. Our biographer informs us, that 'very early in life he had the pleasure of being introduced to this genuine son of comic humour; and finding in him all the charms of conversation, which could attach a young man with a literary and lively turn of mind, he was careful in recollecting and noting down as many of his anecdotes, conversations, &c. as convenience would permit: not with any intent, at that time, to publish them; but as the records of a man, who drew on him the gaze of the fashionable and literary world, as the reminiscences of hours, which afforded such exquisite delight.' After the death of Foote, Mr. C. continued his acquaintance 'with many respectable persons, who were the intimates of his late friend's earlier days, and who had seen him in all the situations of his varied life. From these he was curious to glean as much of his manners, habits, and conversation as he could: and from their readiness to oblige, as well as from the researches of an old and valuable friend,' (whose name, which he is not permitted to mention here, would be a passport for every thing curious or authentic in literary or dramatic history) 'he has collected such materials as embolden him to publish these volumes.'

We could have wished to be informed, who is meant by this 'old friend,' not for the gratification of idle curiosity, but to enable us to judge, whether under actual circumstances Mr. C. may with propriety 'presume that his performance is the best that can now be effected.' We are very willing to allow that it is the best which has yet appeared; but, unless the late Mr. Murphy is the old friend whose researches are here alluded to, we cannot subscribe to the former supposition. Mr. Murphy was the intimate friend of Foote, and was so well acquainted with the literary characters, and with the theatrical history of that period, that he was repeatedly intreated by his friends to publish a piece of biography, for which they knew that he had collected ample materials, and of which they were of opinion, that he might

have made a very entertaining work. Foote has been dead thirty years, about nine years before which period Mr. C.'s acquaintance with him commenced. It is very singular that Mr. C. should have delayed his publication for 30 years, and that he should publish it immediately after the death of Mr. Murphy. Mr. C.'s introduction is dated August 1805, and Mr. M. died in June of the same year. If our author has had access to Mr. M.'s papers, why not acknowledge the favour, as it would stamp additional value on his work? It would undeniably fix its character, as the best performance, that could *now* be effected. If Mr. C. has not had an opportunity of perusing and collecting from Mr. M.'s researches, we must suspend our judgment, till we hear further on the subject. From the coincidence of dates, and from the coincidence of character, we are inclined to believe that this 'old friend, whose name would be a passport for every thing curious or authentic in literary or dramatic history,' must be *aut Murphy, aut Diabolus*: but we cannot conjecture, why 'the permission to mention his name' should be withheld. Alas! poor Murphy! The view of age and infirmity is at all times afflicting, but where the individual has been in early life the object of applause and admiration; the gay companion of the great, the learned, and the witty; a beloved and valued guest at those festive boards, where genius and wealth are happy to interchange their various gifts, the contrast between the summer and winter of manhood is doubly impressive, and the heart feels a more striking and more shivering sense of the vanity of human enjoyments. A bodily infirmity, which was irksome to himself and to his friends, deprived Murphy, during the few latter years of his life, of the pleasures of society. It was his custom for many summer to walk in the middle of the afternoon on the sunny side of Brompton-row, where he usually stopped to refresh himself with a glass of brandy and water, and a pipe of tobacco at the Grapes Tavern. Not more than twenty days before his death, one of our brethren saw him in his usual walk, and followed him into the parlour of the tavern, for the sake of enjoying the melancholy pleasure of sitting a few minutes in his company, conjecturing from the very feeble and almost tottering steps of the old gentleman, that in all probability he might never have another opportunity. Murphy seated himself in an arm-chair, and lighted his pipe, but soon dropped it on the table, and fell into a dose, during which he breathed very hard: when he awoke, his pipe was burnt out; he shook the ashes into the grate, and held the pipe for a long time in his hand, but did not light it again. After fumbling for many minutes to reach

the button of his coat, which he buttoned with much difficulty, he rose, and seemed to be rather refreshed in spirit as he rose, to finish his sunny walk—now his chief happiness! Our brother made haste to open the door for him, and bowed very low to conceal the tears that were starting in his eyes, at this view of the wreck which all our gaiety, all our wit, all our strength must finally undergo!

The cares and infirmities of Murphy's age were alleviated by a pension from the crown, and, though the gay companions of his brighter hours were gone long before him, he was not left entirely alone, nor wholly without a friend. The summer before last we heard him relate an instance of generosity in his friend Mr. Coutts, the banker, in the following words.—‘I had a ticket in the lottery, which was drawn a blank, but produced me five hundred pounds.—My friend Mr. Coutts met me in the street, and told me, that if I would promise to agree to it, he would make a bargain with me, which would enable me to pay him the five hundred pounds which I was indebted to him, in a manner perfectly easy to myself. He made me promise to agree to his terms before he named them. I readily assented. Well then, Murphy, (he replied) you have, as I am informed, a ticket in the lottery: you shall pay me that five hundred pounds when you get the ten thousand pound prize, and not before.’

We trust, that our readers will not require an apology for this digression, into which we were partly led by Mr. Cooke's affecting account of the close of Foote's life,\* vol. i. p. 231.

Mr. C. enters into a needless digression to trace what could have given the first impulse to Foote's genius. ‘He could not have it from his father, who, by every account was a plain honest country gentleman; nor from his brother, who was imbecile both in mind and body.’ Our editor here leads himself into the old tortoise-dilemma, for the ques-

\* In addition to Mr. C.'s account of Foote's birth-place, viz. Truro, in Cornwall, we take this opportunity of mentioning that the house, in which he was born is now a respectable inn, the Red Lion. Foote's father had many sisters, who married into very reputable Cornish families, so that there are many of his relatives now resident in the west. When his cousins came to London, they were afraid to call on Foote, lest he should *take them off*. One of them, who was not so apprehensive, informed us, that whenever he visited him at North End, he found his mantelpiece loaded with cards of visitation from the first nobility and gentry in the kingdom. Foote's house at North End stands on the right hand side of the road leading from Wallham Green to Hammersmith turnpike. It was lately in possession of Mr. Stretton, the brewer. A friend had lately great difficulty in finding the house, but after many fruitless inquiries among the neighbours, met with an old man in a poor cottage, who was able to point it out. So transient are all things; little more than thirty years ago, there were few in the fashionable world who had not paid a visit to North End!



tion would occur, if he had it from his brother, from whom did his brother receive it? Besides, his brother was younger than himself, so that this unnecessary dilemma produces increasing difficulties. Mr. C. thinks that this talent for humour must be ascribed to his mother, from whom he received it as an hereditary endowment. Mrs. Foote was a lively witty woman, and without any laborious disquisition it might have been stated, that her peculiar flow of spirits gave an additional bias to her son's natural propensity.

However, the history of Foote's life is written in a pleasing, interesting manner, with judgment and with feeling; the portrait, which is prefixed to the first volume, is a very excellent likeness. The bon mots and anecdotes, which are three hundred and twenty-two in number, are told with much spirit. Many of them are new to us, so that Mr. C. has not only the merit of a Pisistratus, from arranging in an uniform collection what was scattered up and down through the various editions of Joe Miller, Timothy Grig's Delight, the Fun-Box broke open, Quoz Quidnunc's merry Jest, and other works of genuine humour, but he has also a superior claim to our thanks for the introduction of several original pieces of wit. Among numerous others the following, which may serve as a specimen, has (at least to us) the merit of novelty.

‘Expecting a gentleman to dine with him at North End who was remarkable for wearing a black scratch wig, and who did not come in time, Foote was every now and then on the look out for him. At last perceiving him riding up the avenue, “Aye, here he comes at last,” said he; “But are you sure it is he?” (asked one of the company impatient for dinner) ‘Why, at this distance I would not take my oath of it: but it is either he or Charles the Second, for there is a black wig evidently bobbing up and down among the oaks.’

The anecdotes of Dr. Monsey might very well have been spared: he seems to have thought that coarse impudence was wit. The story of the admirable Crichton, and Dr. Barnard's verses, certainly should be omitted: they are so well known, that none but very desperate bookmakers would enlist them into their service. In return for the pleasure we have received from these three volumes, we will relate an anecdote of Garrick, which has not found its way into any publication relative to the history of that theatrical hero.

Garrick was spending a few days in the summer at a gentleman's house in Suffolk, and large parties were invited daily to meet him at dinner. One afternoon a country squire was to be of the party, who was very apt to joke in a boisterous

and vulgar manner. Garrick's host, with his guests' consent, concerted a plan to keep the noisy wit in decent order. When the squire came, he was introduced to Garrick, as a private gentleman, who was a very good tempered cheerful man, but (as the master of the house informed him privately) very apt to be seized with fits of desperate madness at the least attempt at a joke. The squire promised to be orderly, and was seated opposite Garrick at the table. Dinner passed off very well. Not many glasses had circulated before the country wag began to be merry in his usual way. Garrick assumed a dejected look, and appeared very restless and uneasy. The master of the house winked at the squire, who saw the uncomfortable sensations which he had occasioned, and immediately was quiet. The glass and the conversation circulated, and the squire again forgot the caution, which he had promised. In the midst of a fit of laughter at one of his own rude jokes, his eye caught Garrick's, who had put on a King-Lear look, and seemed at that moment in a paroxysm of madness. The squire leaped from his chair, and actually jumped out of the window.

## MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

### RELIGION.

ART. 9.—*The principles of Religion, as professed by the Society of Christians usually called Quakers, written for the Instruction of their Youth, and for the Information of Strangers, by Henry Tuke.* 12mo. pp. 178. 2s. 6d. Philips and Fardon. 1805.

THIS volume of Mr. Tuke's may be considered as divided into two parts; in the first of which, extending to p. 69, the principles of religion are treated of, in so far as they are holden in common (or nearly so) by Quakers, and other christians. These relate principally to the being of God, the immortality of the soul, the inspiration, genuineness, and authenticity of the scriptures; the fall, and redemption of man; the doctrine of universal redemption; the divinity of Christ, the doctrine of the Trinity, of justification, and of the resurrection of the dead: the evidences of the truth of christianity from the lives of its first professors, and from miracles, &c. the doctrine of grace, of the influences of the Spirit, and of the uni-

versality of grace, with some others. Within limits so narrow it cannot be supposed that much accurate or important information can be conveyed respecting so many grand and fundamental doctrines. Mr. Tuke must not be displeased if we express our hope and persuasion, that very few of his brethren will be disposed to acquiesce solely in the scanty repast which he has placed before them. The remainder of the volume is occupied in an exposition of the peculiar principles of friends. We have very little reason to be dissatisfied with the manner and temper in which Mr. Tuke has executed this portion of his undertaking; he expresses himself with considerable moderation, and not without a general friendly regard and respect for the feelings and principles of the great bulk of christians. To many of his sentiments also, notwithstanding the division of his work in which he has thought good to place them, we, and no doubt many others, are readily disposed to accede. But with regard to the main and leading principles, especially to the most important of all, those respecting the sacraments, Mr. Tuke has not inclined us to remit or relax one tittle. We see in him little else than the old errors, and palpable misinterpretations of scripture which have been confuted times without number. We would specify particularly his argument on the sacrament of baptism, p. 99—109, as containing more important and more lamentable misinterpretations of the word of God, than can easily be found again within the same compass in any other writer. Nor do we see any prospect of a remedy against the recurrence of similar evils, till the time shall come, when a learned education, and a recourse to the original scriptures shall be more frequent among Mr. Tuke's brethren than they have ever yet been.

ART. 10.—*The Dissenter's Appeal against the Attacks of the Rev. Rowland Hill, in the Conclusion of a Book, entitled 'A Warning to Professors; containing aphoristic Observations on the Nature and Tendency of public Amusements,' by an Independent.* 12mo. 6d. Conder. 1805.

THE controversies respecting the use and abuse of public amusements, which has lately occupied the press in several pamphlets, has here given occasion to a fresh dispute: so true is it, 'that the beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water.' Mr. Rowland Hill has given offence to Dissenters by reflecting upon them in his *aphoristic Observations*, for their devotedness to the world, their inquisitorial discipline, their heresies and schism. In part of this charge, many perhaps will agree with the writer of this appeal, that Mr. H. approaches sufficiently nearly to an exemplification of the old adage, that it is 'Satan correcting sin.'

The Independent who *appeals* against these attacks, is plainly a man of some talents; but they are disgraced by a violent, and not very liberal temper. There are circumstances, it appears, connected with this quarrel, which may give a keenness to the feelings of the parties, but will hardly seem important enough to concern the

public. The dissenting churches are taunted by Mr. H. with the term, 'their *little* party;' and he endeavours to excite their envy, by boasting of the 'thousand good communicants,' whom he presides over at Surrey-chapel. Meanwhile, he too has his complaints, that the *independent* discipline is so hierarchical, that a peep into the chapel in Great Surrey-street is repaid with excommunication: and the Independent again rejoins, that 'within his own experience, Mr. H. has been the means of setting the daughter against the parent, and the sister against the brother, by harangues from the pulpit similar to those now issued from the press.' (p. 35.) But what has a reviewer to do with these matters? Unless indeed it be to intreat his readers to gather from them a solemn warning, that they beware themselves of giving occasion to the inevitable calamities which spring from religious disunion, by their own deviations into schismatical communions.

With the same view of profiting our brethren, and collecting for our readers such specimens, as may most tend to their instruction and amusement, we will lay before them from the present pamphlet, a *curiosity*, the *Dissenter's* plea against *dissent* and separation, on the pretence of *better edification*. We have often thought of drawing up a vindication of our establishment, to be collected solely from the practices, and to be expressed in the very words and arguments of Dissenters. Any one who might find inclination for such a work and more leisure than we possess, would meet with no lack of materials, and the engagement we can answer for it, would be both instructive and entertaining. Let him begin then his collections with what follows:

'And when in his name, and by his authority, we have been admitted in, it is an affront to this authority, and a breach of our fealty, to seek occasions of withdrawing. Occasions truly there be *sometimes* for such a proceeding; *Churekes are not to be made prisons for his saints to stay and starve in*; (it is very melancholy when things are come to such a pass) yet where there has been a solemn giving up of ourselves to Christ, and to one another, to walk together in the faith and order of the Gospel as a Church, the withdrawing from such communion, upon *slight* and *trivial* grounds, at the back-door (for instance, of caprice and humour, or upon a change in the ministry of the church, or on complaint of not profiting by the word, or a *foul* expectation of profiting more by another,) &c. while your own pastor abides in the truth, and labours according to his abilities for the good of your souls: I say, the withdrawing *merely* on such accounts as these, is not only a damping the spirits of the *minister* you leave, but a disheartening *the whole church*, with whom you have walked; and, in a degree, it is breaking covenant with them to desire a dismission, and appears to be a seeking your own things, rather than the things of Jesus Christ.'

1.—*Occasional Discourses on various Subjects, with copious citations.* By Richard Munkhouse, D. D. of Queen's College, Oxford, and Minister of St. John Baptist's Church, Wakefield, in three volumes. 8vo. Longman. 1805.

DR. MUNKHOUSE is already, we presume, pretty well known as a teacher, by a great portion of our readers. These volumes contain twenty-five separate discourses, besides a tract entitled 'a Word for the Poor,' of which number, six or seven have been already before the public, and have obtained a considerable share of approbation and success. In the present republication we are informed, this part of the work has been carefully revised, and undergone material alterations.

In a copious preface, Dr. Munkhouse recapitulates and introduces us to many of the principal subjects of his discourses, several of which, it will easily be seen; possess a large share of importance and interest. Such are the Injustice and Impolicy of the Slave Trade, the Advantages of Friendly Societies, the Importance of Charitable Institutions for the Instruction and Education of the Poor, the Service and Duties of Volunteers, and the Improvement of Psalmody, a very important Part of Divine Worship, &c. &c.

With regard to the manner in which these discourses are composed, Dr. Munkhouse informs us, that it was his 'highest ambition,' that they should be found unexceptionably benevolent, humane, pious, loyal, and patriotic. These are words of high import, and that preacher has surely ample reason to be gratified with his success, to whose efforts they may with justice be attributed. Nor do we think that Dr. Munkhouse has greatly mistaken his talents, or fallen far short from his aim. We are of opinion that he deserves much commendation, and of that particular kind which it has been his ambition to obtain.

His style is not always sufficiently correct; and it abounds too much, for our taste, with words, and those often not plain and simple enough to be profitable to all his hearers, nor on a level, as they would better have been, with the humblest capacity. But in extenuation of literary blemishes, Dr. M. alludes to an excuse, for which, while we regret the necessity, we shall, we trust, always be disposed to regard it with tenderness and respect.

ART. 12.—*A Dissertation on the External Evidences of the Truth of the Christian Religion, published in Pursuance of the Will of the late Rev. John Hulse, of Elworth, Cheshire, as having gained the annual Prize in 1804; instituted by him in the University of Cambridge.* By the Rev. George Downing Whittington, of St. John's College. Miller. 8vo. pp. 42. 2s. 1805.

AN annual prize for the best dissertation on some sacred subject, was another expedient for the encouragement of theological learning within the University of Cambridge, devised by the piety of the late Rev. John Hulse, in addition to the institution of the christian

advocateship, the first fruits of which we announced in our review for September. (p. 94). The candidates for the dissertation prize, are by the rules of the foundation to be below the degree of Master of Arts. Their efforts therefore must not be expected to be so elaborate and profound as those of their elder and more experienced fellow-labourer, the christian advocate.

We have perused Mr. Whittington's Dissertation on the external Evidences of the Truth of the Christian Religion with much satisfaction. After the labours of the many eminent divines who have gone before him in the discussion of the same important subject, it will not be looked for that we should promise to those whom we may tempt to become his readers, (especially if we consider those unavoidable disadvantages to which we have briefly alluded) much novelty, or any very arduous and abstruse investigation in Mr. Whittington's disquisition. Nor will it be expedient, that we should enter at large into arguments which are, or ought to be, already familiar to most persons into whose hands our critique can come. It may be sufficient then to observe, that Mr. Whittington has more than satisfied our *expectations*; he has gratified our *wishes*. His arguments, generally speaking, are proper to the subject, and are very well stated. In matter and in manner they deserve the exalted praise of being rational, temperate, and judicious to a degree much beyond the reach of ordinary and youthful writers: the style is, upon the whole, correct, and by its simplicity and clearness does credit to Mr. W.'s good taste. Should he proceed as he has begun, we can assure him, that it will give us pleasure to meet him again in the department of literature in which he now appears. Nor if he so perseveres, shall we despair of seeing him succeed, in due time, to continue and sustain the reputation of a society which has long been distinguished for its successful attachment to theological studies.

ART. 13.—*Serious Thoughts on the Birth of a Child.* By the Rev. Thomas Porter. 2d Edition. 12mo. Johnson. 1805.

THESE 'Serious Thoughts' possess much energy and weight, however they may be considered by a fashionable and unthinking world. The author is firmly persuaded of their importance, and from a second edition having been called for, we hope they have proved of that utility which the author designed.

ART. 14.—*An Answer to some Pleas in Favour of Idolatry and Indulgences in the Romish Church. Addressed to the Friends of the Protestant Faith.* By the Rev. R. B. Nichols, L.L.B. 8vo. 1s. Nichols. 1805.

THE zeal of the pious rector of Stoney Stanton has eaten him up: in the space of thirty-five pages, he has torn every rag from the back of the scarlet whore, and exposed her nakedness in all the rant of declamation.

## MEDICINE.

ART. 15.—*Cow-pox Inoculation no Security against Small-pox Infection.* By William Rowley, M.D. &c. To which are added the Modes of treating the beastly new Diseases, produced from Cow-pox, &c. with the Author's certain, experienced, and successful Mode of inoculating for the Small-pox, now become necessary from Cow-pox failure. 8vo. pp. 82. 2s. 6d. Murray. 1805.

DR. ROWLEY's pen is prolific. Possibly his opinion is,

‘neque,  
Si chartæ silcant quod bene feceris,  
Mercedem tuleris.’

We sincerely condole with him, that he is under the necessity of so repeatedly assuring the public of his ‘long, very long, long, experience,’ (p. 20,) in quarto and pamphlet, in Latin and English, in newspaper advertisements, and lastly on dead walls and deserted houses. The ‘Nervous Cordial,’ and the ‘Anti-Impetiginous,’ do not salute our eyes more frequently in every corner of the metropolis, than does the title-page of this pamphlet. The great boast of ‘experience,’ however, which is here reiterated in almost every page, is in its present application peculiarly unfortunate. For what additional elucidation can half a century of experience in medical routine, contribute to a disease, which *eight* years ago was unknown to the profession? Elucidation, indeed, is not the object of this publication. It is intended, as the title-page informs us, rather to ‘superseede inquiry; to promote the reintroduction of the variolous pestilence; and to inform the world, that, when that pestilence shall most desirably rage, Dr. Rowley is at hand with a ‘certain, experienced, and successful method’ of combating its virulence.

Philosophy and science shrink from this unmanly, illiberal, and disgraceful contest, in which the calm investigation of truth is impeded by every means which prejudice can suggest. The most numerous, the most respectable, and the most respected members of the profession, in their zeal for the interests of humanity, relinquished with one accord a source of unceasing emolument, and adopted a practice, which demanded little of their interference, and which spread no disease abroad to require their aid. Yet they have been stigmatized as acting from interested motives, by those men who are averse from relinquishing those advantages retained at the expence of the misery of mankind. The facility of the new practice, and the slight disorder which ensued, have, unfortunately, led in some cases to inattention in the practitioner; the disease failed, from inadvertance, to produce the wanted security; and small-pox has, in consequence, in a very few instances occurred. What has followed? Those who know the history of inoculation of the small-pox itself, (now so much extolled by the opponents of cow-pock,) or of the introduction of Peruvian bark, or of other valuable

changes in the practice of medicine, will not wonder that, in this instance, there should be found practitioners ready to seize every opportunity of signaling themselves, by a determined opposition to the new practice. They will only wonder that the ingenuity of the opponents, in all those examples, should have furnished them with so little variety in their modes and instruments of attack.

The character of this pamphlet, which is coarse and most inelegant in diction, may be comprehended from these general observations. Of the vulgar prejudices with which it abounds, in regard to beasts and 'beastly humours,' (which from childhood to old age, afford us our most wholesome nutriment) we shall merely say, that for him who is weak enough to entertain them, we have a sincere pity; and for him who urges them before the public, not believing them, a most sovereign contempt. Of the occasional pious cant and hypocritical sophistry, which is equally applicable to all inoculation, nay to all human attempts to alleviate human misery, we shall say nothing. Of the *facts* we must observe, that all those which have been before published, are again brought forward, though several of them are extremely doubtful, and several absolutely disproved; that others rest on the authority of *Doctor Squirrel*, Mr. Roberts, and other persons equally distinguished in the profession; and that several of them are mentioned without any reference or authority at all. The pamphlet will, indeed, signalise its author; but the distinction will be such as we would not willingly see conferred on our decided enemy. We would not willingly say, 'Oh that mine enemy would write *such* a book!'

ART. 16.—*Expositions on the Inoculation of the Small-pox, and of the Cow-pock.* 8vo. pp. 15. 6d. Mawman. 1805.

THIS little rational address 'to parents,' by an anonymous but benevolent writer, merits their attention. When the efforts of prejudice and sophistry have spread a too general alarm for the inefficacy of the vaccine preventive, and the inoculation of small-pox, has diffused the pestilence, in its most fatal forms, into every alley and corner of the metropolis, they will do well to listen to the dictates of disinterested humanity, if the preservation of their offspring be deemed worthy of their care. These pages contain expositions of many mistakes, which have been made, both in regard to the cow-pock itself, and the diseases which have been said to succeed it; and afford very simple, clear, and satisfactory answers to several of the most popular objections to the practice.

It may not be improper to add, that, while writing these remarks, we received a letter from a medical friend, now in Vienna. He informs us that the progress of the cow-pock is most satisfactory on the continent, 'where not a single objection,' he says, 'not a suspicion of its inefficacy is to be heard.'



## POLITICS.

ART. 17.—*Thoughts on the Civil Condition and Relations of the Roman Catholic Clergy, Religion, and People, in Ireland.* By Theobald M'Kenna, Esq. Barrister at Law. 8vo. pp. 193. Budd. 1805.

THE late decision in the houses of parliament, having, at least for a time, set the Catholic question at rest, we have some pleasure in taking notice of a pamphlet, which discovers, we conceive, the true spirit and manner in which this subject should be considered. Instead of idle declamation about oppression, abstract rights of citizenship, and religious persecution, Mr. M'Kenna enters the dwellings of the Roman Catholic priests, and visits the huts and hovels of their parishioners. He takes a particular view of their habits, sentiments, prejudices, and wants, and without giving them power or privileges of which they hardly know the use or value, considers how the government may secure their attachment and loyalty, by the gradual introduction and diffusion of moral information, industry, and comfort. The allotment of small farms at an easy rent to the parish priests, and other measures calculated to ameliorate the general condition of the catholics, are proposed and discussed with much good sense and moderation. The whole of the performance discovers accurate observation; and is well adapted to blunt the edge of party violence, and to substitute small, but progressive practical benefits in the room of sudden, and in a great measure imaginary and theoretical advantages.

ART. 18.—*Considerations upon the best Means of insuring the Internal Defence of Great Britain.* By Capt. Barber, commanding the Duke of Cumberland's Sharp-Shooters. 8vo. pp. 63. Egerton. 1805.

WE have every reason and inclination to applaud the zeal and activity of Capt. Barber, in the service of his country; but think he might have spared himself the trouble of becoming an author for the sole purpose of pronouncing a florid eulogy on the acknowledged utility of marksmen, as the companions of regular troops in an enclosed country.

## NOVELS.

ART. 19.—*The Count de Valmont, or the Errors of Reason, a Novel, in Three Volumes, translated from the French* 8vo. Hatchard. 1805.

THE Editor of this work has exhibited much judgment in the selection of the letters for translation, as in the original it consists of six volumes, in which much was uninteresting and uninteresting to an English and protestant reader. The language of the translation

is good, and it has in a great degree the spirit of an original work, whose avowed object is to combat the irreligious opinions which have been so often revived and maintained by infidels, in different ages of the world; and for this purpose the form of a novel is adopted, as being the most likely to engage general attention. In some works of this sort, written with a good intention, the erroneous sentiments are stated in a manner so evidently disadvantageous, that their refutation is rendered less useful by the difficulty of recognizing them, when they are adorned with the splendid diction and insinuating language of infidel writers. In this work, on the contrary, the objections are clearly and fairly stated, and the sensible refutation which follows them, must therefore make more impression on the minds of young people, to whom we particularly recommend these letters, as containing more sound reasoning and useful reflections than most of those which have lately fallen under our notice.

The characters we meet with in this novel, though they cannot boast of much diversity, are well drawn; that of Emilia is very amiable, and rendered interesting by her virtue. Valmont's description of his feelings, when he professed pyrrhonism, and doubted of every thing, is striking; his sacrifice of his passion for M<sup>lle</sup>. de Senneville is properly attributed to an increased respect for the christian religion; and his progress from infidelity to christianity is well described. Perhaps there is something too fanciful in the Marquis's advice to his son to address his prayers to Truth, of whom he speaks as a female deity, and thus endeavours to recall him to the Christian religion, by making him utter a pagan invocation; neither is a sufficient degree of blame attached to Valmont's transgression of the law of God, in taking away the life of the Baron de Lausanne.

ART. 20.—*Mental Recreations, Four Danish and German Tales.*  
8vo. pp. 158. Baldwin. 1805.

THIS publication at this season may safely be recommended as a fire-screen: it will shield the face from the fire, and employ the eyes, without arresting the attention so much as to prevent the holder from participating in the pleasure of the conversation of the company.

ART. 21.—*St. Julian; in a Series of Letters.* By J. T. Serres.  
8vo. pp. 167. Ridgway. 1805.

THE shape of this octavo is neat, the type smart, and the margin broad and handsome. We cannot find any fault with the form, fashion, or shape of the cup in which its water-gruel contents are handed down to us: but even with our water-gruel we like a little salt; here we find none. However 'de gustibus (as Mrs. Glasse says), non est disputandum:' we therefore present our readers with a spoon (that is a page) full, that they may sip, and taste for themselves.

## LETTER IX. page 24.

*Viola to St. Julian.*

“What adverse destiny, dear friend, has prevented our meeting? My servant is more than faithful, I trust therefore that my letters, ere this, have kissed your hand. If so, to what cause am I to impute your absence, and at such a critical moment too?—Heavens!--if you should be false!--but it cannot be. Fly then to me, and tranquillize the agitated bosom of thy

VIOLIA.”

## POETRY.

ART. 22.---*Sonnets and other Poems; to which are added, Tales in Prose.* By B. F. 8vo. pp. 127. 4s. 6d. Blacks and Parry. 1805.

WE find by the dedication to her children, that B. F. is of the feminine gender; and by the conclusion of her preface we discover, that she has that respectful awe and fear of Reviewers, which befits all authors who come before our tribunal.

‘To that respectable Synod (she must of course mean us,) whose fiat crowns the labours of the bard with immortality, or consigns them to oblivion,’---(very true, Madam; pray proceed)---‘I dare not look up with higher hopes or expectation, than that this little volume, as *inoffensive*, may escape the severity of criticism; though the age of chivalry, we are told, is no more, the author appeals to their gallantry, (at this passage our pens leaped from our inkstands) not too rigidly to censure the light effusions of a female pen; and to their humanity, not to break a butterfly upon a wheel.’ My good Madam, your appeal to our gallantry and humanity shall not be in vain. We have been misrepresented to you---indeed we have.

We break not butterflies upon a wheel,

Nor Pindar’s heroes crack, unless their bite we feel.

In the gesticulating heat of composition, accidents of this kind will often happen, but we are not intentionally cruel. At Mr. Parkinson’s Museum we have seen specimens of every species of butterfly stuck on white paper, and preserved in glass cases; in the same manner, Madam, shall a specimen of your poetry, which upon the whole, has considerable merit, be preserved on a fair page of our work, in the bookcases of the literati---FOR EVER.

‘TO ATTICUS. (*With a Manuscript Volume of Juvenile Essays.*)

‘Friend of my heart! whose smiles more pleasure yield

Than fame’s loud praise, this simple gift approve;

O! be its wants of merit kindly veil’d

By the dear mantle of indulgent love.

‘The lilies of the vale obscurely blow

In some lone dingle, or sequester’d glade;

And modest violets hide their purple glow

Beneath the moss-clad bank, and hazle shade.

‘ Yet Phœbus sheds his spirit-cheering ray,  
 On these retiring children of the dale ;  
 And, at the tranquil hour of closing day,  
 Mild evening round them wraps her dewy veil.  
 ‘ Then let the sunshine of thy favour gild  
 Thy Laura’s heart with joy,--- her gift approve ;  
 And, be its numerous blemishes conceal’d,  
 By the dear mantle of indulgent love. P. 31, 32.

You disguise your sentiments by fair speeches, Madam, but it is very evident that you have a terrible idea of us Reviewers. You fancy that our inner-chamber, like that of Blue Beard, is hung round with the mangled limbs of those whom we have slain, and yet with true female curiosity, you cannot resist the temptation of taking a peep. Well, Madam, after this visit, what do you think of us? Instead of what you expected to find, do you not think our room very much resembles one of those flower-gardens, which you tell us in your preface that you so much admire? Is not our large green table very like a lawn, on which quartos, octavos, and duodecimos, in yellow, brown, spotted, striped, pink, red, blue, dappled, orange, grey, purple, and variegated covers, present to the admiring eye all the vivid and intermingled colours of a gay parterre? This is the pleasing aspect, we assure you, in which it appears to us; and so powerful is the force of habit, that the unfolding leaves of a new book are in our eyes like expanding blossoms, and the smell of them is to our olfactory nerves sweet and fragrant as the scent of the woodbine or the rose. We regard ourselves as flower-gatherers from this book-sprinkled lawn, from which we are happy in collecting for our friends a monthly bouquet. Indeed one of our brethren, who is a botanist, so completely gives way to the pleasing delusion, that he calls pocket-books and almanacks, which usher in the year—primroses; Mr. Pye’s odes he denominates---King-cups; sentimental novels---sensitive plants; trips to Margate---*dandelions*; sermons--poppies; new editions of Shakspeare---sweet Williams; Godwin’s works---milkly thistles; satires---brambles; trials for crim. con.---cuckoo-pints; the life of Lord Nelson---laurel; Dr. Rowley on the cow-pock---ox-eye; &c. &c. &c. At this moment he is amusing himself with arranging our Index according to the system of Linnaeus. Instead therefore of murderers and assassins, as we have been sometimes called, we rather resemble bees at their labour in collecting honey from various flowers.

Ac veluti in pratis, ubi apes æstate serenâ  
 Floribus insidunt variis, et candida circum  
 Lilia funduntur; strepit omnis murmuræ CLUB-ROOM.

ART 23.—*The Suicide Prostitute, a Poem.* 4to. Miller. 1805.

THE author of this juvenile performance will thank us for an act of tutorship in correcting a few of his errors. ‘ A child distempere

much,' is a vague expression. Had she been lately vaccinated? A note should have explained this.

'Since he, I love, distain'd my ermine fame,  
Cropt the young flowret of my blooming name,  
And sated, cast my sullied charms aside,  
To pine unsweet, unlovely, unallied.'

As 'fanie' is synonymous with 'name,' we must condemn that boldness, which changes what was a *cloak* in one line, to a *flowret* in the next. We shall say nothing of the most unsavoury epithet 'unsweet,' but we must observe that 'unallied' is a remarkable instance in which the sound is an echo of the sense; for this epithet is 'unal-  
lied' with any meaning in this place.

'And frequent too the hiss, with poison'd dart,  
Has pierc'd and rankled in my wounded heart.'

What! did the hiss pierce and rankle? We are aware that poetry does sometimes give a body to 'airy nothings;' but our young author should be informed, that there are limits even to the creations of fancy. The machinery of a poem should present an uniform appearance; and if he introduces his 'hisses,' armed with 'poisoned darts,' his 'groans' should be provided with cannon, or small arms at least.

'Yes! my crimes shall cease, cease too all my pain'——

As the heroine is preparing to poison herself in the next line, we suppose that she was so *flustered* in this, that the earthly concerns of measure and quantity were forgotten.

'Soon as the drug shall reach my madden'd brain.  
But, ah! my peace with God! Shall I find peace?  
My soul sin-stain'd, and stung with dark disease!  
Spare a deluded child, me, kind heaven, spare,  
Who sunk the victim of a smiling snare;  
Gilt was the crime with specious lustre o'er,  
Fair virtue's stamp and decent garb it bore:  
Ah! shone the prospect bright, alluring, gay,  
'Twas sweetness all.'

Her soul *stained* and *stung* with something *dark!* a *smiling snare!* A *gilt crime*, *stamped* and *dressed* in a decent garb! The drug certainly operates with great effect.

'Full on my eye the lucid drop would swell,  
While sorrow's lips their melting story tell.'

Her brain is maddened,

'So present tense and preterplu,  
What has she to do with you.'

As a lunatic cannot be pronounced guilty according to law, we must allow the author to plead the insanity of his heroine, and acquit him of the following passages.

‘ Could swift-wing’d time recall his *fleeting* wain,  
 Begloom the sky.

---

‘ Scout me with haste, as some unseemly pest,  
 Wound with neglect, or stab me with a jest.’

---

‘ And tho’ her soul shake with abhorrence keen,  
 At joys unsweet.’

---

‘ The biting wind with cruel torrent pours,  
 Length’ning by cold and vehemence unkind  
 The long, long midnight of a sleepless mind.’

The unkind vehemence of a biting torrent! there is certainly no method in this madness.

At last she dies; nay, she tells us so herself, and consequently there can be no doubt of the fact.

‘ The struggle’s o’er! my soul disburthen’d flies,  
 Quits its polluted clay, and seeks the skies.’

Perhaps the author thought that there might be many readers of the same incredulous temper as the man, who would not believe that Queen Elizabeth was dead, unless he should see it in her own hand-writing.

We advise the author, if he attempts another poem, not to take the trouble of putting his hero or heroine to a violent death, as they will most assuredly die in the natural way.

ART. 24. *Poems by R. L. Courtier. Vol. II. 8vo. 7s. Rivingtons. 1805.*

WE justices of Parnassus are very unwilling to exert our authority with the utmost rigour, but when a person is brought before us a second time, we must scrutinize his case thoroughly and pronounce our decision in a summary way to prevent further trouble. Mr. Courtier refers to many critical opinions given in his favor by our brethren on the bench, and by our predecessors. We have had recourse to the records, and certainly do find that his ‘*Pleasures of Solitude*’ were in general approved, but at the same time each of our brethren added some qualification of his praise. Justice M. R. said ‘Mr. C. has convinced us that he is an improving writer.’ Justice B. C. ‘We are willing to give encouragement to a poet, who labours to correct and improve his productions.’ The opinion of the Critical Reviewers is recorded as follows. ‘We are able to present a pleasing specimen of the author’s minor muse.” Mr. C. produces also some very flattering sentiments concerning the beauties of his poem, which were expressed by other gentlemen, who have taken out their ‘*DEDIMUS*’ to act in the same district; but as we seldom meet them on the bench, we shall decline publishing their decisions. We are of opinion that this second volume does not increase Mr. C.’s reputation as a poet; and we should rather suspect that these little poetical pieces were written before their author

published his 'Solitude,' but that the praises bestowed on that poem induced him to send his *first attempts* to the press; and we also are inclined to think that the epigram in the 147th page, which is not addressed to any person in particular, may be reserved as a rod in pickle for us, in case our decree on the merits of this second volume should not be favorable.

*Epigram.*

'Alas! unjustly now you blame  
My verses, who inspired the flame:  
Thus if of rhymes a graceless spinner  
I grow, 'tis you that are the sinner.'

If we have sinned once, we must be careful not to sin a second time. Mr. C.'s Epigrams are like harlequin's horse; the horse was good in colour, shape, and height, but it was dead; so our author's Epigrams have the proper number of feet, and they rhyme tolerably well, but they also are lifeless. Dr. Johnson praises the man as the fairest of critics, who, when he censured a poetical translation of the Georgics, produced a translation of his own. It may be a hazardous attempt, but if the prize were a boiled egg, we would place the following epigrams in competition with those by Mr. C.

*Epigram on Friendship by Mr. C.*

To ———

'Well! triumph in the pains you take  
Of friends your enemies to make:  
I rather must his zeal commend,  
Who makes an enemy a friend.'

*Extempore Epigram on Economy by a Brother Critic.*

Well! triumph in the pains you take  
To purchase butter'd bun and cake;  
I rather must his thrift commend,  
Who manages no pence to spend.

*Epigram by Mr. C.*

ON SEEING A PLACE CALLED THE 'RETREAT.'

'Ye smoke-loving cits, call ye this a retreat?  
This prim new brick-house at the back of the street!'

*Palinodia.*

*An Epigram by a Brother Critic.*

'O! Mister Courtier,  
What call you this here!  
Most certain I am,  
That it's no epigram.'

The following is above our powers: we shall not attempt to rival it, but shall content ourselves with the humble office of commentators.

*Re-action by Mr. C.*

‘ Prove, prove, Horatio, quaintly cries,  
 The system of re-action !  
 This stupid book, with labouring eyes,  
 I read—to stupefaction !!

Last line ‘ I ; ’ *nostro periculo lege*, ‘ we.’

*Elegiac Stanza by Mr. C.*

‘ Yet I fear not foliage dying,  
 Winter desolate and dread ;  
 Since his blast will find me lying  
 Safe beneath the turf I tread !’

*Stanza on a Bottle of Port by a Brother Critic,*

‘ Underneath the bran I’m lying ;  
 Winter’s frown or summer’s grin  
 Cannot spoil me, while I’m dry in  
 Bottom-corner of a bin.’

Another specimen of the contents of Mr. C.’s second volume :

*Apology.*

‘ Do I rove ? Where all is motion,  
 Why may not a lover range ?  
 Earth is restless, restless ocean,  
 Why must only man not change ?  
 Dull I grow, and cannot see  
 First as I beheld thee ;  
 Else to love thou can’st not be  
 Her, who once compelled thee.’

By this apology, which we suppose is addressed to his muse, Mr. C. seems determined not to be quiet ; but before he publishes a third volume, we advise him to recollect that ‘ three movings are as bad as a *fire*,’ which a burnt child ought to dread.

Mr. C. does not inform us whether the following is supposed to be written by a butcher.

*The Request.*

‘ Return me what the other day  
 By fraud or force you took away ;  
 Give that, with which I cannot part,  
 Come, no demur ! give back my *heart* !  
 ’Twas *cruel*—for this tranquil breast  
 That moment you bereaved of rest ;  
*Dishonest*, for you might have left,  
 Another to repair your theft.’

There cannot be any doubt that the lady, who is addressed in the following stanza, was betrothed to a carpenter ;

*To ———*

‘ Oh ! if preferred the old man’s kiss,  
 Useless for me is all your raving,  
 So, get thee married, pretty Miss !  
 And suit his fancies to a *shaving*.



It is our duty, however, to say that the *ODE ON THE PAST* (p. 61.) is a respectable poem. The elegy composed on the Tomb of Dermody also deserves to be read in court as an affidavit in Mr. C.'s favor.

ART. 25. *Original Poems for Infant Minds, by several young Persons.* Vol. 2d. 12mo. Darton and Harvey. 1805.

Very good in their way.

ART. 26. *Modern Paris: a free Imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal.* 12mo. London. Hatchard. 1805.

THIS is one of the worst things we ever had the misfortune to meet with. A free imitation of any satire of Juvenal should at least possess good sense, a dignified manner, and a flow of poetry; not to mention a spirited reprobation of the vices of the age; but without any single one of these qualifications, to apply that satire to Paris which Johnson has applied to London, required the consummate impudence of the present author. That his folly equals his impudence, and that his doggrel exceeds both, let the following amply testify.

'Here Buonaparte's lust, in Barras' lot  
Cold to his friend, to his friend's mistress hot,  
Him banish'd from her lawless bed for life,  
Of his own lawful bed to make her wife,' &c. page 36.

The allusion to *Barras* was suggested by '*Stoicus occidit Baram,*' &c. And this is Juvenal! This is below the bellman.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 27---*A List of the irregular Præterites or Præterperfects, of the Supines, and also of the past Participles of deponent Verbs. shewing from what Verbs they are derived.* By Edmond Philip Bridel, LL.D. 12mo. London. Symonds. 1805.

THE above gentleman, author of an Introduction to English Grammar, and master of the academy, Bird's buildings, Islington, declares that it is his intention, in the course of the present philological work of eighteen duodecimo pages, to remove one of the principal difficulties which impede the progress of Latin learners, and to spare their teachers the trouble of answering their questions concerning the derivation of verbs. He adds his farther hope, that men of judgment 'will allow, that amongst the merits of this book, if entitled to any, its shortness is not the least.' We think it the very greatest. '*Breve sit quod turpiter audes,*' if applied in a literary, instead of a moral sense, would have been the best motto for this writer, for we cannot sanction that which he aspires to: *In tenui labor, al tenuis non gloria.* Little things may be very ill done. Supines are grammatical existencies, whose nature has never been

well defined. Many of those indeed quoted by schoolmasters, are non-entities.

Dr. Edmund Philip Bridel has introduced the young Latinists to some very odd Supines. 'Linctum' and 'stinctum,' for instance, and 'pigitum' and 'peditum,' and 'omne quod exit in um.'

He gives us also some very superfluous directions 'how to use his book.' Common sense would have pointed out it's most natural application. We are at a loss to discover in what respect it is not entirely superseded by previous vocabularies, and dictionaries without number. The stomach of the philologist is overloaded with old messes of verbal criticism hashed and served up again and again ;

Occidit miseros crambe repetita magistros.

ART. 28.—*Observations on the Formation and Management of useful and ornamental Plantations ; on the Theory and Practice of Landscape Gardening ; and on gaining and embanking Land from Rivers or the Sea. Illustrated with ten Plates.* By J. Loudon, Designer, &c. pp. 342. 8vo. 10s. 6d. Longman. 1804.

THE art of landscape gardening, or more properly speaking, of picturesque agriculture, is almost peculiar to England, and will most probably remain so for some time, as our continental neighbours who attempted to imitate it, have failed so completely, that they began to question whether it were really beautiful ; a controversy, hitherto undecided, commenced on the relative merits of leaden fountains, spouts of water, preposterous figures of imaginary monsters, gravelled walks, square hedge-rows, and lofty trees, compared with the open variegated lawn, the winding rivulet, the cascade, the overshadowed lake, the moss-grown rocks, and all the indefinite variety of natural beauties, that most of our English landscapes present to the view. Mr. L.'s work has a higher claim to approbation than that of merely shewing how to collect all the pleasing objects in rural scenery to decorate the environs of our mansions ; it unites considerations not only of individual, but of great national utility. Led by the harmony of the analogies of nature, perceptible only to a cultivated taste, the author unknowingly demonstrates the fact, that, as in the moral world there is no real beauty without virtue, so in the physical there is none without utility. The idea of making our pleasure grounds and ornamental plantations more beautiful by converting them into nurseries of timber, which may eventually serve for the protection of our liberties, and the transportation of our manufactures, is a happy exemplification of the grand and beautiful ; and we have patriotism enough to hope, that our author's 'Observations on useful and ornamental Gardening' will meet with that general attention to which their intrinsic merit entitles them. Pleased, however, as we are with Mr. L.'s general views, we must object to some of his less important details. In Plate II. of the 'Outlines of Plantations,' the first line of the beautiful, besides

being deficient in variety, scarcely possesses grace, still less beauty; and the picturesque is too fanciful, too zigzag, and too pointed to be natural. In Plate VII. of the 'Outlines of Ground,' the beautiful and picturesque are more happily illustrated. We would observe too, that there is really no landscape in its natural state, truly ugly or deformed, however deficient it may be in picturesque effect; but it may become so by the levelling hand of art, and by the introduction of foreign, fantastical, or unnatural objects. After the example of Gerardin, Mr. L. makes picturesque beauty, the 'beauty of the graces;' but grace is in reality, much less essential to the picturesque than to the simply beautiful. Something of ruggedness, as antique fragments, resembling vestiges of ruined works of art, are admitted to be necessary to constitute the picturesque; but ruggedness and grace have no affinity. We do, indeed, speak of the graceful majesty of a tall tree or a lofty mountain; but it is always when they present the circular outline of beauty, and not the characteristics of the picturesque. By adopting too implicitly, the sentiments of Messrs. Price and Knight, the author evidently confounds grace with beauty, when he intimates in p. 222, and 226, 'that beauty requires to be accompanied with the picturesque, to preserve it from dullness and insipidity.' That variety which is one of the essential constituents of beauty, can never fail to be animating and attractive; whereas grace alone may be insipid from its sameness. Every beautiful object must be graceful; but every graceful one is not beautiful; thus, the Venus de Medicis, and the Belvidere Apollo are in their attitude and contour highly graceful, but they are too deficient in variety of expression, and in short, too perfectly statues to be beautiful. We also find, in some of the outlines, the graceful substituted for the beautiful, doubtless from deference to the maxims of Mr. Price, or, perhaps, of Mr. Knight, who, in his eager desire of novelty, has produced a specimen of taste, rather whimsical than elegant or correct. We mean not however, to censure the laudable efforts of this gentleman, after the manner of most writers on landscape gardening, or picturesque agriculture, who, like those on farriery, generally think it necessary to overturn the systems of their predecessors in order to establish their own; and we would earnestly recommend it to our author to give a proof of his superior taste by retrenching in his second edition, all the epithets bestowed on the system of *capability* Browne, particularly while it is honoured by so very reputable a follower as Mr. Repton. Our limits oblige us to omit the author's invention of invisible fences, and also his plans for 'embanking land from the sea;' not that we think them unimportant or impracticable, but because we should rather previously see our mountains covered with woods, (as Mr. L. suggests,) to serve as materials for the 'wooden walls' that constitute the glory and defence of England.

On the whole, considering the arduousness of the hitherto imperfectly defined subject of taste, we cannot hesitate to say, that the work of Mr. Loudon contains, perhaps, fewer errors, and will be found a more useful, concise, and practical treatise on the art

of decorating and planting rural scenery, than any other that we have seen of equal extent. The author, and all readers of taste, will find many interesting observations on this subject, in the excellent works of Mr. Dayes on Painting.

ART. 29.—*Description of Models to explain Crystallography, or an easy Introduction to the Understanding of the Formation of Crystals, so essential to the Knowledge of all Substances, chemical or mineralogical. By James Sowerby, F.L.S. &c. Part I. 1s. with the Models. 10s. 6d. White. 1805.*

THE modern science of crystallography is so fascinating, when properly understood, it holds up such a quarry to the busy mind, and might be rendered so illustrative of mathematical demonstration, that we may expect to see it spiritualized with the wonders of the telescope and the microscope; to which it is in no respect inferior. The author now presents us only with the first part, and he proposes to extend the work to eight or ten, we could wish to more, that he might comprise a complete system of crystallography; a desideratum not hitherto even attempted. The simplicity, perspicuity, and conciseness of Mr. Sowerby's explanations, and the mathematical accuracy of his models, render the whole infinitely superior to any thing of the kind that we have seen in Paris by Jolyclerc, Patrin, Brogniart, or Haüy; and must insure him the acknowledgments of all amateur-philosophers, chemists, and even mineralogists. This first part contains the crystallography of Newcastle coals, the crystallization of which is a discovery of our author; a discovery, we doubt not, that will lead to some very important practical purposes in regard to the value and quality of this most essential article. The second part, we learn, is to display the beautiful crystals of sulphur, and the third, those of the diamond, which will conclude the crystallography of combustible substances.

ART. 30. *The Roman History, from the Foundation of Rome, to the Subversion of the Eastern Empire and the taking of Constantinople by the Turks; including the Antiquities, Manners, and Customs, as well as the Jurisprudence and Military Establishment of the Romans. In Seven books. On a new and interesting Plan. By the Rev. John Adams. 8vo. 4s. 6d. bound. Law. 1805.*

A JUDICIOUS Epitome, arranged in a method at once perspicuous and pleasing. The three last books are entirely new, as an abridgement; for neither the history of the eastern empire, connected with the revolutions of modern Europe, nor the manners and customs of the Romans, are to be found in any work of the same size.

ERRATA in our last Number.

p. 133, l. 33. for virtue read intire.

211, l. 21. for letters read latter.

THE  
CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE THIRD.

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Vol. VI.

DECEMBER, 1805.

No. IV.

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ART. I.—*A Voyage round the World, in the Years 1800, 1801, 1802, 1803, and 1804, in which the Author visited the principal Islands in the Pacific Ocean, and the English Settlements of Port Jackson and Norfolk Island. By John Turnbull. 3 Vols. small octavo. Phillips. 1805.*

IF a stranger were to estimate the literary attainments of our countrymen by the number of voyages and travels which are unceasingly presented to the public, he would return home fraught with no mean ideas of our learning and our knowledge. It would be very lucky for us, however, if his time were too much occupied to permit him to examine further into the truth of his opinion. For if unfortunately at any leisure hour he should stumble on *some* of the productions of the day, his conviction of the emptiness of those who could be entrapped into the perusal of such vapidty, would be confirmed by an appeal to the most irrefragable evidence. We do not mean to say, however, that such would be the inference from all the journals of voyages and travels which pass before us in review; nor do we intend to include in so severe a censure the work now under consideration, which, if it does not glow with the lustre of a star of the first magnitude, yet illuminates us with a mild and pleasing ray.

Mr. Turnbull is, as he informs us, by profession a seaman; and the modesty which would have prevented him from presenting these memoirs to the public, has not its usual counter-balance in the partiality and persuasion of his friends. This is either exactly correct, or it is not: if the former, it would have been better to avoid the appearance of imitating the ancient fallacies of the auctorial tribe; if the latter, he displays little taste in feigning so stale a pretence. The voyage had a commercial object, and was undertaken with the idea of sharing in the profits of the Anglo-Americans, who are said to carry on a lucrative trade to the north-west of the continent of America. Our author's situation on

ship-board was that of supercargo, and not only were his exertions stimulated by the sense of duty, but a share was permitted to him, to add the incitements of individual avarice.

After leaving England, he reached, as he tells us, with fair winds and sanguine hopes, the island of Madeira, of which the advantages are a splendid sky, a bounteous assortment of fruits, and the richest juice of the grape; while the grievances are not more intolerable than may arise from the annoyance of swarms of mosquitoes, gnats, and friars, whose impudence our author deploras with feeling lamentation.

By the operation of adverse winds, the ship was next obliged to take refuge in the port of St. Salvadore in Brazil, where our travellers either excited the fears or suffered from the treachery of the Portuguese government, whose conduct is here repaid by some sarcastical comments on the sloth and the cowardice of that once distinguished and spirited people. The suspicion of their collusion with the Spaniards, and the richness of that country, combine, in our author's reasoning, to afford a satisfactory motive for our seizing on this only remaining gem in the crown of our ancient ally, of whom, since we cannot protect the weakness, we are exhorted at least to share the spoils. If ever this shall prove a necessary line of conduct for our government to pursue, we hope it will not be adopted without the clearest and most public indication of the urgency of the circumstances, nor so conducted as to involve us in the disgrace and perfidy of the robbers of civilized society.

From St. Salvadore, they proceeded by the Cape to Port Jackson, venting upon all the Portuguese vessels which they descried on their way, their revenge for their scurvy treatment in the Brazils. This they effected by the simple expedient of chasing and bringing them to, when our author and his friends had the happy satisfaction of discerning through their swarthy and weather-worn visages, the mortifying indications of terror. Whatever may be thought of this joke in the courts of law or Parnassus, the discovery of their mistake seems to have had a speech-confounding effect on the tongues of the Portuguese, who are asserted to have expressed their joy by exclaiming, *Stabon Anglois!* On the arrival of the expedition in New South Wales, they found an unwelcome abundance of European vessels, and a yet less pleasing scarcity of money. With an air of paradoxical rapacity, it is asserted that the colonists were as poor as possible, but had still something left to relish, if not to sate the hungry avarice of our adventurers. It may be gathered, however, from amid the mistiness of a cloud of phi-

losophical observations, that if they did not get all they hoped, they should at least make sure of all they could. To put this resolution into effect, the vessel was dispatched to the north-west coast of America, Mr. Turnbull remaining at Sydney to prosecute his department of their commercial speculation. This leisure and these opportunities being afforded, he has given an extended account of his observations on the state and progress of that singular colony. Many of the particulars given, though sufficiently interesting of themselves, have already appeared in the pages of previous voyagers; but even these have still their allurements, and we have thus at least the advantage of viewing the objects aided by the reflection of various lights. A national feature is already remarked in the children born in the colony. The Irish predominate, and rueful consequences are predicted from their number and turbulence, if the scantiness of the military force does not speedily yield to a more political profusion. Those hardy weeds of society, the lawyers, have already fastened their roots in this newly opened soil. A convict-attorney moved our author's wrath by not only exacting four guineas for writing half a sheet, but asserting that he lost money by the job; and on another occasion a convict-locksmith being upbraided by a colonist for charging five shillings to Mr. T. for work for which he commonly demanded only the half, coolly replied, that he always made it a rule to charge a ship double. Upon the whole, any thing but reformation appears to have been effected among the transported felons of the South.

The continued rivalship of other merchants, and the disposal of a large investment belonging to government, having rendered desperate all hope of commercial success at Sydney, Mr. T. next proceeded to Norfolk Island with expectation of a better fortune. Of the beauty and fertility of that little settlement the author's account is as flattering as any of the former, but to make it really valuable and worth the expence of retaining, a harbour even of the smallest and most ordinary kind is wholly wanting on a shore where even a tolerable landing-place for boats is not to be found. Such indeed is the difficulty of access, that it has been said by a French navigator, to be fit only to be inhabited by angels and eagles. It was formerly the custom to transport the worse and more incorrigible of the convicts at Sydney to this island. A singular and amusing account is given of the escape of one of these convicts into the interior of the island, from terror of punishment for losing at play the whole weekly allowance of his mess. For upwards of five years he subsisted alone

upon the success of his nocturnal depredations, and when at length seized, had lost the use and almost the comprehension of his native language, and with a venerable beard and tattered shreds of raiment, scarce bore the visage of a man. His fault being considered as sufficiently expiated, he was very humanely and properly pardoned.

This anecdote serves to introduce another of the marvellous kind, which we give in the author's words :

‘Upon relating this circumstance to the captain, he informed me of a similar instance which had fallen within his own observation, as he returned from his voyage to the north-west. In order to recruit his stock of fresh water, he had been compelled to stop at one of those solitary islands, with which the surface of the South Sea is every where studded, and not one half of which, however fertile or beautiful, have any other inhabitants than the usual marine birds.

‘After the watering was completed, which occupied them two days, the boat was dispatched to another part of the island, abounding in the cocoanut and cabbage-tree, articles of which they were equally in want. The party had no sooner landed, than scorning the ordinary method of gathering the fruit, they took the much shorter way of cutting down the trees. They were all in the usual spirits of men who touch at land after the long confinement of a sea voyage; a period of time, perhaps, in which the natural spirits reach their highest degree of elevation.

‘Their mirth, however, had not long continued, when it was interrupted, and converted into terror by a most hideous noise. The whole party were aghast with terror, in the expectation that some land or sea monster, to which their horror gave a suitable form and magnitude, should rush amongst them. Some were for leaving the island and betaking themselves to the boat; whilst others with stouter courage recommended silence, till they should listen more attentively.

‘The sound approached, exclaiming to them in horrid exclamations, and good English as they thought, to desist. The whole party were now panic-struck; they were persuaded it could be nothing but a supernatural being, warning them from his sacred domain, and that instant death or some horrible punishment would attend their disobedience. It must be confessed, indeed, that an occurrence like this was too much for the courage of a party of English sailors, who are no less proverbially cowards in all encounters with spirits, than they are unassailable by any emotion in the presence of an enemy. A council of war was accordingly held upon the spot, and after some pros and cons, it was finally agreed to stand by each other, and not take to their heels before the enemy appeared.

‘The spectre at length advanced—a savage in appearance. He addressed them in good English; reproaching them for their unprovoked trespass on his premises. The party were at length convinced



that their monster was no other than a man ; who, according to his own account, and conjectural reasoning, had been left on the island by a ship about four months preceding. The reader will readily conclude, he had not received this punishment for his good behaviour. His beard had never been shaved since the first moment of his landing, and had he racked his invention to add to the horror of his appearance, he could have made no addition. His raiment was all in rags, and his flesh as filthy as a miner who had never appeared above the surface of his mother earth.

‘ The first inquiry, was of course, how he came to be left on the island with every probability of perishing ; a question to which he could return no very satisfactory answer. The next question was as to his mode of living, to which he replied somewhat more intelligibly, that the principal article of his subsistence was the cocoa-nut, fish, and land and sea-crab ; that one time he had the good fortune to kill a wild hog, but for want of salt to preserve it, he could make it last but two days.

‘ After some further intercourse, some of the party accompanied him to what he called his house, which was built in a particular shape, three posts being sunk into the ground, and inclined to each other, so as to form a complete half of a regular bisected cone. The roof was doubly and trebly matted over with the leaves and smaller branches of the cocoa-nut tree, but the house altogether appeared more like a dog-kennel than a suitable abode for a human being. The household furniture indeed in every respect corresponded with the dwelling, consisting of a something which was perhaps once a trunk ; a flock-bed as dirty as if in the course of trade it had passed through all the cellars of Rag-fair ; an axe, a pocket-knife, a butcher's steel, and four gun-flints. In this situation, four hundred miles from any human being, and an almost immeasurable distance from his native country, this fellow seemed so contented with his condition, that he appeared to have no wish to depart ; and the first proposal that he should accompany them to the ship, seems to have proceeded from our men.

‘ When the proposal was made to him, he paused for some time, and at length made a demand of wages, which, as expressive of his indifference, would doubtless have justified them in leaving him to his fate. At length, however, he suffered himself to be persuaded, but still seemed to consider the convenience mutual, or rather that we were the party obliged. They could never procure from him any satisfactory account as to the cause of his being left on the island ; but they never entertained any doubt that it was no slight crime that would provoke his captain and comrades to such an exemplary punishment. Indeed, his subsequent conduct was such as to justify this conjecture : for instead of any gratitude to his deliverers, he was found to be such a mover of sedition in the ship's company, that for the preservation of good order in the ship, it was thought prudent to leave him at Port Jackson.’

For the length of this quotation we have no apology to

offer but the interest which it has excited in us, and the Crusoe-like strangeness of adventure with which it abounds. Albeit unused to the quoting mood, we have in this instance suffered ourselves to be seduced by the singularity and the completeness of the narrative. We must now hasten, however, to deliver Mr. Turnbull from the narrow precincts of Norfolk Island, where, we fear, he found money as scarce as honesty, and much more difficult to be got at. The voyage to the north-west having failed in its object, it was resolved to endeavour to lay in, if possible, a store of skins at Bass's Straits, for the China market, and to take a trip in the interval to some of the islands of the Pacific, to collect provisions. In consequence of this resolution, they proceeded in the first place to the Society Islands. Here ill-fortune still pursuing them, they found ships more plentiful than hogs and plantains, and the miserable islanders almost exhausted of all their stock by foreign visitors and intestine commotions. The character and manners of the Otaheiteans have been too frequently the subject of the pages of voyagers to afford now much prospect of novelty or amusement. Yet to those unacquainted with former relations, the particulars given by Mr. T. may be more interesting. The singular custom is noticed of the cessation of the royalty of the sovereign on the birth of his son, in whose name he governs as regent, till the infant be arrived at the age of manhood, when the paternal authority becomes wholly extinct : a practice apparently well calculated to limit the propagation of the royal race, or to present fresh victims to those deities whom they believe to approve of the murder or exposure of their offspring. Passing from one of these islands to another, they found an extreme difficulty in preventing the desertion of their crew, to whom the charms of the females and the promise of indolence and plenty, afforded the most irresistible allurements. The convicts also from New South Wales have occasionally, in the frailest and least manageable craft, groped their way through these dangerous and unknown seas; impelled by the hatred of coercion and the love of liberty and vice, and though not a few have paid with their lives the forfeit of their rashness, some have been more fortunate, and have obtained a refuge among the savages. These islanders, however, yearly recede farther from the savage character. The use of fire arms is now universal in the southern ocean, and beads and feathers, toys and dresses, are no longer the delight of men who pursue with insane avarice the European, and once dreaded engines of destruction. No present is so valuable, no article of commerce

bears so high a price as a musket, and the gunpowder which they once imagined to be the pollen of a strange vegetable, they now know to be a production of art, and ardently desire to discover the materials, and understand the manufacture of that precious commodity. At the island of Ulitea our adventurers experienced a series of dangers which arose from the co-operating agency of reefy shores and adverse winds, of the treachery and fury of a savage race, armed with the weapons of a cultivated people, and of the vile arts of some runaway convicts, who, having no virtues to bestow on their new patrons, were more successful in smoothing the road to mischief. To such a pitch of audacity had the natives of that island arrived, that they attempted openly by the force of arms to seize on the ship, and for a long time sustained a heavy fire undismayed, and returning shot for shot. By a combination of prudence and good fortune they were at length foiled in their object, and the ship got off, not a little aided by the power of their cannon, which the savages do not yet possess, but which the cupidity and the folly of the European or American traders will doubtless soon add to their other means of annoyance. The account of all the transactions at Ulitea is extremely interesting, though their length forbids a more particular notice in this place.

Leaving these latitudes, Mr. T. and his companions proceeded northwards, and visited the Sandwich islands, where they found in Tamahama the Alexander of the Pacific, who had already subdued by arms or guile, the neighbouring chiefs, and to complete whose sovereignty over this insular groupe, there remained only to subjugate Whahoo, the prince and inhabitants of which spot awaited the arrival of their foe with all the anxiety of a consciousness of impending ruin. For these unfortunate people Mr. T. has certainly contrived to excite the liveliest concern, and the account which he gives of them, forms one of the most interesting episodes in the volumes before us. With a kind of patriotic despair, the inhabitants of Whahoo had even begun the construction of a vessel, in which they projected to try their fortune in another land, and to wander over the expanse of a wide ocean in the search of some unoccupied spot, which might afford them a protection from the tyranny and encroachments of Tamahama. A desperate enterprize, better fitted to arouse the slumbering feelings of indignation, or cherish the most genuine love of independence, than to allure with the vivid prospect of hope.

The Sandwich islanders are advancing more rapidly in the

progress to civilization, than any of the inhabitants of the southern ocean. Mr. T. imagines, that from that cause missionaries would have a considerably greater chance of success amongst these people, than they have experienced at Otaheite. There also reside in these islands a number of respectable Europeans, who could not fail to assist the efforts of the Christian teachers with considerable influence. One custom, however, is related, little favourable to the ideas of civilization which elsewhere are held out: spitting-boxes, inlaid with the teeth of slain enemies, afford to the half-intoxicated masticator of drugs, the delights at once of the past and the present, the grateful recollections of successful revenge, and the facility of enjoying with ease the titillation of his palate. Notwithstanding these unfavourable symptoms of ferocity, the state of society in these islands improves with rapidity. Tamahama, like another Peter, has built, where before never a vessel swam greater than a canoe, a fleet of twenty sail of ships, of from twenty to fifty tons burthen, and his speculating mind has already projected the commencement of a commercial intercourse with China.

Mr. T. after some stay at these islands, returned to Otaheite, where he went on shore to urge the business of collecting provisions. The ship, meanwhile, proceeded to another island on the same errand, and unfortunately was lost on some rocks and sand-banks; their purposes of trade were thus frustrated. All the companions in misfortune met in Otaheite, and remained there, till the arrival of a ship afforded them the opportunity of proceeding to Botany Bay. During his protracted and unwilling residence at Otaheite, our author had it in his power to make many observations on the manners of the natives, his account of which occupies the greater part of a volume. The progress of the missionaries is probably a subject which will excite more or less the curiosity of all; and it will be heard with sensations of surprise and regret, that the first convert is yet to be made. Some small improvement indeed seems to have been effected in the grossness of their manners, and a kind of mechanical half observance of the sanctity of the sabbath has been introduced, which, however, is unaccompanied by any knowledge of the principles, or practice of the precepts of Christianity. After a sermon preached in Mr. T.'s presence to king Otoo and some others of the royal race, Otoo demanded where Jehovah lived, and being told in the heavens, declared he did not believe it; and some of the rest asked, since they could bring down the sun and moon by help of their quadrants, why did they not bring down our Saviour

by similar means? The desire of profane knowledge was equally inconsiderable. At a school opened by the missionaries, one native only attended. The wants of these gentlemen are numerous, and the younger part of them cry aloud for wives, which Mr. Turnbull thinks a very reasonable request.

The Otaheiteans still listen with rapture to the Scotch bagpipe, of which Mr. T. with most unnatural impartiality condemns the dissonance. The curiosity of their ladies seems to resemble that of less barbarous people. A female of the Sandwich islands, whom one of the ship's officers used as a wife, and dressed as an European (in the last of these instances to her infinite disaccommodation), was carried by the Otaheite dames who came aboard to visit her, into the cabin; our author hesitates to determine whether they suspected her for a *vamped up* man, or meant to try her skill in some masonry, but by the account of the fair savage herself, she was examined very closely. In perpetrating this rudeness the royal family were conspicuous for activity, being in that country, as it should seem, of a disposition to be tormented and tormenting with curiosity.

During his second residence at Sydney, Mr. T. gives an account of the most recent state of that colony. It is impossible to help feeling a little surprise at the alternations of plenty and famine that continually occur. Plenty was the order of the day when our author arrived the second time at this settlement, a plenty, however, owing solely to the supplies procured by the evacuation of the Cape of Good Hope. It is justly remarked, that some of this mischief might be prevented, by government's forming stores for a year's consumption before hand; even a greater provision might be advantageous. But the root of all these evils can only be removed by the cessation of the interference of the governing power in every commercial transaction, of the fixing of a maximum, and of the well-meant but ill-advised attempt to undersell the fair trader, and so to reduce the prices of commodities, which an attention to the real good of the colony would not depress too far.

The new settlement on Van Diemen's Land has not succeeded so well as to encourage a persistence in the plan, and it was in contemplation to remove the stores and convicts to another station in Bass's Straits. A small settlement was also about to be formed at Hunter's River, where there is a supply of coal in the vicinity of the sea. Iron, stone, and fossil salt have also been discovered. Heavy complaints continue to be made by the settlers, that the price of grain

and stock is not in just proportion to the price of labour; and instead of raising the value of grain, or allowing it to rise by taking away all unfair competition, and by making the individuals meet even the government on equal terms, the absurd expedient has been adopted, of fixing by proclamation the price of labour at a low rate. This plan, which has been formed to save expence to government, will, in the long run, produce an effect directly the reverse of that intended, and injure in the tenderest point the agricultural prosperity of the colony. In fact, it appears, that the adoption of three measures, would in all probability, in due time, prevent the recurrence of similar inconveniences; all laws, fixing or modifying prices, either of grain, stock, or labour, ought to be rescinded; government should provide ample granaries for two years' consumption, which ought to be filled by the produce of the colony, of which frequently the settlers find it difficult to dispose; and lastly, government ought to come into the market as ordinary merchants, and sell to the highest bidder, in small lots if they please, but by no means at a low profit, or indeed, at any fixed profit. A thing is always worth what it will fetch, and any attempt to alter its value, otherwise than by altering the quantity in the market, or the number of purchasers, must always turn out prejudicial to commerce. Nothing also appears more completely injudicious than the imposts and obstructions which beset the port of Sydney, and drive merchant ships, in preference, even to the dangerous but untaxed shores of Norfolk Island. It is pretty evident at least, that the settlements in New South Wales will never prosper under their present management, and must prove yearly a source of greater expence and increasing vexation to our government.

Amid the unpleasing scenes of roguery and depravity which every where meet the eye in any account of these colonies, one institution appears of the most commendable nature, and not less to be praised for its genuine humanity than its sound policy. This is a public seminary for the reception of orphan children, and those of the more abandoned convicts, which, we are happy to state, is, as it deserves to be, in a prosperous condition. The want of hard money is greatly felt in that country; and there is another want, which it is more in the power of government to correct, to wit, a sufficient military force to ensure defence not only from foreign attack but domestic insurrection. One of the most miserable of the many wretched, but well-meant pieces of economy of a late administra-

tion, was the reduction of the corps serving in New South Wales.

We have extended to so considerable a length our notice of this work, that we have not much room for further observation. Of its general merits, the reader is now in some measure qualified to judge, and to apportion with a considerable degree of justice its excellencies and its defects. In the view of amusement and light reading, it certainly surpasses most of the similar productions of the day; though he who wishes for profound remarks or wire-drawn speculations, may probably have the trouble of making them for himself. Mr. Turnbull is a seaman, and he possesses the rough good sense of his profession, polished up and ornamented with some of the aids derived from the cultivation of the mind. His style is the index of his acquirements; it is strong and even forcible, but frequently incorrect. With better means it certainly would have proved infinitely superior, and perhaps have risen to some degree of excellence. Such as it is, however, we are very well pleased both with it and him, and especially recommend the perusal of his work to all whom the irksomeness of idleness has driven to exertion, and who will find themselves equally entertained, and much better instructed, than by the most fervent study of the modern host of novels.

**ART. II.**—*Academical Questions, by the Right Honourable W. Drummond, K. C. F. R. S. F. R. S. E. Author of a Translation of Persius. 4to. Vol. I. Cadell and Davies. 1805.*

NOTHING is more common than for an individual to set too great a value on the studies in which he excels, or imagines that he excels; to lament that they are neglected, because all around him are not engaged in the same researches; and to console himself with that superiority over other mortals, which he acquires from his more refined taste, or sublimer philosophy. Horace warns us against falling into this error, by a precept, which cannot be too often repeated to students who form an imaginary world in their own closets, and from an ignorance of that in which they exist, depreciate their own times, and extol the merit of former ages:

‘Nec tua laudabis studia, aut aliena reprendes.’

The author of this work admires and cultivates ‘the phi-

losophy of mind, 'the first philosophy,' and has dreamed; that 'this philosophy is persecuted where science is professed to be taught;' that 'a general distaste has existed of late years in this country for all speculative and metaphysical reason;' and he hopes, though he is modest enough to hope, that it may not be attributed to his own speculations, that 'philosophy will regain that estimation which it ought to possess.'

Our readers in general, and our Cambridge friends in particular, will smile at these lamentations, hopes, and fears; and some may be tempted to ask, at what seminary did our author pursue his academical studies, and in what remote corner of the earth has he existed, since he quitted the lecture-rooms of his tutors or professors, and, left to his own exertions, and the company of Plato, Aristotle, and Cicero, burnt the midnight-lamp in sad and sorrowful lucubrations on the first philosophy. Philosophy has of late years been a word of double import. Its original meaning is not lost in the minds of those who cultivate real science, but the frivolity of the French nation under the old government, introduced in its stead a trifling affectation of science and literature; and the calamities that have befallen that nation, having been, though falsely, attributed to ignorance in the mask of philosophy, some men have been weak enough to lay the blame upon philosophy itself, and, like peevish children, to quarrel with that which would supply the only remedy to the evils under which they labour. This perverseness might be excused in an ill-educated man of fortune, who having lost his estates in France, and hearing so much of the *philosophes* in fashion at Paris before the Revolution, is ill qualified to make the distinction between philosophy and the Parisian harlot under its form: but it would be inexcusable in an Englishman, educated at either University, however he might be amused with the wit of the French writers, not to distinguish between the flimsy texture of their materials, and the sober garb with which philosophy has been clothed by Bacon, Locke, and Hartley; and their followers, both at home and on the continent. Philosophy, and particularly the philosophy of mind, have not lost ground in this country: but we must not expect the statesman to leave his politics, the lawyer his briefs, and the merchant his counting-house, to pursue her; we expect to find her chiefly in the groves of Academus: there she still flourishes; there the author, when he quits his retirement, and travels into the south, will find her, though he will scarcely know her, freed from the shackles of Plato and Aristotle, and as she appears to her admirers,

Et vera incessu patet Dea.



Considering the secluded state in which our author evidently has lived, his error in appreciating the merits of the two English Universities, is not surprising; but, as it is not an uncommon one, it deserves notice.

‘The advantages,’ he says, ‘which are to be derived from classical knowledge are well understood in one place, and a profound acquaintance with mathematics is highly estimated in another, while the study of the human mind, which is the study of human nature, and that examination of principles, which is so necessary to the scrutiny of truth, are either discouraged as dangerous, or neglected as useless.’

We hold both our Universities in such high veneration, that we shall not institute between them a comparison which must be invidious; but so long as Cambridge can claim a Bentley, a Markland, a Dawes, and a Taylor, of former times; and a Porson, a Parr, a Burney, and a Wakefield, of the present age, she need dread no imputation of classical inferiority from the most ardent or fastidious admirers of ancient literature. We maintain also, and can prove by facts which cannot be contested, that science and literature are not incompatible; for it is well known that a greater number of classical honours has been obtained at Cambridge by the first, than by the second class of proficient in mathematics and natural philosophy.

It being proved then, that classical studies are not neglected at Cambridge, we can assert with equal confidence, that the philosophy of mind employs as much of our time as is due to this study. The basis of it is laid on Locke and Hartley, the study of whose works begins with the first year of residence. But in that University it is in vain to display knowledge in a parade of words; there must be real science, and the *εποχή* is properly used where that is not to be obtained. The wanderings of Plato may amuse the fancy: but the unintelligible and tiresome syllogisms of Aristotle can no longer subdue the judgment. Cicero is occasionally quoted, but we have been taught by Bacon to pursue a nobler method of reasoning, and our application to the mathematics certainly does prevent us from being carried away by the trifling delusions of ancient or modern metaphysics. To strengthen the reasoning powers, to teach how to think, not what to think, to give sufficient scope for study in the early academical years, and at the same time to confine it within certain limits, that a sound scholar and an acute reasoner may be formed, these are the objects of the Cambridge stu-

dies. It is not presumed, that at his first degree, or at the end of three years and a half, a young man is, as in many places, to have run through an Encyclopædia, but his merit is tried during this time by a variety of exercises and examinations, by which his progress in mathematics, classics, and metaphysics, is ascertained, and, according to his excellence in each or all, is his place both fairly and honourably determined in the estimation of his equals and his superiors.

From men thus educated, from the mathematicians of Cambridge, to whom the classical quotations, so frequently introduced by our author, are familiar, and who are well acquainted with all his metaphysical writers, he need not fear any unfair treatment; the persecution of a metaphysical sentiment would to them appear ridiculous; and, if they smile at the parade of learning displayed in this work, and the ostentatious introduction of Greek and Latin writers to give force to a trite adage, they will with the greatest pleasure embrace any improvement made in the first philosophy, and pursue with ardour the path, if he has struck one out, which may lead them through the intricacies of his science. None will applaud more, or act more agreeably to the sentiment which is inculcated in the preface to this work; and, if the language had been in one epithet softened, it might serve for an aphorism over a college-gate, or an inscription in a combination-room: 'Philosophy, wisdom, and liberty, support each other; he who will not reason, is a bigot; he who cannot, is a fool; and he who dares not, is a slave.'

The above aphorism seems to us capable of some enlargement, and we could wish to find some place in it for the disciples of the academy, whose mode of using their reason does not seem to have tended much to the improvement of science. Many of that school, and of their antagonists, with their imitators in modern times, seem very much to resemble the geographers, whose plans our inimitable Arrowsmith has, with so much profit to real knowledge, discarded. A map of the world was to be laid down; to give it a good appearance, every part must be appropriated to its peculiar inhabitants, and in one place we had the anthropophagi, and in another the 'men whose heads no grow beneath their shoulders.' Arrowsmith has followed the juster plan: the limits of countries which have been explored are well defined; but an extensive blank declares frequently our ignorance of vast tracts, and points out the regions reserved for future inquiry. Hence the idle surmises and conjectures, the trash of ignorant and fabulous travellers, are rejected, and being

contented not to know, till exact information has reached us, each generation will add a little to the general stock of knowledge, and the limits of geography will be gradually expanded. This was one of the grand objects in Bacon's comprehensive mind, and by steadily pursuing it in every branch of philosophy, such improvements will be made as will reduce the academicians to a very small sect, and their doubts and surmises will be confined within the very narrow sphere of their own disputations.

Every body allows, that the knowledge of mind is among the most excellent of sciences; our author requires in the onset of his work, an observation of Aristotle to induce assent to this trite remark. Philosophers have found difficulties on this subject; doubtless, and so they have in every other, and the question remains to be solved, whether the soul is an incorporeal essence, or the result of material organization. With this question our academic begins, and after enumerating various opinions, gravely tells us, that it would have been worthy of philosophical accuracy to explain the nature of power. Do not all metaphysical writers then explain, or attempt to do it? To us, Locke has given a very plain account of this matter; and every person who observes a change, whether in external objects or in the trains of his own ideas, has a complete idea of power. But our academic will not be content with the plain and humble way of looking around us, and ascending by slow degrees from the lower to the higher parts of the hill of science. Power, he tells us, cannot be at once the principle and the attribute of being; and the word principle brings in a quotation from Cicero, to let us know, as the pedant does in the play, what it means. But, as our author chose to go so high at first, we wish he had taken the trouble to inform us, what he meant by being, that we might fully comprehend his meaning; and in another part, what is existing substance; and what is all things and some thing! These little words, if well defined, would throw a great light upon the embarrassments in the first chapter, in which we find so much difficulty to follow our author.

The unity of the soul is denied, upon the supposition of different existing powers; but we see no reason to deny this unity any more than that of the body, because we possess the different powers of feeling, smelling, hearing, &c. Thinking is different from smelling, and man possesses both those powers: the one we ascribe to a spiritual, the other to a corporeal substance: but Locke teaches us very clearly, that when we make thought the essence of the spiritual, and solidity that of the material substance, we are not to pre-

sume that we have acquired a complete knowledge of either, nor to pretend to determine how these powers may be related to each other. In vain have we searched for farther information from Mr. Drummond; he writes prettily on the state of the soul, when affected by the passions, but our first philosophy is not farther advanced by the disquisition. We willingly allow to him, that sensation alone overcomes sensation, and applaud his concluding sentiment: 'Belief cannot be forced, nor can conviction be coerced; and when one sentiment effaces another in the human mind, the change cannot be ascribed to any thing else than to the prevailing sentiment itself.'

From doubts on the nature of the soul, we are led to doubts on its active and passive powers, and 'the doctrine of passive mental power is stated to be one of the most singular among the fallacies which deceived the excellent judgment of Locke.' Much is said on the expression of the mind being compared to a *tabula rasa*; but the author does not seem willing to make the proper allowance for the metaphor used by our excellent philosopher. The author of the *Essay on the Understanding* states merely what he apprehended to be facts, and which we believe appear in the same light to the generality of mankind; namely, that there is a time in our existence when we were without ideas, that we received several without any effort of our own, and on the other hand we receive several by the exertions of our active powers. As far as we can understand our academicians's language, these positions remain unshaken.

We are accustomed to imagine, that a solid extended substance is to be found in this world; and if any one persisted seriously in his doubts on this subject, a cricket-ball thrown at his head would seem to be the most convincing argument. But our author tells us, that 'the being of substance is an improbable conjecture,' and conjures up a vast deal of haranguing upon the supposition of one knows not what support of certain qualities, which is used by Locke to explain the ideas of others on the nature of substance. Locke tells us plainly, that a substance is a collection of ideas existing independent of any other, and the cricket-ball is a sufficient proof of the existence of such a collection. If we have ideas of solidity and extension, as our author allows, the idea of substance must be allowed, since it is only the combination of those two ideas: and the distinction of our ideas made by Locke is both useful and convenient, as no one can doubt, that a substance is neither a mode nor a relation. Yet our author tells us plainly, that

'it helps to explain nothing, since it can neither be defined, nor imagined, nor understood.'

Having got rid of solid extended substance, the author, we imagined, meant to conduct us into the world of spirits, and we anticipated much entertainment from his florid descriptions of the heavenly or submundane regions. But alas! we were sadly mistaken. The next chapter brings us to Plato and Aristotle, to the matter of the latter, either *πρῶτη* or *προσεχης*, and the academic now leads us a long dance into the wood. Our readers may easily imagine how tired we were by this excursion, when they consider, that we were referred to the learned author of Philosophical Arrangements, and to the author of Ancient Metaphysics, that form enters into the discussion, and that the question, What is universal form? is answered in this fine florid style: 'It is not to be found in the range of being with which we are acquainted; nature disowns it, and imagination pursues it to the limits of existence.' In plain terms, the question is nonsense, and our author might have recollected, that it is waste of time to make a vast parade of learning and fine writing on idle and ridiculous questions, which have long ago been consigned to merited oblivion.

Primary and secondary qualities now attract our notice; and here we have a *tirade* on the knowledge of things, and the knowledge of words. 'It may be thought,' says our author, 'that those persons contribute just as much to useful literature in examining the nature of things, as those who pass their lives in accumulating words in languages no longer spoken, and in quarrelling with each other about the meaning of obscure authors, whose works, after all, may not be worth reading. I do not desire by this to insinuate any disrespect for classical literature.' There is, we can assure him, no need of it. There is no danger also, in the present times, of the knowledge of words being preferred to the knowledge of things; but we should beg of him to consider whether the greater part of *his* discussions does not rather relate to words than things: and that, if he was really in earnest in his inquiries, he could not have pursued them better than by consulting his judgment rather than his memory, by examining the things themselves rather than referring to the various positions of authors, in which there is an affectation of learning easily acquired, and tending to scarcely any useful purpose.

Here, however, our author agrees with Locke; and allows that the secondary qualities of bodies are nothing else but sensations, which exist only as they are perceived. The

opinions of Reid and the author of *Ancient Metaphysics* are to prepare us for the sentiments of our academician, and to do this more precisely, he treats separately in the three following chapters of solidity, extension, and motion. His idea of solidity is, that it is 'that simple mode, of which resistance is the simple idea. If we continue to press the table, we are perceptive of the repetition of the same idea. By this repetition of the same simple idea of hardness or resistance; I understand,' says he, 'the simple mode which I call solidity.' To be sure, he has a perfect right to define a term in any manner he pleases; but we do not see any advantage which we shall gain by adopting it. The different modifications of pressure and resistance give rise to the terms, hard and soft, and his solidity is in fact nothing but hardness. The solidity of Mr. Locke takes us out of the relative terms hard and soft, and gives us an idea conceivable assuredly by the mind, however its real existence may be problematical.

Extension is discovered not to be a property of matter; and the farther notions of our author on this subject, we will leave to himself to explain.

'As it is by the sight and the touch that we acquire our notions of any extension, and as it is also by the comparison of such ideas, that we learn to distinguish the relative proportions of magnitudes, so we may not improperly term extension a simple mode of duration. I shall endeavour to illustrate this theory as clearly as I can. Let any whole visible extent, answering to the whole visual angle at which all the rays of light falling upon the retina are concentrated, be denominated a continuous quantity. Again, let any apparent disunited quantities, equal to particular objects, and making parts of continuous quantity, be called discrete. Continuous extension will be equal to what I term the simple mode of duration, and discrete quantities to particular combinations of the same simple idea. In the extension, which is continuous, we only consider the simple mode itself; but in discrete quantities, the mode is not contemplated simply, but as mixed with other modes, and this, in fact, gives us the difference, as we shall have occasion afterwards more fully to shew, between one discrete quantity and another. When I look out of my window, the objects which I see before me, give me notions of discrete quantities. The mind cannot contemplate more than one idea at a time, with whatever rapidity whole trains may pass before it; and a regular series of images passes in my imagination, while I survey the prospect before me, and while the neighbouring shores, covered with buildings, gardens, and vineyards, the sea, a remote promontory, and a farther island, fill the painted field of my vision, and successively attract my notice; but all these objects, with their different distances and relative magnitudes, being, as it were, summed up, make me perceptive of the simple mode of duration, which has been called continuous extension.'

Motion may be expected to excite no small difficulties in our author's mind. Aristotle, Lord Monboddo, Zeno the Eleatic, Des Cartes, Borelli, Newton, Bacon, are first introduced, but in vain, to remove them. We are then favoured with a long explanation of the manner in which things may be changed, and 'it is any change perceived in the associations of the simple idea of extension, which is that which we call motion.' Hence then we are led to the following definition. 'Motion is mutation in the combinations of our ideas of extension.' Thus if we place the figures 1, 2, 3 in their natural order, then in the order 1, 3, 2; supposing this to have been done with marks on a board, it is evident that the counters will have been moved, but unless we saw the operation performed, we can by no means from this definition discover the meaning of motion. From this definition also, the author proceeds to explain to us the proportion between time and motion, and to ascertain that the spaces are to the times, as the times to the spaces. Now that in uniform motions, the spaces vary as the times, is a well known proposition dependent upon the fourth proposition of the fifth book of Euclid; but such a demonstration our author would disdain. It is too easy and simple. There is no sublimity in it. It is a demonstration depending merely upon proportion, and the knowledge acquired by walking from one end of a room to the other. In exchange for it the author has substituted his own explanation, which we confess plainly, we cannot comprehend; and apprehend that it will not pass current, where clear ideas are expected to be clearly explained, and the language of demonstration is clearly understood.

What a delightful thing it is to have a philosophical and poetical imagination, which in describing the five senses can bring in chymistry, anatomy, optics, the perfumes of Arabia, the properties of half the substances of the globe, and having thus played with a reader, leave him in the lurch with a French sentence, '*il ne s'agit pas lire, mais de faire penser !*' Verily the right hon. author is right in this instance : it is to no purpose that you endeavour to find out what he means by so many quarto pages on the five senses : we may think till we are tired. Let us go to another subject.

Book the second begins with a digression. We are to examine the systems of a variety of authors. First comes Des Cartes, and his famous dogma is tediously examined, and refuted with as much complacency as if new light had been thrown upon a very abstruse and difficult topic. Bacon

enters next, and some fine compliments are paid to him ; after which, instead of introducing us properly to this grave personage, we are whisked away to Anaximander, Thales, Anaxagoras, Pythagoras, Empedocles, Ocellus, Lucanus, Timæus, Plato and Aristotle, Potamo and Ammonius, Plotinus and Proclus. Having thus turned our brain by such a quantity of great company, all on the sudden the author begs to be permitted to express some surprize at the facility with which the great teacher of the inductive method has admitted the doctrine of the rational soul being a substance, which possesses certain powers or faculties. Leave us only a soul to be saved, most sapient teacher, and we'll follow you. We then advance, but soon tumble into the *υποληψις* and *Καταληψις* of Aristotle, and cannot by any contrivance devise what the writer is aiming at. We come, however, to Newton, and here we said to ourselves, ' we are in a fair way to understand something. Mathematical demonstration cannot be confounded.' Alas ! we thought ourselves safe in the material world, but what in such a world are mathematical points, lines, and surfaces ? Where are our circles, ellipses, and parabolas ? What becomes of our infinitism also ? What can be that material atom, which is infinitely less than something which is infinitely little, and therefore as little as possible ? The right honourable author has evidently been reading some arguments in the Sophs' schools, but like some even mathematicians of note, has overlooked the sentence at the end of the first section, which every Newtonian must keep fixed in his memory, or lose all the beauty of the demonstrations of our great philosopher. ' Igitur in sequentibus, si quando facili rerum conceptui consulens, dixero quantitates quam minimas, vel evanescentes, vel ultimas, cave intelligas quantitates magnitudine determinatas, sed cogita semper diminuendas sine limite.'

The students of our universities will now be surprised at a question, which the author asks with the utmost gravity : Is it possible for a theist to reconcile the system of Newton, as it is commonly taught, with his belief in a God, or with the proofs which ought to establish and confirm that belief ? We cannot tell how the system of Newton may have been taught in the seminaries whence this question was derived ; but we may express our surprise, that such a question should have been asked by one who had read the 'scholium generale' at the end of the 'Principia.' The *vis insita* and the *vis impressa*, by which the phenomena of bodies, moving in curves, are described, do not impair the belief in the Supreme Being ; but, on the contrary,



the more enlarged are our notions of nature, the more enlarged are our ideas of his power, 'qui omnia regit non ut anima mundi, sed ut universorum dominus.'

From ludicrous trifling on the Newtonian system, from a comparison of our master (who had the utmost reverence for God, and saw in him the author not only of nature but revelation,) from a comparison of Newton with Epictetus, two men differing as widely as possible, Mr. Drummond gets into a channel with which he is better acquainted. He has read the works of Spinoza, and well digested their contents, and his tenets are given in a very ingenious manner in a dialogue between Theophilus and Hylus, who argue before Eugenius on the merits of their respective systems. Theophilus argues in the usual manner in favour of a Supreme Being, the government of the world, and the advantages of the Christian revelation. His speech is given very concisely. Hylus indulges himself in a longer harangue, and points out with a due degree of sensibility, the difference between the believer and denier of established opinions. 'I cannot,' says Hylus, 'fulminate against those who think differently from me, or hurl anathemas at the heads of my enemies, when arguments have failed me. I cannot raise the terrible dæmon of persecution to blast the reputation, and to destroy the peace of virtuous men; and, forbid it, justice, if such means were in my power, that I should triumph by calumny, hypocrisy, and misrepresentation.'

After this *tirade* against Theophilus, which cannot be said to be out of place in the mouth of a Spinosist, for Spinoza was most shamefully handled by those, who having truth on their side, needed not the use of unfair weapons—Hylus proceeds to explain the system of Spinoza, and this he does in so eloquent a style, and so much better manner than Theophilus, that the latter exclaims in a great passion at the end of the harangue, 'Is it possible, that there could have been men who were the dupes of such miserable sophistries? Astonishment has fettered my tongue, otherwise long ere this, O Eugenio, I should have interrupted this impious farrago, to which we have listened. Gracious God! give me forbearance! To what direful conclusions do the doctrines of Hylus lead? I shudder at the thought. They leave the soul without the hope of futurity, the universe without a plan devised by wisdom, man without a judge, and nature without a God.' The last sentence is nearly the truth, but Theophilus would have a greater advantage over the adversary if he could have kept his temper. Eugenius reproves him for this fault, allows him to have had truth on his side, but cannot give him the victory in the argument.

We now enter upon another discussion, and Læwenhoech and Malpighi bring their nervous fluids and muscular fibres to our examination. They detain us, however, but a little time, for Hartley advances with his medullary substance of the brain, of the spinal marrow, and of the nerves. The good doctor must have himself smiled at the account given of his system; and indeed the author does not in this instance err very widely from the mark. It is pleasant to be told, in the concise style of Euclid, that natural vibrations are begotten by certain full-blooded arteries upon the medullary substance; that external objects also impress the same susceptible substance, and are the fathers of preternatural vibrations; that a commerce ensues between natural and preternatural vibrations, whence springs a numerous progeny of vibratiuncles; and finally, that ideas and sensations are generated by natural and preternatural vibrations—by vibratiuncles and pulsations—by parents and by children, mingled together in a state of general, incestuous, and unnatural libidinage.

Tucker's *Light of Nature* is now examined, and much more pains are bestowed on this work than it deserves; for, though it met with the approbation of Paley, and might afford to a lecturer a variety of images for the amusement of his pupils, it is of too light a texture, too diffusive, too vague, too inconclusive, to be recommended to one who is upon the search after real knowledge, and would dig after it as after a hidden treasure. The work, however, affords occasion for a digression on style, and our author expatiates with delight into the fields of *belles lettres*. Of course, we have Plato, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Demosthenes, Isocrates, Cicero, Seneca, Longinus, Quintilian, to assist us in our estimate of the composition of good, plain, downright, simple Mr. Tucker; who, though he certainly was no churchman, as his son-in-law the baronet (who, much to his credit, has published a second edition of his father's writings) would represent him to be, yet he has many good points about him, and may amuse a leisure hour with the innocent fancies of his wild imagination. Having dispatched the Greeks and Latins, our author condescends to speak of the style of English writers; and he distinguishes in general with great justice the merits of Bacon, Locke, Berkley, Bolingbroke, Hume, Reid, and Dugald Stewart.

Our readers must now, we fear, be pretty well tired, and we profess our fears that Morpheus will overpower us, before we can get through the remainder of the work. Leibnitz shall not detain us; for who is there unacquainted with his pre-existent harmony? and if there be, the twenty-six pages

given to this subject will not make him much the wiser or better. Kant, nobody understands in England, still less does any one express any inclination to be made acquainted with his transcendental nonsense; we may therefore sing 'to triumphe,' on seeing thirty-one pages more slip through our fingers. More respect would be paid to the philosophy of mind by Dr. Reid, which occupies the last chapter, if really we were not wearied out, and we gladly seize the truisms with which our author ends his work, to shew what may be expected from his profound investigations.

'Whatever be the study men pursue, the systems they adopt, or the sciences they cultivate, they will meet with difficulties to perplex reason, and with obstacles to dismay confidence. All the paths of literature, and all the ways of knowledge, are, it is true, not equally rugged; but they who seek for something more than amusement must not always hope to walk among flowers.'—'From these observations,' continues the writer, 'I am led to conclude, that if we would consider the difficulties which impede our progress in every path of science; we should not reject the doctrine of philosophers concerning ideas, upon a hasty examination of its abstruse principles. If it lead to some reflections which surprise, because they are new to the mind,' (we confess that we have not met with much novelty), 'or to some conclusions, which perplex because they combat favourite prejudices,' (we have been perplexed only by our author's circuitous way of writing,) 'let it be considered, that all human knowledge is obscure and imperfect, that the intellectual vision of man is dim and clouded, and that as light breaks in upon the soul, the objects of its perception must necessarily appear under new forms and different colours.'

Thus ends the first volume, and a second is threatened: Before the papers for it are arranged for publication, before the indexes are consulted of the works of all philosophers ancient and modern, we would fain make three requests to the right honourable author: first, that he would be kind enough to make an index of names for the present volume, which would not only be of great use to the reader, but make the unlearned stare at the prodigious number of books which have occupied the studies and the leisure hours of the writer; secondly, that he would with a pair of scissars cut out of his work what belongs to the above-mentioned authors, and compare it with what remains, as his own peculiar property; and thirdly, that he would arrange under separate heads the various subjects of his book, and without reference to any author 'ancient or modern,' give us, without *verbiage*, an

as concisely as possible, his own opinions upon each topic. The public will be no inconsiderable gainer by this process, but much more so the right honourable author; his growing work will be viewed by him with constant satisfaction,

Nonumque premetur in annum.

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ART. III.—*The Sabbath and Sabbath Walks.* By James Grahame. Third Edition. 8vo. 5s. Cadell and Davies. 1805.

THE sentence of our greatest critical biographer on the unfitness of religion for poetry, has not proved so incontestible as many of that great man's opinions. Dr. Johnson's notion, as far as it was deduced from the experience of English poetry, was probably biassed by some unfortunate passages of Milton, such as the dialogues of those personages in holy writ, where indeed the hand of a master has faltered upon the lyre, and which the truest admirers of *Paradise Lost* will be the least inclined to peruse. Or the taste of Johnson might have been influenced by Young, a poet of unquestionable genius, but who has yet failed, with all the strength and dignity of his powers, to produce a religious poem that bears our continued perusal. In the *Night Thoughts*, we have always the mystery of an oracle, but seldom its wisdom; we have abstraction without philosophy, shade without relief, solemnity with unfrequent sublimity; the writer seems visionary without inspiration; and though never on earth, is yet rarely in heaven.

Since the time of Young, two favorite poets of our language, the Author of the *Grave*, and Cowper, have added an additional proof to what Johnson might have learnt from other poets on religious subjects, that poetry, like every other species of eloquence, is not only compatible with religion, but congenial with its warmest feelings; that a vivid imagination with a pure as well as elevated mind, will strongly convey by the contagion of strong impressions, what is deeply impressed upon itself; and that when fancy is sincere, and acts as the hand-maid, not the tutoress of religion, poetry, like the true-born child of heaven, may drink inspiration from its most sacred of sources, and 'approach unblamed to breathe empyreal air.'

Our impression of partiality for the poem before us has certainly been occasioned by perceiving in the vein of its composition, what strongly reminded us of the ornaments of

sacred poetry which we have last mentioned. The undoubted merit of the author is to have chosen a subject which seems, like a talisman of inspiration, to have summoned images of delightful association, and to bear upon that subject with language unaffectedly simple and strong. As the poem, however, is short, we cannot but blame his inattention to perfect structure of versification. Indeed if his blank verse had been more uniformly correct than it is, we should have thought the choice of measure injudicious for so short a piece. Of blank verse we have had enough that was good in ancient times, and more than enough that has been bad in modern days. From several passages in the Sabbath, we are disposed to think its author capable of appreciating, and even commanding the higher graces of finished harmony of numbers. We regret that he did not attach himself to a more perfect order of poetical architecture, to the Spencerian measure, for instance, so inimitably fitted for the junction of grace with variety, of freedom with regularity, and of modulations almost infinite with the most majestic simplicity.

The value of the poem before us, however, is surely intrinsic, because its language, occasionally defective in finishing and richness, and in many places exceedingly careless, appears to be so, not from sterility, but from want of culture. The strain of sentiment that pervades it, is more serious than the fashion of the day will relish; that is saying much; it belongs to no prostitute muse that will deepen the foul corruption of the times by feeding false sentiment, or inflaming the lust of vicious pleasures. It ranks in the best species of descriptive poetry—that which unites the highest moral feelings of our nature with the sight of those external objects that minister to their incitation. This indeed is the touchstone and standard of estimable description. Does description give us the outward world, however beautiful, unconnected with those moral sensations which exalt and consecrate our existence? We look at the picture even of nature herself with no more enthusiasm than at the painted shadows in a camera obscura, which are bright only because reflected upon darkness.

But let us look at the visible scenes of creation as the types and memorials of our more serious feelings, and the objects that will be grouped by poetry will excite us to inspiration, as they come from it. It may please us to see the faithful imitations of living and dead nature in a Dutch or Flemish painting, but it is only in beholding such scenes as Lorraine has given us, of the Morning and Evening of the Roman Empire, or the Temple of Memnon, at the time of

its sounding to the sun-rise, that we are enabled by the genius of the painter to conceive how far the external objects in nature can assemble sublime associations.

The aspect of nature on a sabbath-day, in countries where simplicity of manners and a due solemnization of its sacredness corresponds with the purity of the scenery and the people, is one of the finest subjects for poetical effect. But this effect may not be understood by many votaries both of poetry and religion, unless they have spent their sabbaths in places very different from those which boast of the greatest refinement. The sabbath of a Londoner or Parisian is not poetically beautiful. If we mention the word to either, it will probably recall to his imagination scenes more festive than serious, and of all things the most incongruous with refined or dignified sentiment. The one will recognize the sabbath by the booths, and evening regales of porter, on some road adjoining to the city; and the other will probably think of the high dances in the Boulevards.

But he who has heard among the mountains of Scotland or Switzerland, the voice of prayer or psalmody issuing from the cottages of a virtuous peasantry, or from their simple congregation assembled round the venerable pastor; he who has witnessed the solemnity of that day, in places where it is held sacred, and where the face of external nature itself seems to hold an impressive sympathy with the devotion of simple men, will think of the sabbath with associations sufficiently pure to relish the celebration of its sacredness.

The opening of this poem gives the description of such a scene as we have last alluded to. We repeat our regret that the versification is not more highly wrought, or rather that the author has not chosen a species of verse which is more fitted for dramatic effect than description, unless where the poem is very long, or where, if short, the uncommon grandeur of the thought supersedes the necessity for musical effect.

His description of the Rustic Sabbath has considerable beauty of conception, though less copiousness of picture than other parts of the work exhibit.

We were particularly pleased, in perusing the earlier part of the poem, with an allusion to the times of persecution in our sister country, so eloquently described by a Scottish historian, Laing, in his history of that period. P. 20.

‘ Far other times our father’s grandsires knew,  
A virtuous race to godliness devote.  
What, though the sceptic’s scorn hath dared to soil  
The record of their fame. What though the men

Of worldly minds have dared to stigmatize  
 The sister cause, religion and the law,  
 With superstition's name ; yet, yet their deeds,  
 Their constancy in torture and in death,  
 These on tradition's tongue still live—these shall  
 On history's honest page be pictured bright  
 To latest times ; perhaps some bard, whose muse  
 Disdains the servile strain of fashion's quire,  
 May celebrate their unambitious names.  
 With them each day was holy ; but that day  
 On which the angel said, " See where the Lord  
 Was laid," joyous arose ; to die that day  
 Was bliss. Long ere the dawn, by devious ways,  
 O'er hills, through woods, o'er dreary wastes they sought  
 The upland moors, where rivers, there but brooks,  
 Dispart to different seas ; fast by such brooks  
 A little glen is sometimes scooped, a plat  
 With green-sward gay and flowers, that strangers seen  
 Amid the heathery wild, that all around  
 Fatigues the eye. In solitudes like these  
 Thy persecuted children, Scotia, foiled  
 A tyrant and a bigot's bloody laws.  
 There, leaning on his spear, one of the array  
 That in the times of old had scathed the rose  
 On England's banner, and had powerless struck  
 The infatuate monarch and his wavering host—  
 The lyart veteran heard the word of God  
 By Cameron thunder'd, or by Kenwick pour'd  
 In gentle stream. Then rose the song—the loud  
 Acclaim of praise—the wheeling plover ceas'd  
 Her plaint—the solitary place was glad,  
 And on the distant cairns the watcher's ear  
 Caught doubtfully at times the breeze-borne note.\*  
 But years more gloomy followed, and no more  
 The assembled people dared in face of day  
 To worship God, or even at the dead  
 Of night, save when the wintry storm raved fierce,  
 And thunder peals compelled the men of blood  
 To crouch within their dens ; then dauntlessly  
 The scatter'd few would meet in some deep dell,  
 By rocks o'er-canopied, to hear the voice —  
 Their faithful pastor's voice. He, by the gleam  
 Of sheeted lightning, op'd the sacred book,  
 And words of comfort spoke. Over their souls  
 His accents soothing came ; as to her young  
 The heath fowl's plumes—when at the close of eve

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\* Sentinels were placed on the surrounding hills to give warning of the approach of the military.

She gathers in, mournful, her brood dispersed  
 By murderous sport, and o'er the remnant spreads  
 Fondly her wings—close nestling near her breast  
 They cherish'd cow'r amid the purple blooms.'

The concluding simile of the following passage is exquisitely just and beautiful. P. 24.

' Ah, me, those youthful mourners rob'd in white,  
 They tell a mournful tale. Some blooming friend  
 Is gone——dead in her prime of years—'twas she,  
 The poor man's friend, who when she could not give,  
 With angel-tongue pleaded to those who could,  
 With angel-tongue and mild beseeching eye  
 That ne'er besought in vain, save when she pray'd  
 For longer life, with heart resign'd to die.

\* \* \* \* \*

She smiled in death, and still her cold pale face  
 Retains that smile, as when a waveless lake  
 In which the wintry stars all bright appear,  
 Is sheeted by a nightly frost with ice :  
 Still it reflects the face of heaven unchang'd,  
 Unruffled by the breeze or sweeping blast.'

In concluding a shorter notice of this poem than was our original intention, we cannot but extract a description of the Sabbath of the Hermit of the Deep—of which the picture is drawn with no common degree of power and pathos. The forlorn thought of the solitary man, wandering on that day of his shell-notched calendar to the sabbath as it is spent in his native country ; his hearing in imagination the prayer that ascends for them who ' go down to the great deep ;' his seeing the widowed hand that veils at that moment an eye suffused with tears ; while his orphan boy looks up and strives to soothe the widowed heart, is a passage which will interest every feeling heart and supersede the task of the critic :

' But what the loss of country to the woes  
 Of banishment and solitude combin'd !  
 Oh! my heart bleeds to think there now may be  
 The hapless man, the remnant of a wreck,  
 Cast on some desert island of the main  
 Immense, which stretches from the Cochin shore  
 To Acapulco. Motionless he sits,  
 As is the rock his seat ;—gazing whole days  
 With wand'ring eye o'er all the wat'ry waste,  
 Now striving to believe the Albatross,  
 A sail appearing on th' horizon's verge ;  
 Now vowing ne'er to cherish other hope  
 Than hope of death.—Thus pass his weary hours,



Till welcome evening warn him that his time  
 Upon the shell-notch'd calendar to mark  
 Another day, another dreary day,  
 Chargeless; for in these regions of the sun,  
 The wholesome law that dooms mankind to toil,  
 Bestowing grateful interchange of rest  
 And labour, is annulled;—for there the trees  
 Drop as the breezes blow, a show'r of bread  
 And blossoms on the ground;—but yet, by him  
 The Hermit of the Deep, not unobserved  
 The sabbath passes—'tis his chief delight:  
 Each seventh eve he marks the farewell ray,  
 And loves and sighs to think that setting sun  
 Is now empurpling Scotia's mountain tops,  
 Or higher risen, slants athwart her vales,  
 Tinging with yellow light the quivering throat  
 Of day-spring lark, while woodland birds below  
 Chaunt in the dewy shade.—Thus all night long  
 He watches, while the rising moon describes  
 The progress of the day in happier lands;  
 And now he almost fancies that he hears  
 The chiming from his native village-church;  
 And now he sings, and fondly hopes the strain  
 May be the same that sweet ascends at home,  
 In congregation full;—where not without a tear,  
 They are remembered who in ships behold  
 The wonders of the deep;—he sees the hand,  
 The widow'd hand that veils the eye suffused;  
 He sees the orphan boy look up and strive  
 The widow'd heart to soothe.—His spirit bears  
 On God—Nor does he leave his weekly vigil  
 Though tempests ride o'er welkin-lashing waves,  
 On winds of cloudless wing,\* though lightnings burst  
 So vivid that the stars are hid and seen  
 In awful alternation;—calm he views  
 The far exploding firmament, and dares  
 To hope one bolt in mercy is reserv'd  
 For his release. And yet he is resigned  
 To live—because full well he is assured,  
 “Thy hand does lead him,—thy right hand upholds,  
 And thy right hand does lead him.”—Lo, at last,  
 One sacred eve, he hears faint from the deep  
 Music remote—swelling at intervals,  
 As if th' embodied spirit of sweet sounds  
 Came slowly floating on the shoreward wave.  
 The cadence well he knows.—A hymn of old,

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\* In tropical regions the sky during storms is often without a cloud.

Where sweetly is rehearsed the lowly state  
Of Jesus, when his birth was first announced  
In midnight music by an angel choir,  
To Beth'lem's shepherds, as they watch'd their flocks.  
Breathless the man forlorn listens, and thinks  
It is a dream ;—fuller the voices swell ;  
He looks and starts to see moving along  
A fiery wave, (so seems it) crescent-formed,  
Approaching to the land ; straightway he sees  
A low'ring whiteness, in the heav'n filled sail  
That waft the mission'd men, who have renounced  
Their homes, their countries,—nay, almost the world—  
Bearing glad tidings to the farthest isles  
Of ocean, that the dead shall rise again.  
Forward the gleam-girt castle coast-wise glides—  
It seems as it would pass away.—'To cry,  
The wretched man in vain attempts, in vain—  
Pow'rless his voice as in a fearful dream:  
Not so his hand ;—he strikes the flint !—a blaze  
Mounts from the ready heap of wither'd leaves ;  
The music ceases—accents harsh succeed,  
Harsh, but most grateful—downward drop the sails ;  
Ingulph'd the anchor sinks ;—the boat is launched,  
But cautious lies aloof till morning dawn ;  
Oh! then the transport of the man, unused  
To other human voices but his own,  
His native tongue to hear ;—he breathes at home,  
Though earth's diameter is interposed ;  
Of perils of the sea he has no dread,  
Full well assur'd the missioned bark is safe,  
Held in the hollow of the Almighty's hand.  
And signal thy deliv'rances have been  
Of those thy messengers of peace and joy,  
From storms that loudly threaten to unfix  
Islands, rock-rooted in the ocean's bed.  
'Thou dost deliver them, and from the calm  
More dreadful than the storm. When motionless  
Upon the purple deep the vessel lies  
For days, for nights, illumed by phosphor lamps,  
When sea-birds seem in nests of flame to float,  
When backward starts the boldest mariner,  
To see, while o'er the side he leans his face,  
As if deep tinged with blood.'—

ART. IV.—*Egeria*.—(Concluded from page 68.)

[N.B. It was owing to a mistake, that this article was neither printed entire in one, nor concluded in the succeeding Number.]

DIOGENES said, ‘to give physic to a dead body, or advice to an old man, is the same thing.’ We fear this maxim may be extended to old governments and old states; and that ill habits will prevail against the best systems which can be imagined for their regulation.

We do not, however, mean to brand the ingenious author of this little work as a mere theorist. His maxims are generally fair deductions from history and experience, and particularly from that fruitful period of political instruction, the French revolution, of which he seems to have been a most attentive observer.

In every great crisis of that astonishing period to which he has occasion to allude, he clearly proves that the evils inflicted on France, and on the greater part of Europe, were the natural punishments of presumptuous ignorance, not of deliberate crime; and that the derangement of all European states, which has been more or less the consequence of that event, is owing not to the remnants of the leaven of jacobinism, but to the want of real political science in those who are appointed and denominated its statesmen.

This is strikingly exemplified in the inefficiency and disrepute of diplomatic and official agents, which are among the most important instruments of every government; and whose appointment should never depend on the fate of ministers, but be the consequences of real talents, of a proper political education, and of an honourable character.

In times of tranquillity many of the offices which are appendages of government, may be harmlessly bestowed by favour; but diplomatic appointments, and the secondary and effective situations of public offices, should be the objects of the severest scrutiny, and bestowed only on the best capacity and the most unquestionable integrity. The evils of low chicane and complicated venality, which are the consuming hectic of the body politic, and which frustrate, on great occasions, the best measures of the wisest ministers, would thus be prevented; and events calculated by great talents, might be depended upon, in their consequences. But if under-secretaries, and diplomatic agents, should be men without cultivated talents, without education, and without the honourable feelings of character and reputation, no wisdom in the principals of those offices can secure the state from injury and disgrace. Indeed it would seem reasonable

that if the situation of a curate in the church, or even of an exciseman, must be preceded by an appropriate education, the active and important offices of government should never be bestowed without a public and honourable probation. We think that this, instead of being an innovation, would be a most essential and important improvement; and that if some of our agents, both at home and abroad, had undergone the examination of this author, many of the humiliating incidents which have lately occurred, would not have taken place.

The strongest objection to such a method of peculiar study for political life as the author recommends throughout this work, is the established prejudice in this country in favour of lawyers, as candidates for political offices. But he clearly shews the absurdity of such a prejudice; that lawyers are conversant only in minute and individual phenomena, while statesmen must be occupied by *general laws*.

A philosophic statesman traces the former into the latter, and it is by those means alone that he can acquire a just conception of those compositions and forms, which are the actual constitutions of different states.

The modifications of those forms determine the actual mode of political existence in every country; and to each of these modes there are certain principles and rules of combination, which may suit no other, but on which their salutary and proper action wholly depends.

How totally dissimilar are concerns of this high and delicate nature, to the general habits of lawyers, whose lives have been occupied in loading their memories with facts and precedents?

It is really lamentable that the influence of this profession prevails, and the number of lawyers increases, as the constitution is warped and degenerated; and they dreadfully accelerate and enhance the evils which they profess to remedy. They not only sink the character of a legislature by substituting chicane for liberal and scientific deliberation, but by a wrangling sophistry, undermine the principles of taste, and even affect those of morality.

The author is occasionally severe on this monopolizing generation, which would disappear at the approach of real and public systems of political science. We will not vouch for this truth in all the deductions of the philosophic author; but we have no doubt, that a government adopting the hint he has furnished, and prudently accommodating them to its existing institutions, would be infinitely benefited.

In the 16th section of this volume, where we left the author,

in our last article, he commences a delicate work, the application of some of his philosophical principles to the circumstances and events of the times. We rather wonder it did not occur to a mind so candid as that of the author, to distinguish, on this occasion, the excellence of the political constitution which allowed him this liberty. He must have known that Montesquieu or Rousseau would have been buried for life in the Bastile, if they had presumed to apply their principles to the immediate actions of their government, or to any of the events on which they had an influence.

In censuring this omission, we also regret that a writer, who seems to aim, and often not unsuccessfully, at rivalling the pregnant brevity of Tacitus, had not rivalled that celebrated panegyric on the government of Trajan, in which this liberty is so affectingly described.

At pages 271, 272, is the following delineation of characters by contrast:

‘On the return of Egeria, who had only glanced into those councils in Europe preparatory to a new series of incidents and events, she found the spirits she had quitted, contemplating the processes of correction on despots, tyrants, and military chiefs, who were not incorrigibly depraved. The spirit of Alexander was chained to a rock, called the Rock of Patience, and subjected to all imaginable humiliations of pride. Cæsar was the slave of Cato. Frederic sometimes a drilling corporal, sometimes a preaching friar, accompanied by Voltaire as a clerk. Charles V. and Philip II. followed by execrating myriads of Protestants led by Luther and Calvin; and Louis XIV. a waiter, for the accommodation and service of all the Huguenots who passed into the nether world. When Egeria approached, Bajazet and Kouli-Khan, who were yoked to the machinery of a perpetual engine, cried out, “Is the consul coming? He will surely be appointed to relieve us.”

We think the spirit of Frederic would have been punished with more characteristic justice, if he had been drilled as a recruit under the cane of a corporal.

The contrast of anarchy and despotism contains a most important and most useful lesson:

‘I have blushed for France, when she stood appalled at the name of a feeble and cowardly miscreant, such as Robespierre; but she was disorganized. The general prevalence of ferocity over talents; the execution of the king; the devoted death of Charlotte Corday; the murder of the twenty-two deputies; the sacrifice of the immortal wife of Roland; the massacre of the queen, and of the amiable Elizabeth; and the reciprocal butcheries of the monsters who had been instigated to those atrocities, were deemed incidents which diffused

terror over Europe. But these, however dreadful or unjustifiable, were events of short duration, and their effects inconsiderable, compared with those of a cool and permanent system of fraud and cruelty, now constituting the government of France; a government wholly supported by the terror of an army, by spies, and suborned evidence; by imprisonments at pleasure; by the command of judges; and by discretionary and disproportionate punishments. Such a government inflicts more real wretchedness and misery in one day, and repeats that infliction daily, than popular insurrections in an age. I do not plead for insurrection, but if I were obliged to submit to despotism, I should prefer that of Robespierre to that of Bonaparte; the one affording hope, the other being hopeless.' p. 274.

The phrase *public will*, the *ignis fatuus* of the revolution, is considered with a happy mixture of argument and satire, at page 280:

'At the conclusion of the American war, which was determined more by letters than by arms, the question seemed to be decided, that communities, to be free and happy, must be governed by the *general will* of each community, and not by the partial views and interests of privileged individuals, classes, or factions.

'From the banks of the Ohio to those of the Neva, nothing was heard or spoken of, but the general will of nations and states. Its effects in the moral, like those of the philosopher's stone in the medical world, were described in enchanting language; and without ascertaining its nature and practicability, all the world was in extasy for the general will.

'Locke.

'Egeria is severe and satirical, even in the presence of Montesquieu.

'Egeria.

'I must not be interrupted at this time; the merits, and particularly the definitions of Montesquieu, will be examined in future discussions; I desire it may then be recollected that I have asserted, no writer, no statesman, no orator, has defined the phrase, *public-will*, or rendered the definition a practical principle: and that the French revolution became a source of calamity to France and to Europe, because its professed principle was not understood, and that the public will never appeared, but as an *ignis fatuus*, misleading fanaticism into errors and crimes.'

The following description of the usurpation of Bonaparte must strike modern reformers with despair:

'The victories of Bonaparte threw a lurid radiance over an ensanguined country, which was mistaken for the dawn of that freedom, so long and so ardently taught.

'The best forms of revolutionary administration yielded to those collective bodies which had an interest in their dissolution; and all

efforts proved ineffectual, because they were injudicious in some material circumstance to support the administration by the force of the whole community, to which all other forces are secondary and subservient. By involving the civil in the military government, the consulate, from its superior organization, possessed a power superior to that of the whole community; the people, therefore, instantly sunk into absolute slavery. For the laws, if the edicts of despotism can be called laws, will be arbitrary respecting the people, and no real attention will be paid to the public, when government has no apprehension from its opinion or its force.' P. 290.

We have never seen the commercial question between France and England, so justly and so ably stated as in this and the following study; the subject now requires peculiar attention, as it is the great instrument of delusion in the hands of the French government, and the neutral states, particularly the Americans, avail themselves of it, to the great inconvenience and injury of this country.

'Commerce received its birth in Britain, as in all other countries, under disadvantages, from the misapprehensions and errors of government, which gradually formed it into a mysterious and cunning art.

'As the principles of the government have been improved, and the real interests of the public have been understood, commerce has gradually assumed its honourable and useful character; and a little time would have unshackled Britain from all the material inconveniences, which are inconveniences principally to herself, of monopolies and restrictions.

'But France, the near neighbour, and the powerful competitor of Britain, is much less advanced in real knowledge of the subject; and instead of profiting by her example, renders all the disadvantages of her early and necessary expedients in forming commercial establishments, the subjects of crimination and the pretences of hostility. Commerce, therefore, in the intercourses of France and Britain, has been contention for inordinate advantages, and for inflicting reciprocal deprivations; instead of the equitable diffusion of enjoyments conferred by nature with apparent inequality, to produce a general intercourse, and to render universal happiness the work of man. France, however, has not in any period of her history, professed principles and doctrines so hostile to her own interests, as well as to the interests of Europe, as those which distinguish the Corsican consulate.

'A profligate ambition and avarice, present without scruple, those false scales by which all sense of proportional relations are confounded. Selfishness, personal and national, is substituted for equity; and fraud, injustice, oppression, and tyranny, are the consular laws of nations. Hence the depredations and wars of France on all feeble states; and all the crimes and miseries with which she has terrified and afflicted the continent.' P. 302.

At page 318, Benjamin Franklin gives the following opinion :

‘ The British system of enforcing exportations and importations ; its regulations concerning the transit trade, *depôt*, and *entrepôt*, were to me then, as they appear now, of doubtful, some of them clearly of pernicious policy : I consider them, however, as errors, founded on favorite and established, but illusive theories ; which have hitherto resisted the collective abilities of the most enlightened nation of the universe. Such philosophers as Talleyrand and Bonaparte would apply the sword to this Gordian knot ; and I am sorry to say, such republican courtiers as some of my successors in France, without pledging the American government to assist, would stimulate and encourage European measures, from which American speculators might derive temporary advantages ; but the success of which under the direction of France, would extinguish all the real and salutary principles of commerce. The pretended policy with which America as well as France is tainted, originates in an unextinguished spirit of resentment ; and is therefore blind to the enlightened principles which should direct the commercial interests of nations. I am therefore sorry for the language of any American envoys or agents, when the evident object of the government of France is to involve the questionable parts of British policy in a contest with which they have no relation ; and to induce the powers of Europe to unite in hostilities against the only bulwark of their liberties by *sea* as well as by land.’

The author’s opinion on the liberty of the seas in certain circumstances, is insinuated ; but the insinuation will not be pleasing to the common prejudices of Britons.

‘ Colbert.

‘ Europe does not seem sensible of these dangers you describe. Nay, to judge by its diplomatic acts, it seems more inclined to seize the occasion of checking the naval power of Britain, than to protect itself against the projected territorial dominion of France.

‘ Egeria.

‘ This is not the only occasion on which the cabinets of nations have inverted the prudential maxim, and of two evils chosen the greatest.

‘ The pretensions of Britain to “ rule the waves,” are in the abstract like those to rule the air, which may be asserted when the art of guiding balloons is perfected. That high degree of power which accompanies such superiority as that of the navy of Britain, is seldom without abuses ; but when understood, they are offensive to the general feeling of Britain, the only nation in Europe where the public mind really influences the government.



‘Colbert.

‘Why have they not been relinquished; or why have they been so equivocally modified?’

‘Egeria.

‘Because Mars has been the umpire, who always leaves a question in a worse state than he finds it.’ p. 312.

The consequences of the transfer of naval superiority to France, happily succeeds the author’s opinion of naval liberty:

‘The naval power of Britain is not an evil in itself, but may be in its occasional abuses; those abuses have produced armed neutralities, and temporary regulations; but if the insidious policy, or the corrupting measures of France were to succeed with the northern powers, and the question of the freedom of the seas were assimilated with the interests and ambition of Bonaparte, who has nearly subjugated the continent, what would be the consequence of victory? Will any considerate mind suppose it could be the liberty sought for? Though the French government might not realize its absurd project of transferring to France the commerce and naval power of Britain, (which are produced and sustained by causes peculiar to itself), the French navy would receive a considerable accession; and remaining without a rival and without restraint, would rule the waves with the same despotism it displays on the continent. Is this the purpose of the armed neutrality, or of the efforts of nations for the freedom of the seas?’

The following passage speaks the language of all Europe, except the armies of France; we sincerely regret that its actions have not corresponded with that language.

‘Perhaps no period of time can be more favourable than the present (1803); the means may be of difficult attainment; for an armed arbitration on the continent should accompany, if not precede, an armed neutrality on the seas. If Europe do not unite to compel the actions of the government of France within such limits as may insure her perfect independence and liberty, as a member of the great European Society, but not as its tyrant; if France renounce not her habits of predatory enterprize, and the disposition to improve her condition by the sword, rather than by labour and industry; if a numerous and disciplined people be suffered in the centre of Europe, to support an indefinite and vicious population, and to pamper its wildest fancies and most depraved passions by the oppression and pillage of other nations; it would be folly to attend to the proposed objects of an armed neutrality. For the effect of a perpetual exposure to invasion and plunder, on the most important and productive labours, and on the existence of civil society, would

soon produce the annihilation of commerce, and convert the claims of neutrals into the duties of tributary slaves.' p. 321.

We have subjoined these passages to the analysis we have given of this work in a former review, to induce the studious politician to peruse it with attention.

It should be denominated Hints for Thinking, rather than Lessons for Instruction; and those hints are sometimes so short, expressed so concisely, and require so much previous knowledge, that they may be lost on common readers, and particularly on those agents of administration and members of parliament, for whose use they seem to have been destined, and who are generally too much occupied and hurried to allow time for study and meditation.

It is decidedly the opinion of the author, that the liberties of Europe will be lost, if men of studious talents, and habits of deduction, are not summoned, as they are in France, to the aid of governments in all their departments. He hazards many maxims and opinions which to us appear fanciful. He is strongly an advocate for the English constitution, and even for the administration of its government; except in the selection and employment of its agents. The spirit which actuates this little work is liberal and candid; perhaps in the extreme on some occasions. It appears to us to be uniformly written with the purest intentions; and its errors are those of a studious mind enamoured of its own meditations, and never those of a partisan, or the abettor of faction. The style is throughout pure, nervous, and elevated; perhaps its elevation is too uniform, though it has some passages of a beautiful and affecting nature. The dialogue is superior to that of Dr. Hurd, as it is wholly free from his colloquial phrases. It is also exempt from the illiberal asperities and vulgarities which infest the language of Horne Tooke. But it has an obvious defect in the number of its personages; this distracts attention, and weakens the interest which the reader should take in their discussions.

ART. V.—*A World without Souls.* 12mo. pp. 135. 2s. 6d.  
Hatchard. 1805.

HISTORY informs us of two philosophers employed in observing mankind, one of whom was called the Weeper, and the other the Laugher. It was a miracle, as the poet justly remarks, that the one found moisture to supply the tears as

they flowed; and we are rather disposed to admire the prudent resolution of the other to lead a merry life at the expence of his neighbours. Among the disciples of the latter is to be ranked the author of the present performance. Unquestionably to those who consider vice as *divines*, it assumes a formidable countenance; and in spite of himself, even a laugher must brace his muscles when he looks on guilt as it is to be seen hereafter; 'the tale unfolded would harrow up his soul.' Hence, when a modern would amuse himself with the errors of his species, he must either wheel himself back to the ground of heathen morality, and take his stand in the observatory of Democritus; or he must adopt a plan which shall draw off the attention of the spectator from the incongruity of the parts. The light must be thrown on the *inconsistency* of vice, while its *consequences* must be lost in the shade.

By far the greater part of our novelists, both male and female, christian and infidel, have chosen the former method. It was the readiest, and perhaps the only way in which the generality could obtain either a laugh or a hearing. The solemnity of christian morality, like the dignity of the tragic muse, seemed unfavourable to mirth: and if Shakspeare has offended in the adoption of the tragi-comedy, then our author may without a blush confess his error in engrafting the ludicrous on christianity. This is the difficult line which he has chosen; and we cannot but give him credit for the courage which has prompted this almost new excursion in the regions of romance. The ground-work of his piece is evidently such as we have before hinted to be necessary for such an attempt. The contemplation of a world *without* souls immediately diverts the attention from the pain with which reason, well informed, would trace similar conduct in a world *with* souls.

The plan (as far as we have been able to follow an outline not drawn with the accuracy of Aristotle) is shortly this: An aged traveller called M. accompanies a younger named Gustavus, whose principles he has undertaken to form, to the city of O. This, he informs him, is peopled by inhabitants who possess no souls: a fact, which the pupil, being a better lover than a naturalist, is persuaded to believe. On being introduced into O. he is led into every scene where he may observe the conduct of these *βροτῶν ἀβροτῶν*, as he is taught to think them. He is present at their public worship, is conducted into a place said to be a madhouse, hears the debates of their senate, finally is made acquainted with the nature of their public amusements, listens to a discussion of

the modern doctrine of expediency, and is witness to a duel in a neighbouring park. Nothing happens in the course of his walks to stagger his belief of the tutor's assertion: on the contrary, he grows daily more convinced that these people have no souls, and are only distinguished from their first-cousins, the monkeys, by having got the start of them in *rubbing off* their tails.

Such is the main business of the piece; and it is obvious, gentle reader, that 'tuares agitur,' in the representation of the citizens of O.; in other words, the inconsistency of men with souls is inferred from the apparent consistency of men acting similarly, on the hypothesis of having none. We allow considerable ingenuity to this device: to prove a society of men to be living in fact on the very contrary principle to what they assume, is to resolve at once the famous problem of Bishop Butler: Is it possible for a whole society to be mad at once? Indeed, our author would not allow them the dignity of madness; 'an inhabitant of O. who, thinking he had a soul, should act as though he had none, would neither be pure madman nor pure idiot, but would in his own miserable person comprehend the qualities of both.' p. 33.

But though we might grant that both here and in a similar attempt of Soame Jenyns, a fair ground of assault on some modern opinions and habits is discovered, we confess we expected a more striking effect on the present occasion. We hoped to have been oftener led to the predominant idea; and not content with hearing that the men of O. were irrational, we looked for a reference of their customs to the hypothesis of their materialism. The *poet* has told us that luxury 'affigit humo divitiarum particulam auræ;' we expected to imagine it not only grovelling but extinct. Here we think the author has failed; and failed because he undertook too much. After all our declamation against the inconsistency of mortals, it seldom amounts to a *consistent* inconsistency. Few are found, like Junius's hero, to maintain a dreadful consistency to the last—both to live without virtue, and to die without repentance.

Hence arose a dilemma: either to make a portrait of society very different from what it is, or to depart in many instances from the original hypothesis in pursuing the projected likeness. The former was not intended; the reader must have been carried across the Atlantic to another Laputa, and the satire would have been too distant for vulgar souls. The writer therefore has sacrificed the strict demands of his original plan, in order to portray the characters which he meant to satirize: and we are apt to regard it more favorably as a general satire on the present times, than as a reduction

of their practices to any particular scheme: Indeed it is amusing to observe how the mind of the unfortunate Gustavus is distorted to *lug* in the notion of O. being peopled by mere *bodies*. He is made the cat's paw upon the occasion: and in preserving the author's plan, he is made to yield up his own reputation. His fondness for Lord Monboddo's absurd notion that men once *ended in tail*, makes us doubt how long he has dropt his own: and his capricious and determined levity on all occasions, approaches very nearly to the character of that tailed monster to which his lordship has so kindly approximated us.

After these observations on the structure of the work, we are much inclined to repeat our commendation of its design. If fiction has been defended as an auxiliary to morals, why should it not be made the ally of christianity? We see nothing but the delicacy of the undertaking to deter adventurers. To maintain liveliness without levity, gravity without dullness, interest without extravagance, and religion without cant, must be the indispensable qualifications for such a work. To this merit we think the present performance fairly lays claim: if in any, it offends in the first of these points. Its leading character is a tone of sarcastic severity; few of the vices or even weaknesses of mankind receive quarter here. But we think that, where the accusation was so serious, there has been a little too much petulance in bringing it forward: the blows are too hard to be dealt with a contemptuous smile: some would say, insult is superadded to injury. Yet we acknowledge ourselves much entertained with the illustrations with which the positions and arguments of the work are enlightened: and it is to be remembered that if vice employs itself in making virtue ridiculous, virtue is justified in applying the same test to vice. The principle is just '*nevis artifices arte perire suâ*.'

We shall quote, for the reader's amusement, some articles from a compact which we find in chapter 12, as imagined by some to have subsisted between the souls and bodies of the people of O.

"It is stipulated on the part of the body,

'1st. That although the soul dwell with the body, it shall never interfere with any of its enjoyments; particularly in eating, drinking, and licentiousness. Agreed.

'2d. That the soul, as in the marriages of O. shall never shew itself in public with the body. Agreed; if the body will at least once a year acknowledge the soul's existence in a church.

'3d. That the soul shall never perplex the body in private, except when it is sentimental or in low spirits. Agreed,

' 4th. That the body shall be suffered to sleep while the soul listens to sermons. Agreed; if the body will keep watch should the soul also be disposed to sleep. Amended upon the suit of the body: if the soul may sleep full as often as the body, &c. &c.

' 8th. That the soul shall never disfigure the face of the body with a blush. Agreed; when the soul shall be a little hacknied in the ways of O.

' 9th. That a divorce shall take place at the moment of death. Agreed; as the soul may expect torments enough of its own, without being racked by those of the body.'

The last article might, we think, on every account have been omitted.

We find the same temper employed in delineating one of those 'things, who mount the rostrum with a skip, and then skip down again,' in chapter 3: The travellers enter his church;

'The person which occupied the pulpit was a shadow; the voice was delicate; the articulation acute.

'This is nature's doing,' said Gustavus.

'Perhaps his own,' replied M.

'He preached languidly for eleven minutes.' 'The sermons of St. Foy,' said Gustavus, 'are longer.'

'Eleven minutes,' answered M. 'would ill satisfy ears greedy of intelligence from heaven. Such sermons are a kind of spiritual apparition: they do not touch the heart, but glide through the chambers of it. Such galloping divinity would not be endured at St. Foy. But then its inhabitants have souls: the preacher of to-day knows his audience have none. He treats them like creatures who have nothing more than instincts; who can perch, but cannot settle on a subject. He wounds them flying as he does his game.'

'Did he intend then, do you imagine, to wound at all?'

In the same chapter, but in a different style, is the following image of charity, struck out by the hand of M. in conversation with this clerical sprite:

'Paul, on the contrary, says, "If I give all my goods to feed the poor, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." He took the portrait of charity warm from a divine original, and therefore made philanthropy one of her features; but at the same time bade the canvas glow with many others. Unlike the clumsy limners of the schools of men, he does not chain her to this world, but displays her, touching heaven while she stands on earth, and bowing down to practice among men that good will which she has learned above.' &c.

We have seldom seen a happier appropriation of Virgil's immortal description of Fame:

*Ingrediturque solo, & caput inter nubila condit.*

By the building styled a mad-house at O., our readers are to understand a church where both priest and people are deluded into a conviction that they have souls. They are therefore 'toti in hoc,' devoted to the purpose of their meeting. A sermon is put into the mouth of a preacher, (whose head had been copied from a Guido) where perhaps the author's imagination has flamed too high in his description of faith. The ancient infidels had an old grudge against what they called the *ψυχή πνεύς* of christians; and the plan of the work before us may have led the writer a little too far into this great peculiarity of christianity. Some parts of this chapter aspire to Pindaric heights, and certainly possess, *notwithstanding*, great merit.

Indeed the grave parts of the tale are for the most part pointed and nervous: declamation and argument are seldom, as they ought never to be, disjoined. On the subject of the slave trade, discussed in the senate of O. we have a speech from its persevering opponent which might do credit to his head and heart. It thus ends:

"Such are the truths you might have learned: but what is the result? You have not confuted our arguments—you could not controvert our facts, but with a stubborn and stupid hostility, you have gathered up and launched again the darts which the shield of humanity had repelled. We once more call upon you to desist from this legalized butchery. We once more beseech you to gladden the eye of heaven, by displaying to it in this island, one spot at least in its creation, where this detestable trade is without a patron. This is the last appeal we may be allowed to make, or you to regard. The cause of this miserable people has been, long enough, matter of cold speculation or cruel contempt; even now clouds have gathered in the western hemisphere, which threaten to burst over us in showers of blood. Every day seems big with the most awful prophecies, that if men any longer refuse to liberate Africa, God at length will make her free."

We observe throughout the volume, a much closer style of argumentation than is usual in similar performances. Seldom has so much matter been handled in so little space. Compression is not the fault of modern performances. Whether this property is suited to the oscitancy of fashion and the fastidiousness of the great; whether it qualifies the work for the sofas of indolence, or the chambers of *ennui*, we suppose the author has well considered. We think, however, obscurity is not his only fault in discussing the doctrine of expediency. Truth may be ill supported, as Troy may be defended by a Hector or a Paris. It would detain us

too long to enter upon the merits of the question. But we quote the following *refutation* of Paley's doctrine which binds us to seek the happiness of the species.

'Can you promote the happiness of man, (said M.) till you know what it is? The case may be thus exemplified. Philosophers have willed a composition which should turn all it touches into gold. To come at the will of these philosophers, therefore, you have only to learn the constituent parts of this composition, which parts it is impossible to know. This system, which thus arrives at the third syllogism by overstepping the second, appears to have discovered that royal way in logic which Ptolemy sought in vain in geometry.'

Are our readers convinced? Have they not always understood that expediency does not profess to lay down the nature of 'that something still which prompts th' eternal sigh;' but assuming the received notions of mankind on that head, shews its wisdom by adapting means for the attainment of that end? Paley has long explained his notion of happiness before he evolves the system which requires of us to extend it by our actions.

Indeed the author's attack on Dr. Paley is the weakest part of his book; and we beg leave to assure both him and Gisborne that neither of them understands Dr. Paley's principles.

For the information of our female readers, we observe, that the work before us is dashed with a considerable intermixture of what the moderns call or miscall, *the sentimental*. In general we lament the application of a term by any grammatical inflexion connected with *sense*, to subjects which are often unfit to rank even with successful nonsense. The ingenuity which derives '*lucus a non lucendo*,' must be called in by the grammarian in this case, to account for so strange a misnomer.

Perhaps it may surprize our readers that we exempt from this charge an author who in one and the same chapter asks 'who does not Emily?' boasts 'being what a woman should be I must drag her into sight;' talks of 'the thin vapours of women evaporating in levity;' finally, of 'tears making his cheeks their channel, because the single tomb of M. buries more *ashes than piety can spare*.'

'Et "*quicquid*" tenerum et laxâ cervice legendum.'

Yet we perceive an air of novelty in the sentiments, which raises the writer in our estimation much above the 'discipulæ' of modern schools—a motley groupe, born like their prototypes 'the gay motes that people the sun-beam,'

'To sport their season, and be seen no more.'



In the present work we are reminded that Sterne and Mackenzie have written; and their authority rescues 'the World without Souls' from indiscriminate censure. Its author has studied both; but Sterne the most, and perhaps nature more than either. We regret not the journey he takes to fetch his travellers from Switzerland, if his two little families could not have been found nearer than St. Foy.

'These two little families were much united, for they had the "bond which no man breaketh," the bond of common principles. M. was used to say, "we want no other chain of affection than the knowledge that we are Christians; as such we must weep and we may rejoice together, for we have been wrecked by the same storm, and are rescued by the same Redeemer." It was reasoning only fit for St. Foy, but her vallies seemed to *clap their hands* when they heard it.'

We think the feelings are powerfully arrested by the description of the fate of Emily, who falls a victim to her sensibility, betrayed by the artifices of 'a villain.' Her gradual decline and death are told in a beautiful and affecting strain. In a second Emily, the Dulcinea of Gustavus, we should be much interested by a love-sonnet of G.'s, did we ever believe a word of such performances. A love-letter of her own, in chap. 13, is simple and natural, therefore engaging. The praise of simplicity, however, is not always due to this author. His style is too poetical and quaint; after the specimen he gives us of his *metrical* powers, we are sorry he has not rhymed more of his prose. 'Stanzas such as the following, taken from an *epitaph* on Emily, give us favourable expectations of any future effusions:

' Weep not for us, thou sainted child of light,  
No shade of woe shall dim thy bright abode;  
Our raptur'd eye hath trac'd thine upward flight,  
Faith pierc'd the veil, and pointed to thy God.'

' God of Elijah, to thy servants give,  
As erst, the robe which joy'd the prophet's eye;  
Oh! from her sorrows let us learn to live,  
Oh! from her triumphs let us learn to die.'

It must be observed that this praise cannot be extended to the stanzas in page 16. The poetry in general is more ornamental than harmonious, but the same style in prose becomes unnatural. When every corner of the picture is stuffed with images, and coloured to the height, the spectator's eye finds no *repose*, but is wearied by perpetual distractions. H. Walpole has remarked of Cowley, that 'his

taste was vitiated by the pursuit of wit ; which, when it does not offer itself, naturally degenerates into tinsel or pertness. Pertness is the affectation of grace, while its familiarity distorts or prevents it.' And in another place, he observes, that 'writers are apt to think they must distinguish themselves by an uncommon style—hence elaborate stiffness, and quaint brilliance.' We think these remarks peculiarly applicable to the work before us, of which we now take our leave with some regret, only asking its author whether the sun visits us later or earlier than our brethren in America? he tells us *later*, p. 32. We observed one or two other insignificant errors ; for instance, we doubt whether the writer understands the meaning of the word 'eccentric,' p. 3?

ART. VI.—*Roscoe's Life and Pontificate of Leo X. (concluded from p. 283.)*

WE had not closed our remarks on the biography of Leo X. in our last number ; and we now resume the task of criticism both with sorrow and alacrity.

'In his intellectual endowments' (says Mr. Roscoe) 'Leo X. stood much above the common level of mankind.' Notwithstanding this assertion, no monument is left us of his excellence either in science or the *belles lettres*. He *did* write certain Italian poems, but they are lost : now had the vernacular verses of a pope been worthy preservation, they would not have fallen into obscurity. But we have a sample of his Latin compositions. (App. 206,) which sufficiently exonerate us from the task of proving Leo to have been very dull and illiterate. Let them condemn themselves. We will content ourselves with the four first *iambics* :

Libenter occumbo, mea in præcordia  
Adactum habens ferrum ; juvat meâ manu  
Id præstitisse, quod Viraginum prius  
Nulla ob pudicitiam peregit promptius.

In page 191 of the third volume Mr. Roscoe says,

'Even Leo himself, whilst yet a cardinal, exercised his talents on a similar subject ; and his *Iambics* on the discovery of a statue of Lucretia among the ruins of the Transtevere, exhibit the only specimen that has been preserved to us of his poetical compositions, and afford a sufficient proof, that if he had devoted a greater share of his attention to the cultivation of this department of letters, he might not wholly have despaired of success.'

Our readers will probably think he *ought* to have despaired of success; the same quotation, and the same remark, *mutatis mutandis*, will apply to the historian of Leo X.

‘He was not affected by the superstitious notions so prevalent in his own times.’ The chief purport of the book before us is to elucidate the absolute decay of superstition in these very times, when it certainly was much *less* prevalent than for many centuries before. The above sentence in this respect was a mere σφαγμα μνημόνικον of Mr. R. but still venom is concealed in this attempt to paint Leo’s character. His notions were at the least deistical; and if we are to take the term ‘superstitious’ as a synonyme for ‘religious,’ (a mode of induction generally used by Mr. R.’s modern *philosophical* brethren) we indeed allow that that man could not well be ‘superstitious,’ who set at defiance every principle of honour, gratitude, and charity.

‘In his political character, the great objects which Leo appears to have generally pursued, sufficiently evince the capaciousness of his mind, and the just sense he entertained of the important station in which he was placed.’ He ‘insured the tranquillity of Europe,’ by those intrigues which set it in a flame, and which disgrace every volume of this History. ‘The liberation of the states of Italy,’ &c. was a pretext for his unlicensed ambition and cruel vengeance. He was Ungrateful, Insincere, Bloody-minded. He was Ungrateful, inasmuch as he deserted the cause of those allies whose assistance he had invoked, and while in apparently open friendship with them, was in treaty with other powers, their decided enemies. He was Ungrateful to the Cardinal da Bibbiena, with whose murder, according to the accusation of his contemporaries, his name has a horrid connexion. He was Insincere, not only to his allies and private friends, but to his God. He was insincere to that sacred cause of which he was constituted supreme defender. The candid, the impartial Fra. Paolo dared to insinuate somewhat against the infallibility of the pope, when he told us, that he would indeed have been a perfect pontiff, if to other accomplishments he had united *some* knowledge in matters of religion, and *some* inclination to piety, to neither of which he appeared to pay any great attention. In confirmation of this opinion, the avowed panegyrist Pallavicini is brought forward: but we may estimate the services of Pallavicini to the general cause, when he says, ‘Nor will I affirm that he was as much devoted to piety as his station required, nor undertake to commend or to excuse all the conduct of Leo. X. &c.’ Yet Mr. R. with great adroitness, and with the true finesse of a

*philosophe*, continues to balance this religious character of the pontiff by putting his own candour (i. e. indifference in matters of religion) and other weighty materials of his own, in one scale, and the heavy authority of contemporary biographers in the other. If we acquiesce in Mr. R.'s deductions, we must allow that his *weight* has kicked the beam.

But we have ventured to call Leo. X. bloody-minded. Mr. R. will not easily forgive us; though we will try to elicit the verdict from his own mouth. In his 43d year, some cardinals had conspired against the life of the pope.\* After the punishment of some of them, suspicion was apparently lulled, especially when Leo, 'having assembled the cardinals, addressed them in a long and pathetic oration, in which he intimated that though he might have legally and properly proceeded to degrade and punish the guilty, yet he had determined to pardon them.' After '*melting into tears*;' within twelve lines from the above quotation, '*he delivered them over to the secular power.*'—'Petrucchi was strangled in prison;'—'Battista da Vercelli and Antonio Nino were also sentenced to death, and after suffering excruciating torments, were finally strangled, and their bodies quartered.' The Cardinal de Sauli too 'died in the ensuing year, and it was insinuated that he perished by a slow poison, administered to him, while in custody, by the pontiff.' Yet Mr. R. tells us with great effrontery, 'that he possessed the best possible dispositions; as all who knew him agreed.' The treachery and cruelty of Leo may be further exemplified in the case of Baglione, whom he put to death, while under A SAFE CONDUCT from himself. They might be exemplified from a thousand other incidents in this History, but we hasten to the close of so disgusting a character. Many authors, as Mr. R. informs us, have supposed this hero 'to have been the most dissolute, irreligious, profane, and unprincipled of mankind.' They have styled him a voluptuary and an atheist; but though we could wish to warn his admirers that the latter character is too just, we refrain from quoting the blasphemous passage in Mr. R.'s text, purposely printed in italics (p. 328,) which would establish it. A regard to the feelings of our readers equally prevents us from discussing the horrid imputations on Leo, concentrated in p. 330. The lowest species of buffoonery and dissipation, was avowedly a

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\* Even this is doubted by historians. It is supposed to have been a trick of Leo X. to extort money. There certainly is no substantial proof of the conspiracy extant. We shudder at and disbelieve confessions extorted by the rack.

constant occupation of the pontiff. He was a monster of iniquity,

———nullâ virtute redemptum  
A vitus—*Eger, solâque libidine fortis.*

Without quoting any farther from the *biographical* Mr. Roscoe, we give the line from Juvenal, as a hint to our learned readers, of what we most willingly conceal from the eyes of the fair. And now for Mr. Roscoe *the historian*.

We have neither time nor inclination to amble step by step after Mr. R. to pick him up where he stumbles, and to point to him here and there a better path; neither have we any wish to lose ourselves or our readers in the cross roads of uninteresting Italian politics. Suffice it, that we shall shew where our historian has occasionally tripped, or, to drop the metaphor, shall in a few instances, expose his glaring absurdities to the public view.

The treatment of Mr. R. to the historians of the time, when they happen not to coincide with his own opinions, is unfair: it is more than unfair, it is disgusting. In this, as in many other points, he evidently follows the track of Gibbon; but Gibbon could deceive the unwary by his plausibility; not so Mr. R.; and thus far his readers are ultimately obliged to him. We shall have occasion to instance this position. But for a moment, we gladly turn aside to illustrate the affecting circumstance of Ferdinand's voluntary exile from his kingdom of Naples, after absolving his subjects from their oath of homage, by two parallel circumstances, the one in ancient the other in modern history. The scholar will, in the first case, readily perceive the allusion to those beautiful verses in Lucan on the flight of Pompey from Italy. (L. iii. ad in.)

Omnis in Iönios spectabat navita fluctus—  
Solus ab Hesperia non flexit lumina terrâ  
Magnus, dum patrios portus, dum litora nunquam  
Ad visus reditura suos, tectumque cacumen  
Nubibus, et dubios cernit vanescere montes.

Although we cannot but blame his timidity, we sympathize with the misfortunes of the dethroned Abdallah, when, retiring from the splendor of Granada, from a neighbouring hill he cast a farewell look on his palace and capital, already subject to the triumphant christians.

The Neapolitans, as Guicciardini justly remarks, are notorious among the Italians for their fickleness and love of innovation. Surely Mr. R. cavils at this position in a very trifling manner, (page 221), when he refers 'to the

general principles of human nature,' what Guicciardini attributes to the above cause. This is not *nugari docte*; but Mr. R. is disinclined to share the palm of metaphysical history with the Italian. Poor Philip de Commines, who is generally represented by our author as a garrulous old fellow, gets into a scrape with him, page 222, note (a). 'Commines coldly informs us that the king was crowned.' Coldly! yes, he tells us a simple fact, and left Mr. R. to add the needless ornaments.

Guicciardini alone is quoted (page 230) for the violent conduct of Savonarola. The contrary authority should at least have been mentioned in a note: we extract it from the *Vita Savonarolæ*, by Pico of Mirandola, which is now become very scarce, 12mo, page 25. 'Pisas Hieronymus accedit, regi *quod volebat persuasit*,' &c. Now in no instance is Pico sparing of the 'threats' and 'denunciations' of his saint, whenever they occurred. Here he is silent.

"On Monday, the sixth day of July," says Commines, with a simplicity almost ludicrous, "the gallant King Charles, in complete armour, mounted his horse, Savoy, which was presented to him by the Duke of Savoy; he was the finest horse I ever saw; his colour was black, he had only one eye, was of a middle size, but well proportioned to his rider, who seemed on this occasion to be quite a different being from that for which nature had intended him, both in person and countenance: for he always appeared, and is still, timid in his speech, having been educated among low and effeminate people; but on this occasion, his horse gave dignity to his appearance; his countenance was firm, his complexion ruddy, and his expressions bold and judicious; insomuch that they reminded me of the promise of Savonarola, that God would lead him by the hand, and that his honour would still be preserved to him." VOL. I. p. 237.

A simplicity almost ludicrous!! Had Mr. Roscoe, in these times of refinement, learnt to write so sweetly, he need not have feared the lash of criticism. Poor, affecting Commines! but fear not that Mr. R. will obscure your beauties. 'Ludicrous simplicity!' Flimsy nonsense!

Poor Commines! but in the space of five pages thou shalt be amply revenged; and retaliate the words 'ludicrous simplicity!' with the greatest justice. Mr. R. says, that 'Capilupi has left a copy of Latin verses,' &c. He has so (see the appendix, xlvii); but unfortunately Mr. R. neglected, from sheer ignorance, to inform us that the said verses were the original property of *one* Virgil, who lived some centu-

ries back, and has afforded more modern wits than one the extraordinary faculty of building centos on his foundation. Gentle reader, (if such there be) prithee turn to App. page 89.

There is great mawkishness throughout in the style of our author: he has neither the vigour or sweetness of Livy and Hume; the solidity or precision of Thucydides and Robertson; nor the antithesis of Tacitus and Gibbon. His characters are on the plan of Ammianus Marcellinus, and his politics as confused as those of Procopius. The character of Savonarola, in page 278, is very ill drawn up. The historian who tells the story about the 'cardinal and the rain,' and the 'pope with the white hands,' might have indulged his trifling, from Pico of Mirandula, who gives us a long list of his saint's miracles *after his death*. We will vary the tedium of our critique by a laughable instance or two from the scarce little volume we before mentioned.

A convent of young nuns had been terribly plagued by certain devils; but Savonarola, good man, had laid them all. When, however, Savonarola died, the devils peeped out again, and sorely vexed these religious damsels. Relics were applied in vain: till by a lucky thought a bit of the dead man's finger was tied to the neck of an afflicted nun. The devil of course screamed out, and vanished with a strong smell of brimstone. Vit. Fr. Hier. Sav. p. 172.—It happened to the same young ladies that on a certain day all their wine turned sour (which was a sad accident, says the simple Pico). By no very honest decision of the nuns, it was to be sold; till one of them, by a singular effort of *faith* (we are at a loss to conceive how), and by putting the saint's relics to the cock of the barrel, restored it in a moment, so that from the lady abbess to the youngest novice it was declared to be '*gustu optimum, et salubre*.' A sadler was cured of a rupture, and a lady brought to bed, by merely thinking on the saint. But to proceed.

P. 276. Charles VIII. of France is simply said to have died of the apoplexy—we suppose, from the words of Guicciardini, '*detto da fisici apoplexia*;' the accident, however, which caused this apoplexy, if such it was, should have been mentioned.

In page 282, we are greeted with a sonnet, in the manner of Mrs. Ratcliffe, in the middle of the history. What if Gibbon had versified in the middle of his text the '*Ergo agite inter vos*,' &c. of Galerius?

The character of Alexander VI. is wretchedly performed: but the strangest of all Mr. R.'s ideas has been the white-washing the character of that infamous woman, Lucretia

Borgia, in a long dissertation at the end of the first volume. Horace Walpole surely never dreamt of such an imitator. We must consider it a severe satire on his 'Historic Doubts &c. on King Richard III.'

To the present day Lucretia is, for the most part, only known as the incestuous daughter of Alexander VI. the prostitute, in common, of her father and of her two brothers; one of whom is supposed to have assassinated the other from jealousy of superior pretensions to her favour. VOL. I. P. I. DISSERT.

This lady is Mr. Roscoe's client; and he advocates her cause, with all the quibbles of his profession. The sentence we have just noted seems to be rather unpromising. Mr. R. has not only to combat the traditionary authority of the times, but the seeming testimony of Guicciardini to the most enormous of her crimes. Henry Stephens, Gibbon, and other writers, have implicitly credited these detestable imputations. It is one of the great disadvantages we feel in criticising this work, that the obscenities of it prevent us from quotation: and in this instance we must beg to excuse ourselves from inserting the whole of p. 11, and the note (c), which, we think, from the common deductions of bad principle in mankind, would authorize us to suspect extreme turpitude in Lucretia. The whole of this flimsy Dissertation, as it calls itself, had been more honoured in the breach than the observance: and to add to this farrago of nonsense, we are informed that when the fire was burnt out in Lucretia—why—then it blazed no more, and 'she became severely rigid in religious duties.' Certainly. In the true manner of a melancholy devotee, whose youth has been unatoned by any virtue.

We have, however, an argument to offer in favour of Lucretia's purity, far more strong than any adduced by her apologist. If her face was like the ugly representation of it given in the medallion subjoined to the Dissertation, without fear of violence, she might have requested of her father,

Ἄδὸς μοί παρθένην αἰώνιον, ἅππα, φυλάσσειν. Call.

In page 16 of vol. II. Castiglione, an Italian freebooter, who in the times of rudeness was perhaps less rude than many of his associates, is styled the *Chesterfield* of his age!! The character of Julius, p. 152, in contradiction to the brief and pithy character given of him by Guicciardini, is most miserably caricatured. 'Some people,' says Mr. R. 'may think he wore a long beard to gain respect'—which may, *with more probability*, be attributed to his impatient temper and incessant occupations, which left him no time for the



usual attentions to his person ! In plain English, the pope had not time to shave himself. We cannot doubt but that the infamous characters of Alexander VI. and Julius II. paved the way for the revolution in religion.

Appendix, lxx.\* contains a curious paper : but we must take this opportunity of protesting against the constant reference to the appendix at the bottom of the page. We naturally, in turning to the number, expect some state-paper, letter, or historical illustration. When, however, we have toiled to our resting place, we find nothing but an absurd unmetrical copy of Latin adulatory verses. Should an English historian insert in an appendix, the University 'Lucus et gratulationes,' to bear on the character of any sovereign whose reign he had delineated, he would doubtless sleep in that obscurity, to which the present work, we think, is destined.

P. 211. Giulio de' Medici 'may be considered as the *regulating pendulum* of the great machine.' In the appendix to c. xii. are inserted some curious letters of the Medici to and from Rome, hitherto inedited, and we recommend them to the notice of the future historians of these times, as light may be reflected from them, even on the affairs of England. The book entitled the 'Ligue de Cambray,' appears throughout very unworthy of credit. A cautious historian would not willingly support an insulated fact, much less a series of facts, on the indecisive testimony of an anonymous publication. There is the less excuse for it in this instance, as whole pages to the purpose may be confronted and extracted from contemporary writers.

Vol. III. p. 18. 'The French and Italian historians have agreed in considering the conduct of the pontiff on this occasion, as the result of artifice and disingenuousness, but they appear not sufficiently to have attended to the difficulties of his situation.' '*This occasion*' was merely treating underhand with their enemies against his allies the French : and can be palliated by no writer of honest disquisition. The Italian authors even dared to censure the pope. There can be no stronger evidence of his wickedness.

As Mr. Roscoe has ushered in the circumstance with due pomp, we think it necessary to mention that A. D. 1515, A. Æt. 40, A. Pont. iii. 'Leo X. turned to the spot where

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\* *Cronica delle magnifiche et honorate pompe fatte in Roma per la Creatione et Inedronatione di Papa Leone X. Pont. Opt. Max.* We have not room for extracts. The paper is well worth the perusal.

the remains of his father were deposited, and whilst he prostrated himself in the attitude of supplication, *he was observed by his attendants to shed tears.* Mr. Roscoe is in the right not to let slip any incident that can shew his hero in the character of tenderness. On another occasion, during the next year, those fountains of benevolence were dried against the exiled Duke of Urbino. Without the shadow of a pretext, Leo X. had basely despoiled him of his dominions: the sovereign, when deprived of his realms, sought the solace of religion, a solace to be administered by his bitterest enemy. He requested the pope 'that he would at least liberate him from his ecclesiastical censures; but Leo refused him even this consolation, although the duke intreated it "for the salvation of his soul." ' Now by a most artful conclusion, which we must expose, the blame would seem to be thrown from the tyrannical Leo on the unoffending duke. 'Thus the man who appears to have felt no remorse for the assassination of another, and that too a cardinal of the church, professed his anxiety in labouring under the displeasure of the pope.' It would be difficult to point out a passage fraught with more disingenuousness. Muratori gives us some idea of the proverbial falsehood of Leo, when he bluntly observes '*Tosservare la parole non fu mai contato fra le virtù di questo pontefice.*' In p. 104, we find that the pope resorted to the use of torture, for the purpose of obtaining information from a person who had relied on the express sanction of a safe-conduct. Voltaire and Mr. Roscoe are historians of a similar stamp. Voltaire tells us that Candid, although he had murdered, ravished, &c. 'had the mildest of all possible natures;' and Mr. Roscoe tells us that the crafty, bloody, lascivious pope 'had good dispositions!' And as if our common sense had not yet received sufficient insult, we are told in the course of a very few pages, '*that he seldom deviated from the well known lenity of his disposition.*' p. 132.

In the appendix, cxlvi. there is a very curious paper drawn up by Pico of Mirandola, on the vices of the clergy; it is addressed to Leo X. The contents of this chapter (xv.) promise us much entertaining disquisition; but in reality it is drawn up very indifferently; and with that coldness, which we are much less disposed to tolerate in a historian, than partiality.

Among the Quixotic schemes of Leo, we quote his grand ideas (by which he intended, for his own purposes, to impose on others) when he was desirous to inflame Christendom for his individual interest.

'By this he proposed, that an immense sum of money should be

raised from the voluntary contributions of the European sovereigns, and a compulsory tax upon their subjects: that the Emperor of Germany should provide a numerous army, which uniting with large bodies of cavalry, to be furnished by the Hungarians and the Poles, should proceed down the Danube into Bosnia, and thence, through Thracia, towards Constantinople; that at the same time, the King of France with all his force, the armies of the Venetians, and other Italian states, and a powerful body of Swiss infantry, should assemble at the port of Brindisi on the Adriatic gulf, whence they might easily pass to Greece, which was still inhabited by great numbers of christians, impatient of the tyranny of the Turks; that the fleets of Spain, of Portugal, and of England, should meet at Carthage and its adjacent ports, whence two hundred vessels should be dispatched with Spanish soldiers to attack the Dardanelles, and join the allies in storming the Turkish capital. In the mean time the pope, who meant to take a personal part in the attempt, proposed to proceed from Ancona, accompanied by one hundred well armed vessels; so that the Turks being attacked both by land and by sea, with such immense numbers, a happy termination of the expedition might be speedily and confidently expected.

But allowing for a moment that Leo was in earnest (for he was very vain, and a very shallow politician), what possible advantages could England or Spain hope to experience from this conquest, if realized? Nay, on the contrary, they surely had to dread the aggrandizement of their rivals. The little subtilty of Italian politics is calculated only to act in the climate which engendered it; and has never been applied with energy or effect to the larger theatre of Europe.

We now bid adieu to Mr. R. as an historian; we have examined the fairest portion of his fame; though our strictures have necessarily been much more compressed than we could have wished. We repeat 'the fairest portion of his fame,' for, however deficient in fact, argument, and conclusion his historical notices may appear, they are comparatively luminous to the dark subject of his literary research, in which we shall now attempt to grope our way. When Mr. Roscoe starts forward as its champion, the literature of Italy must indeed be in a degraded state.

With every wish for impartial justice, we shall here give praise where praise is due; and that the more unsparingly, as we are convinced that, beyond this paragraph, we shall be unable for a moment to use the language of panegyric. We recommend therefore to the 'hop and skip' readers, who may be jumping about these four volumes, to cast their eyes to the narratives of the death of Piero de' Medici, and of 'the Duke of Gandia,' and 'the modes of the election of a pope;

these points are treated with some felicity : they required no depth of thought or exertion. But we warn the said readers against 'the siege of Pisa,' against the '*virtues* of Leo,' and against 'every character' in the work.

We shall proceed in our usual way to drudge through the *literature*, as it is misnomered, Greek, Latin, and Italian, in the same *disorder* as it is placed through these volumes ; and we are inclined to prophecy that Mr. R. will never sport an opinion in future on the merits of *metre*.

In the second chapter then we are promised a view of the 'state of literature in Rome.' Julius Pomponius Lætus, the commentator, had escaped the cruelties of Pope Paul II. : he escaped them, and in turn tormented the learned dead by his annotations. The classical world is not indebted to this editor for a single remark or conjecture worthy of preservation.

Without fear of contradiction, we assert that Mr. Roscoe has a very bad idea of Latin verse, e. g. (49.)

Barbara quæ fuerant regna, Latina fecit.

"It might have been a mistake of the printer"—Well, we will convince you by and bye.

It is supposed by the vulgar that the name of Leo X. has a direct and immediate connexion with the restoration of letters. This, however, is very far from the fact. The darkness which overshadowed literature had gradually dispersed during the whole of the century. Lorenzo de' Medici exercised a much greater share of ardent research and liberal patronage than his son Giovanni. The father appears to have been actuated by a real desire of knowledge : the son to have been urged by mere vanity in what he did, and to have permitted that vanity to be warped to hyperbolic encouragement by adulation, and to be degraded to low persecution by prejudice. In the age when every king had his fool, Leo had whole troops of pensioned fools in his palace and at his table : and we have instances in Mr. Roscoe's history which declare to the world, that while this *soi-disant* patron of letters amused himself with the vulgar buffoonery of his illiterate favourites, he suffered real genius and diligence to pine and starve in poverty and solitude. Before the time of Leo, literature was widely spread in the cities of Italy. Florence and Venice were the seat of the muses ; an academy had been instituted at Naples ; but at Rome there was scarcely an equal degree of illumination in the year 1490.

In page 53, Mr. R. feebly attempts a character of Pon-

tano ; and in a beautiful sweeping sentence at the close of it, he talks about ' the airy fabrics of schoolmen'—' *airy*' is rather a misnomer. In future, good reader, you will please to consider the countless folios of Dun Scotus and Thomas Aquinas, as '*airy fabrics*.' When we are introduced to Sannazaro, we find him engaged in filthy quarrels with Politiano: indeed it was the common custom among the barbarous scholars of this age, to live in a state of continued discord, and fretful invective. The French, Germans, and Dutch borrowed this illiberal mode of conduct from the Italians. We might amply illustrate this remark by the names of other commentators besides Scaliger, Burmann, De Paw, Duker, Schröder, and last, though not least, the petulant, cold, tasteless Hermann. We might exemplify it among our own countrymen in the vehement acrimony of Bentley, or the precipitate flippancy of Wakefield. If the learned reader should wish to pursue this subject farther, we refer him to the article Scioppius in Bayle.

In page 60, we meet with a beautiful metaphor again. Mr. R. tells us that ' the alternatè recurrence of verse and prose' is the '*hermaphrodite*' of literature; equally deprived of masculine vigour and feminine grace.' Cariteus is the next scholar introduced to us. We shall settle this gentleman's claims by a quotation from his Poëms, ' characterized by a vigour of sentiment, and a genuine vein of poetry.'

" Parle di me il Pontan, quel bel tesoro

" D'Apollo, e delle Aonide sorelle,

" Che con la lingua sparge un fiume d'oro.

" Dipinto io son nel opre eterne e belle

" Del mio bel Sannazar, vero *Sincero*,

" Ch' allora io giugnero fin a le stelle."

*Cariteo, contra i malevoli.*

Alessandro de' Alessandri lived in these days, known to the scholar by his *Dies Geniales*, of which very different opinions have been entertained. All, however, agree, that the work of the Neapolitan advocate contains a fund of multifarious literature, and that it is less read than it deserves. The best edition of it (the *Variorum*) is scarce; and the biographical account, which is hastily drawn up before the preface, is not a whit preferable to the meagre notices of our historian. In the first chapter of the second book, Alessandro gives us an interesting account of the manner in which Sannazarius entertained him. In the tenth chapter of the third book is a very curious disquisition on the '*trulla*' of Juvenal. The plan of the work closely follows Aulus Gellius.

In a long list of good and bad writers (p. 72) we meet 'Pietro Summonte, *himself* an elegant writer.' 'John Giddish, *himself* a farmer.' *Tom Jones*, b. iv. c. 8. We love illustration by parallel passages. In this part of our Augean stable, we meet with a heap of dung very difficult of removal, in the form of long absurd notes: and Mr. R. while refining on the state of literature in Naples, disgusts us by his catalogue: at all events, he would have done better in the omission of these tedious notes, and the insertion of their matter in the text. At page 78, note (a), an obscure poet, one Fil-lenio Gallo, is introduced; and his trash is buried in the appendix, of which one short specimen will be sufficient.

———Eccho al dextro lato  
Venir Madonna mia : onde io mi volsi,  
E tremebundo una parola sciolsi,  
" Che fai tu quì ?"

Simple and interesting ! the only reason Mr. R. can give for the insertion of such nonsense, is, his having a MS. of these sonnets, hitherto inedited.

In the same page, we begin on the literature of Ferrara: and a contemporary writer says, that poets were as plentiful in the city, as frogs in the territory, of Ferrara:

———nam tot Ferraria vates,  
Quot ranas, tellus Ferrariensis, habet;

where the reader will please to remark the elegant poetical license in the second syllable of 'Ferraria,' and 'Ferrariensis.' They were sorry scrubs, if they all wrote in this style. Shortly afterwards the celebrated Ariosto is noticed. Our praise need not be added to the meed of that wildly divine author: but 'as he applied himself to the cultivation of the Latin language,' and Mr. R. has deigned to supply us with only one extract, we will just *en passant* demonstrate the effects of that 'cultivation.'

Scin' verum quæso ? Scin tu Strozza ? eja age fare,  
Major quam populi Strozza fides tua sit.  
An noster fluviò miserè ? heu ! timeo omnia : at illa  
Di prohibete, et cant irrita verba mea. Lud. Ar. Car. l. 1.

All this on the death of Marullus. Poor Marullus ! to be drowned in a river, and then cursed with such a dirge.

Ferrara, according to our author, 'may be considered the cradle of modern epic poetry;' to pursue the metaphor, we will gladly allow, that these epic writers were all babies: and among them Francesco Cieco was a very drivelling infant;

for, notwithstanding what Zeno may say, we were more inclined, when we perused his poems, to agree with Crescimbeni, whose words are, (VOL. II. P. II. L. VI. P. 325. ed. Ven.) *è difetti specialmente dello stile, e della lingua, il rendono inferiore al Boiardo, che gli ando avanti, e nel tempo e nella bontà.* 'However,' continues the accurate and judicious Crescimbeni, 'he may boast that he opened a path to the great Ariosto, and was considered worthy of imitation by the incomparable Tasso.'

Codrus's verses might have been spared in the appendix (p. 102) : surely the world will not lament that such verses as the following are scarce.

'Me quoque jussisti Sapientum vivere cætu  
Et meditabundo dicta notare statu'!!!

We have no great respect for Petrus Crinitus; nor do we think the notices of him by Tiraboschi 'peculiarly brief and unsatisfactory.' He has said full as much as the subject deserved : Mr. R. has said much more. He inserts, for instance, an ode of this poet's, which he styles 'beautiful and pathetic;' we must deny ourselves the pleasure of transcription, with the exception of two extracts to confirm the taste of our dilettante.

*Referre incolumem queunt.—  
Solvetur atro sanguine spiritus.*

We are aware, when we make these objections, that our province is not to review Crinitus; but we cannot permit a dictum of Mr. R. to occasion false taste. Chapter ii. concludes with an account of Aldus. But more interesting notices of that indefatigable humanist may be gleaned from Bibliographical books : we particularly recommend our readers to a Treatise on Printing, by Palmer, wherein a full and entertaining narrative of Aldus is contained.

At p. 122, in an indecent Italian note, we are referred to the Rev. Mr. Shepherd's Life of Poggio—We took the hint; and on opening the clergyman's book, we found a passage more offensive to delicacy than the note of the *philosophe*. For reasons of similar reprobation, we are induced to keep silence on the note in p. 162. We must, however, remark on one silly and weak observation 'that a certain loathsome disorder is of royal origin :' absurd, unauthenticated trash ! De la Vigne accompanied Charles VIII. in a domestic situation in his expedition into Italy, and wrote a poem on it, entitled the *Vergier d'Honneur* : its prevailing characteristic is insipidity ; which while Mr. R. allows, he crams his notes

and appendix with large portions of it. In the appendix is a curious inventory of Politian's books.

II. 21. We take the liberty of informing Mr. R. that he has made a gross mistake. 'Sanazzaro did not omit this opportunity of expressing his joy in his well known *hendecasyllabi*.'

'O Tære, præsens qui fugis periculum.'

So *hendecasyllabi* mean an Iambic of twelve feet. *Pulchrè, bene, recte.*

The 'pathetic' and 'beautiful' Crinitus is again quoted App. liv. and he sings thus sweetly :

*Prælatus, ut qui Marte potens acri.*

The ninth chapter ends with a curious letter from Bembo to Julius II. on the subject of short-hand writing, which Bembo renewed. This may be unknown to many of our readers ; as also, what was a strange fact in those times, the publication of a comedy by the Cardinal da Bibbiena. He followed the unclerical Bishop of Tricca, and was in return followed by Dr. Hoadly.

In the eleventh chapter we are again immersed in literature : in many instances throughout this chapter, Mr. R. like Voltaire, introduces scraps of his own translations. We have detected the metre of *supersædërè* thus used ; and in p. 233, is the line

'Musæ, &c, florent

'Cecropiis quondam veluti florebant Athenis.'

This is somewhat like Mr. Gifford's *diduces arenâ* in Juvenal.

In the hands of a learned and discriminating genius, the history of the revival of Greek literature, after the sack of Constantinople, would form an ample and interesting subject. It is supplied by translated letters and jejune observations in a very bungling manner by Mr. Roscoe, who evidently understands very little or nothing of Greek, and the *particular excellencies* of each of the scholiasts or fugitive Greeks—if it is allowable to classify them under such a term—which it would neither be difficult nor unentertaining to illustrate. We confess we felt a great mortification in this part of the work ; for although we were fully prepared to believe that Mr. R. had little or no knowledge of the dead languages, yet we hoped, from his laborious compilations elsewhere, that he would at least have consulted '*Hody de Græcis Illustribus*' more fully, and the numberless documents remaining of those times. But he has evidently avoided the



subject, and contented himself with translating, for our instruction, the elegy of Marcus Musurus to Leo; prefixed to the *Editio Princeps* of Plato, beautifully edited by Aldus. Mr. Roscoe probably translated this elegy from the Latin of Zanolio Acciajuoli; he certainly did not know that Dr. Foster of Eton had published it, and the famous critical opinions of D'Orville and Markland on it. Erasmus, in his 'Ciceronianus,' says of Musurus, that he was 'in carmine subobscurus et affectatus.' But it will be asked, why we conjecture that Mr. R. did not translate from the original? We will give a convincing reason. Θεοτόκε, with the accent on the penultimate, means 'the Holy Virgin,' but is falsely translated 'Christus' in the Latin of Acciajuoli. Mr. R. has not perceived the mistake, and has translated it 'Redeemer,' the Greek of which would have its accent on the antipenultimate Θεοτόκος. We advise Mr. R. to play no more with edged tools.

In recompense for this beautiful elegy, Leo presented Musurus to the archbishoprick of Malvasia in the Morea; but he hardly outlived his induction. We read in Dan. Heinsius (in Præf. Græc. Ep.) of a different epitaph from the one cited by Mr. Roscoe, viz.

Antonius Amiternus Marco Musuro Cretensi.

Exactæ diligentæ grammatico

Et raræ felicitatis poëta, posuit.

But perhaps the verses might be inscribed beneath the prose; for really when there is such serious cause for severity, we are little disposed to cavil on trifles.

The introduction of Aldus's preface to Plato, serves to swell this volume. Mr. R. blunders very much in quotation from the ancient poets, by a degree of fatality, when he might have avoided such mistakes by the correctness of transcription. But his errors against metre induce us to believe that he quoted from *memory*, e. g. p. 252, '*sed ego non credulus illis.*' Our limits warn us, that we must compress what remains to be said, although we could easily fill a whole Review with our remarks. We had intended to say something on Reiske, Henry Stephens, and Favorinus; for we were surprized by meeting the two former in this work. It was in this time, that commentators and others latinized their names in a curious style: Favorinus was really called Varino; Carteromachus' real name was Forteguerra. We could adduce a thousand instances of such foolish grimace. In latter times, Casaubon called himself Hortibonus; De Thou, Thuanus; Madame Dacier, Anna Fabri, &c.; and

we will help Mr. R. to the appellation of Ignoramus. We close this chapter, and declare we have felt great disappointment in its perusal.

P. 154. As a sample of Mr. R.'s *translations*, we cite 'opulentissimis Crassis crassiores,' which is rendered 'who was richer than Crassus;' we should have thought the word *crassiores* would have led him to the construction. C. xvi. treats of Italian literature. After the mention of Bembo, Molza is introduced. He deserves to be more known; for on consulting Crescimbeni, we find that he says of him, *nobilissimo poeta*.—*Le muse Latine molto gli furono a cuore, come mostrano le sue opere che si leggono: mai assai più cure gli furono le Toscani, alle quali donne molte rime, ed unite passate sono, nelle quali si portò con tanta nobiltà, leggiadria, e cultura, che meritamente acquistò il titolo d'illustre poeta*. The apologue from Ariosto should be quoted, had we room for it. Leo treated him very ill. This 'patron of the learned' compelled the poor poet, at his own expence, to receive the bull to preserve his works from piracy.

C. xvii. Now for a little Latin poetry!—To those, who have time for trifling, Sadoleti is not unworthy of perusal. Mr. R. tells us the work of Augurelli is not to be met with generally; as far as our individual knowledge of the book goes, we have seen several copies of it. But this has its effect. Because *it is scarce*, the long prosaic alchemic poem must be introduced in the appendix: was it worthy of preservation?

Fas erat—et mihi jam per te licuisse sit id nunc  
Concessum—

Е; *хоронал*. Such lines are worthy the genius and pen of Mr. R. in translation. Mr. R. prefers the elegies of Sanazaro to his Piscatory Eclogues. Both are beautiful: but if they will bear comparison, we should not hesitate to decide in favour of the latter. Mr. R. says, 'that of all the writers of Latin poetry at this period, Vida has been the most generally known beyond the limits of Italy.' We think that as Fracastorius merited, so he has received, more universal admiration; and, as if to overturn his own sentiments, we are here presented with some stupid lines of Vida, which are said to display 'true pathos.' Among them we remark

Lugebant Davali; Davalum omnia respondebant.—  
Muneribusque, opibusque et honoribus insignitus.

Neither Navagero nor Flaminio were scholars of sufficient note to deserve the panegyrics bestowed on them by

our indiscriminating *revitor*. The latter fool thus addresses a friend :

‘ O dentatior et lupis et apris,  
Et setosior hirco olente, et idem  
Tamen deliciæ novem dearum.’

And yet it is insinuated, p. 338, note (a), ‘ that Horace and Catullus might not have blushed to have owned his (Flaminio’s) compositions !’

We now come again to some elegant illustrations of Mr. R.’s metrical abilities. These verses he quotes as correct, nay, he frequently inserts remarks on their pathos, elegance, &c. Some of them, indeed, *may* be false prints; but all of them cannot be so.

In the verses of Posthumus, p. 81, App.

‘ Spaciosam extruit arcem.’  
82. ‘ —frondea tecta—  
——quot *lucus* urbis habet.’

There are above sixteen pages 4to of this trash, forty-four verses to a page: they are full of false quantities. We profess ourselves unable to construe the following verse. We print exactly from the original.

‘ Mox quoque dutius frustra cervam usque sequutus.

The following is elegant;

‘ Læsit humum tandem, ac terræ *sera* procubuit sus,  
Una grunnitumque edidit, una animam.  
Quô nemo intonuit, *remugitque* recessus!’

and the following effusion, to express haste, like King Richard,

‘ A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse.’  
‘ Irruit, exclamans ferte, Ricardus, opem :—  
Verte feram, verte huc tibi dico, Caballe, Caballe,  
Huc tibi dico eja O verte, Caballe, feram.—’

Query. Does *caballe* mean a cart-horse, or a proper name? If we consider the lines poëтически, we shall be rather inclined to admire the *prosopopœia* of the cart-horse. Buonamini complains, that the edition of Posthumus’ poems was very rare, and with difficulty to be found. We could recommend the indefatigable Buonamini to search some where else for them than in a bookseller’s shop. This chapter concludes with the buffooneries of Leo X. and his *improvisatori*, which form a burlesque on literary inquiry; and then

some quotations are produced from a senseless poem of Arsilli, very badly rendered into English verse by Mr. Roscoe. He says, (p. 354,) 'This poem, as published in the *Corviciana*, consists of only 192 distichs; but Tiraboschi,' &c. Confound Tiraboschi!

Where ignorance is bliss,  
'Tis folly to be wise.

One or two samples from Mr. Arsilli will be sufficient:

'Elicere *ingenia*, Pierianque manum.' v. 8.

'Castilionum annumerem quos inter? Martis acerbi.' p. 6.

'Blanda Vénūsinae.' p. 7.

'Cārtērōmāchūs artis.' p. 9.

*Ohe! jam satis est.* We shall therefore omit a critique on an Alcaic Ode, which is even more infamously unmetrical than the preceding. We trust we have proved Mr. Roscoe very inadequate in his selection of beauties, and estimation of talents; yet this gentleman writes upon that most delicate of subjects, 'the revival of literature.'

Impune ergo mihi recitaverit ille togatas?  
Hic elegos? impune diem consumpserit ingens  
Telephus? &c.

C. xx. We come to philosophy. Here we are worse off than in poetry. One single circumstance shall prove that Mr. R. is a better poet than a philosopher. Leo is supposed to have imbibed principles of Unitarianism. Whence are they derived?—From reading the works of Plato.—Of Plato?—Yes, of Plato.—Surely Mr. Roscoe never heard of Plato or his doctrines before; and we must inform him, that the tenets of Plato were wonderfully connected with the tenet of tritheism. This strange mistake is worthy the most severe exposure.

In the next chapter, the names of the *Custodi* of the Vatican library are saved from the wreck of oblivion: and the learned librarians Inghirami, Bervaldo, Acciajuoli, (the gentleman who led Mr. R. into the unfortunate scrape about Θεσιόλογος) and Aleandro. Now should any writer of some future age undertake to write 'the Age and Chancellorship of the Duke of Grafton at Cambridge,' in four quarto volumes, he will perhaps, without much difficulty, find some parallels to Flaminio and Navagero, and he will not fail to dedicate a long chapter to Mr. Maps and Mr. Nicholson, the 'distinguished *custodi* of the university library.

But our readers as well as ourselves must be tired of this tedious journey; we have found in it no pleasant retreat, no delightful prospect. In the straight road all was rough and uneasy; in the bye-ways all was error and deceit; we have indeed disentangled the sense of future readers from those bye-ways which typify the notes and appendix, lest

Fulleret indeprensus et irremeabilis error.

But we have still to pursue Mr. Roscoe in one gloomy tract, and to examine, as briefly as possible, the RELIGIOUS SENTIMENTS contained in these volumes.

In the delivery of these sentiments, the style of Gibbon has evidently been the model of Mr. Roscoe. Luckily for the world, and more especially for younger readers, the bareness and pertness of Mr. R.'s remarks betray themselves. It was Mr. Gibbon's object to throw odium on the primitive christians, by a minute investigation of their sects and feuds, and by a recurrence to the ridiculous stories propagated about them by profane writers or ecclesiastical censors. Candour, mis-named candour, is a powerful weapon in the hands of the deist; and it was by elevating the character of polytheism, by *candid narrative*, that the historian of the Roman empire hoped to overthrow the adamantine fabric of christian theology. The mildness, the unoffending and unoffended unity of pagan worship is particularly insisted on; and while the austerity and piety of the christians are defamed by the epithets of morose, stubborn, and ascetic, the *philosophy*, the uninstructed *morality* of the heathens is heightened by every encomium of example and deduction.

In a similar manner, Mr. Roscoe affects to hold the balance between the papists and the protestants; and as a mediator himself, he seems to stand aloof, good man, from all bias, from all prejudice. Our subject would lead us to much warmth; but we check ourselves!—We have, we own, a strong and a glorious prejudice, in what we consider the cause of our country, the cause of christianity. The cause of sarcastic deism fails in every other hand but that of Mr. Gibbon; there are few, we believe, very few, we hope, who would venture to mistake facts, and misquote authorities, in the shameless manner he has done. The author of the present work, if we have the least penetration, shews a splenetic disaffection to revealed religion, throughout the whole. He seems particularly discontented with Martin Luther; and anxiously endeavours to bring every fault of that great reformer before the scorn of the public, while he studiously conceals many of those noble motives by which he was ac-

tuated. Luther's letter to Leo is brought forward with the evident intention of throwing odium on the reformer; in us it excites admiration of the man, who was great and intrepid in all his undertakings. There can, indeed, be no doubt but that Luther was a very obstinate, and, from the genius of the times in which he lived, a very vulgar controversialist; but his virtues amply redeemed his foibles. Mr. R. very naturally insists on his weak points with detestable precision. We will extract one passage only from a thousand, where we think our remark holds good, and where the latent snake in the grass may be discovered.

' This proposition gave rise, however, to more deliberation, and occasioned greater difficulty in the sacred college than perhaps the pope had foreseen. Several of the cardinals suggested other titles, and it was for a long time debated, whether, instead of the appellation of Defender of the Faith, the sovereigns of England should not in all future times be denominated *the Apostolic, the Orthodox, the Faithful*, or, *the Anglic*. The proposition of the pope, who had been previously informed of the sentiments of Wolsey on this subject, at length, however, prevailed, and a bull was accordingly issued conferring this title on Henry and his posterity; a title retained by his successors to the present day, notwithstanding their separation from the Roman church; which has given occasion to some orthodox writers to remark, that the kings of this country should either maintain that course of conduct, in reward for which the distinction was conferred, or relinquish the title.' VOL. IV. P. 43.

We shall not after this be surprised at the flattery bestowed on the Socinians. Bonaparte tells us plainly, that Bohemia is 'the focus of sects and feuds,' and as such, is ripe for innovation. Mr. Roscoe's book is that Bohemia, from whence we should advise our friends a speedy emigration; it is indeed ripe for innovation, if it be regarded with favourable eyes.

We will conclude our strictures by addressing to Mr. Roscoe, in terms of the most serious regard, the words of Æschylus, which seem to us applicable to his tenets:

Τολμησον, ω ματαις, τολμησον ποτε

Προς τας παρστας πημονας ορθως φρονειν. Προμ. Δεσ. 1007.

ART. VII.—*Observations on the Utility and Administration of Purgative Medicines in several Diseases.* By James Hamilton, M. D. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, &c. &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 320. 6s. Murray. 1805.

WHILE, in consequence of the introduction of a more

genuine and sound philosophy, a powerful light has been diffused over many other departments of science, it appears somewhat remarkable, that in medicine, a branch ultimately connected with our nearest interests, so few advances should have been hitherto made towards a degree of perfection of which it is evidently susceptible. Of the subjects which come under the important head of medical knowledge, no new classification has been attempted, which is to be considered as satisfactory in a practical point of view. The quality and order of the phenomena which court the attention of the most careless observer, seem to have been overlooked. Systems, which in the clouded state of the philosophical atmosphere, deservedly gained the ascendant over others palpably erroneous, are still suffered to maintain their influence, under all the accession of new and accumulated fact. The principles which they inculcated still continue to bias the great herd of practitioners, in opposition to the spontaneous and legitimate conclusions of their daily observation. The assistance of analogy has been rejected as too comprehensive or too trivial; and if, in particular diseases, improved modes of treatment have been adopted, others to which they are on every account nearly allied, are still suffered to pursue their usual and protracted course of pain and desolation.

The inconsistencies discernible in the treatment of various inflammatory diseases, are sufficient testimonies in favour of the validity of this assertion; and the absolute inertness (to say the least) of the practice usually directed against nervous, and what are called spasmodic diseases, together with the entire inefficacy of far the greater part of a class of medicines supposed to be peculiarly adapted to these very prevalent disorders, ought to be admitted as still more decisive evidences, that the treatment of the former and the employment of the latter have been pursued upon altogether mistaken principles. Under the sweating regimen, acute rheumatism is still lengthened out to treble its necessary duration; while epilepsy, chorea, tetanus, hysteria, and numberless modifications of these disorders still refuse to yield to the various antispasmodics which are daily administered, not without full confidence of success. These, indeed, are very few among the many instances which might be adduced, without prejudice and without exaggeration, in proof of the obscurity which still prevails in this interesting department of human speculation.

But while we regret the want of a general arrangement, and attach, in no small degree, the blame of indifference and neglect to those who, from their situation as public instruc-

tors, and the leisure which is thus allowed for the performance of their duty, seem more particularly called upon to correct the errors and modify the decisions of their predecessors, we cannot deny, that, in some instances, a perception of the truth has had a most beneficial effect upon the conduct of individual practitioners. As, however, such amendments have been more frequently the consequence of accident, than the result of a regular investigation, they have generally not been pursued beyond the original and immediate subject of their operation. In many instances, likewise, from a misconception of their true theory, having been unsuccessfully applied to conditions of a supposed analogous nature, they have been rejected altogether, as insufficient or prejudicial. In their limited application, however, much benefit cannot but have resulted to mankind, and benevolence leads us to rejoice, that the sum of human suffering has been so far diminished, and that the intelligence and leisure of others may, by the same means, be directed to a wider range of inquiry and to more authorized and important inferences. To those, who have endeavoured to rescue the science of medicine from the opprobrium which may on some accounts be attached to it, the greatest commendation is due. Among the latest of these stands the modest and enlightened Heberden. Uninfluenced by the weight of great names to countenance modes of practice which observation had taught him to reject, this eminent physician traced out in many subjects, an original line which he wanted not resolution to pursue. Diffident, however, of his own sagacity, and not confiding altogether in the accuracy of his own perceptions, he recommended rather to the examination of others, than to their blind obedience, the laws which his experience seemed to have established as correct. So that without assuming the authority of a teacher, and not resigning the influence of superior abilities, he was successful in gaining the first step in the difficult way of truth, by securing the sympathy and thus engaging the attention of mankind. Much benefit has resulted from his exertions, and if many who have proceeded upon the same principles to the same practice, may be disposed to depreciate the character of his merits from supposed want of originality, it must be remembered that good intentions, without the accompaniment of good offices, are of little avail; and that he who proves himself most extensively serviceable to mankind, will deserve all the fame and the applause which mankind have it in their power to bestow.

We recommend the work (to an analysis of which these



observations serve as a prelude) to the attention of our readers, both as endeavouring to supply a link which seemed to be deficient in the history of diseases and practice, and as proceeding upon those genuine principles of inquiry which we so much wish to see extended through every department of medicine. Of this work we may say, as of Dr. Heberden's, that if not perfectly original in its subjects, it is so original in many of them as not to have been anticipated by any publication; so that while we assert that the most valuable part of this practice is familiar to some individuals of discernment, and that, in many respects, its principles are not understood, or not extended in their application as far as they have been carried by others, we allow it to have the great merit of recommending and illustrating a practice highly beneficial and hitherto almost unknown. It has also this considerable value, that from the situation of its author, (as senior physician to the Royal Infirmary and several other hospitals at Edinburgh) the utmost confidence is due to the statements given as to the results and conduct of the practice here recommended.

It is the author's intention to shew that the use of purgative medicines may be carried to a much further extent than has been commonly imagined, and that they may be used not only with safety, but with evident and decided advantage in some diseases of which costiveness may be considered as the cause, or in which it is a leading and permanent symptom. The diseases in which his present experience enables him to recommend them, are typhus, scarlatina, marasmus, chorea, chlorosis, hæmatemesis, hysteria, and some other chronic diseases. We shall give the substance of Dr. Hamilton's inquiries upon these subjects in general, and select for our readers' notice, some of the particular points on which his sentiments most essentially differ from the received opinions of other writers.

The general object of this practice, being the same in all diseases, will be best explained in our author's own words on the subject of typhus. P. 21.

'The object to be attained is the complete and regular evacuation of the offensive feculent matter collected in the bowels in the course of fever. Within this limit, the practice is safe and salutary. Of this I am assured, that I have had much satisfaction in the prosecution of it; and have not in a single instance, had occasion to regret any injury or bad consequence proceeding from it. For I am not an advocate for its being carried to the length of exciting unusual secretion into the cavity of the intestines, or of procuring copious watery stools. Such indeed, while they are not requisite, might increase the debility so much and so justly dreaded.'

The result of a long and strict attention to the same subject appears to be a firm persuasion that the full and regular evacuation of the bowels relieves the oppression of the stomach, and mitigates the other symptoms of fever. Trusting to a purgative to ensure a regular alvine discharge, Dr. Hamilton has for several years almost entirely left off the practice of ordering emetics and clysters in fever; and we cannot help rejoicing to find him at least willing to depreciate the employment of wine in that disease. When he remarks that for several years past he has found wine much less necessary in fever than he formerly thought it was, he might, we believe, have safely added, that in many instances delirium and other dangerous symptoms have been aggravated by its use, and that in some of these cases a fatal termination has been the consequence of this aggravation of symptoms. We hope the time is not far distant when it shall be not only set aside as an unnecessary, but as a dangerous and at best uncertain remedy.

In answer to the chief objections which have arisen against the use of purgative medicines in scarlatina, Dr. Hamilton says,

‘I have never witnessed sinking and fainting, as mentioned by some authors, and so much dreaded by them; neither have I observed revulsion from the surface of the body, and consequent premature fading, or in common language, striking in of the efflorescence, from the exhibition of purgatives. Accordingly, in treating scarlatina, I have confided much in the use of purgative medicines; and no variety of the disease, as occurring in different epidemics, or in the course of the same epidemic, has hitherto prevented me from following out this practice to the extent which I have found necessary.’

And p. 32;

‘While I have thus found, that purgative medicines mitigate the symptoms of scarlatina, I have also in general experienced them to afford the most certain means, either of preventing dropsical swellings and other subsequent derangements of health, or of removing them when formed. For this reason, I give purgatives, not only during the fever, but for some time after convalescence.’

The same objections against their use in Cynanche maligna, which he is disposed to consider as one and the same disease with scarlatina, are answered by the same arguments; and the safety and efficacy of the practice seem established by some facts adduced. Is it not possible that the vaunted effects of muriatic acid in typhus, scarlatina, and Cynanche maligna, and which have undoubtedly taken place in some

instances, have arisen from the purging invariably induced by the use of this medicine? To this circumstance, at least, we have generally been inclined to ascribe whatever good effects we have witnessed under its administration in these diseases.

Under the general title *Marasmus*, our author comprehends a variety of symptoms which affect the young of both sexes. These are

‘A sluggishness, lassitude on slight exertion, depravity and loss of appetite, wasting of the muscular flesh, fulness of the features and paleness of the countenance, swelling of the abdomen, an irregular and generally a costive state of the bowels, a change in the colour and odour of the feces, fetid breath, swelling of the upper lip, and itching of the nose. When these symptoms have continued for some time, they are followed by alternate paleness and flushing of the countenance, heat and dryness of the skin, feeble and quick pulse, thirst, fretfulness, increasing debility, and disturbed sleep, during which the patients grind or gnash their teeth, and are subject to involuntary starting, and twitching of different muscles.’ p. 48—9.

‘Instead of adopting the common opinion of its being occasioned by worms, I am more disposed to think, that a torpid state, or weakened action of the alimentary canal, is the immediate cause of the disease; whence proceed costiveness, distension of the bowels, and a peculiar irritation, the consequences of the remora of the feces. I have accordingly been long in the habit of employing purgative medicines for the cure of this *marasmus*; the object is, to remove indurated and fetid feces, the accumulation perhaps of months; and as this object is accomplishing, the gradual return of appetite and vigour mark the progress of recovery.’ p. 54.

On the subject of worms, Dr. H. very ably maintains an opinion (which we have long held) of their harmlessness, and of the inutility of anthelmintic medicines in any other view than as purgatives.

‘The opinion,’ he says, (p. 53,) ‘that worms exist, and exert a baneful influence in the intestines, has been so prevalent for ages, that a great many anthelmintic medicines, some peculiar to the nursery, others to the regular practitioner, have been mentioned and extolled. Most of them have had their partisans for the day, and have passed in succession through the ordeal of experience into oblivion. The utility of such anthelmintics as have been found to be most beneficial, has, in my opinion, been in proportion to the purgative powers which they possessed.’

We might add, in addition to these remarks, that the difficulty of ascertaining the presence of worms in the intestines, renders it a fortunate circumstance that no other mis-

chief arises from their existence than perhaps the inconvenience occasioned by the itching of the anus from ascarides. That their diagnosis is extremely fallacious, appears from the following facts; first, that worms exist in the intestines without any of the supposed symptoms; secondly, that the symptoms appear when no worms do exist; thirdly, the same symptoms arise from other known causes, and fourthly, are removed by remedies directed equally against other diseases. When we deny that worm medicines produce any other good effects than as purgatives, (though we allow that they do remove the supposed symptoms of worms,) and maintain that other diseases, as typhus, &c. are cured by the same remedies, nothing more, it is evident, can be inferred from their effect to the reality of any specific injury, from the presence of worms in the intestines, than could equally be applied to prove the existence of typhus in other diseases.

Some very important suggestions are offered to our consideration, on the connection which Dr. Hamilton supposes to exist between marasmus, hydrocephalus, and epilepsy, which latter diseases it in general either precedes or accompanies. The conjecture, he observes, merits the greater attention on this account, that the symptoms of hydrocephalus resemble those of confirmed marasmus, and have been removed by the diligent exhibition of purgative medicines. Nor does the opinion at all seem unwarranted, that whereas irritation of the body does produce epilepsy, the loaded intestine and the change produced in its contents, in the course of marasmus, may occasion the irritation in question. We cannot too strongly recommend these observations to the attention of all those to whom the care and superintendence of children may be entrusted.

Whoever has witnessed (and who has not witnessed?) the inefficacy of the ordinary mode of treating chorea, will feel the utmost satisfaction in acknowledging the benefits which Dr. H. has conferred on mankind, by recommending, in this very tedious and troublesome disorder, a practice no less contrasted with the former treatment by its simplicity, than by its evident good effects. He divides chorea into two stages, and observes that, in the first,

‘ While the intestines yet retain their sensibility, and before the accumulation of feces is great, gentle purgatives, repeated as occasion may require, will readily effect a cure, or rather prevent the full formation of the disease. In the confirmed stage more sedulous attention is necessary. Powerful purgatives must be given in successive doses, in such manner that the latter doses may support the effects of the former, till the movement and expulsion of the accumu-

lated matter are effected, when symptoms of returning health appear. Whoever undertakes the cure of chorea by purgative medicines, must be decided and firm to his purpose. The confidence which he assumes is necessary to carry home, to the friends of the patient, conviction of ultimate success. Their prejudices will otherwise throw insurmountable obstacles in the way. Half measures in instances of this kind, will prove unsuccessful; and were it not for perseverance in unloading the alimentary canal, the disease would be prolonged, and, recurring, would place the patient in danger, and thus bring into discredit a practice which promises certain safety.' p. 82.

'By this treatment (he adds), chorea is speedily cured, generally in ten days or a fortnight from the commencement of the course of purgative medicines.' p. 85.

Dr. Hamilton likewise refers to costiveness, the cause of those several complaints to which the young of both sexes are exposed about the age of puberty, and which in the female are commonly attended with irregular or suspended menstruation. To such complaints have been given the names of chlorosis leucophlegmatia, and cachexia, which he considers as synonymous.

'Costiveness (he observes) induces the feculent odour of the breath, disordered stomach, depraved appetite, and impaired digestion. These preclude a sufficient supply of nourishment, at a period of growth when it is most wanted: hence paleness, laxity, flaccidity, the nervous symptoms, wasting of the muscular flesh, languor, debility, the retention of the menses, and suspension of other excretions, serous effusions, dropsy, and death. Scarcely had I begun the exhibition of purgative medicines in chlorosis, when I had the satisfaction to find that the opinion which I had formed of them was well founded, and that they proved at once safe and quickly salutary.' p. 104.

In attributing this disease, and that variety of hæmatemesis which attacks females from the age of eighteen to thirty, to costiveness, Dr. Hamilton supports the opinion that suppressed menstruation is an effect, and not a cause of the other co-existent complaints, an opinion which has already been maintained by another authority, and which our experience has hitherto confirmed.

'The menstrual flux, (says our author,) the most obvious of the uterine phenomena, has afforded a wide field for discussion. It is interwoven with the opinions we entertain of almost every disease to which the female sex is exposed. Its overflow, or its suppression, are the ready expounders of many symptoms; and the fruitful, though perhaps imaginary source of many diseases. I, for one, am inclined to think that too much has been imputed to the influence of

the menses, in circumstances of disease. In explaining these circumstances, we seem to have reasoned too much on a subject, that is but little understood. The interruption of the evacuation of the menses frequently takes place for a length of time, without prejudice to the health. May not this, therefore, be oftener the symptom or consequence, than the cause of the disease?

As the variety of hæmatemesis, in which the use of purgative medicines is recommended, may be easily recognized by the circumstance that it attacks only females, and rarely appears sooner or later than the period above mentioned, it is unnecessary to give a detailed account of the symptoms; and with regard to the treatment, it appears that, as the strength of the patient labouring under this vomiting of blood is pretty entire, we need not dread fall purging. This effect, Dr. Hamilton says, is not wanted; 'if we unload the bowels, we accomplish the cure.'

One of the most peculiar and striking applications of this practice is to hysteria; but this is so evidently derived from a part of the avowed practice of an eminent physician, that supposing Dr. Hamilton to be tolerably conversant with medical publications, we can, in this instance, allow him no praise for originality. It will readily occur to our readers that we allude in this place to the ingenious paper published in the third volume of the *Memoirs of the London Medical Society* (1792) by Dr. Parry. To us it is matter of considerable regret that the numberless professional engagements of this gentleman have so long prevented him from making public the results of his extensive experience and deep reflection. Under the theories which he has incidentally and casually supported, and which he is now, we believe, able to maintain to the full extent, many facts which occur in this, as well as in other works, will readily assume their proper places, and the agency of many remedies, whose effects are seen but not understood, will be explained upon principles new, simple, and authorized. It is, indeed, in consequence of the hopes we still entertain of one day being in possession of such a publication, that we have declined entering more at large upon several fruitful topics of disquisition presented by the work under consideration. To that gentleman we look for a complete exposition of opinions which belong more peculiarly to himself, both on account of their original conception and the multitude of data collected with a view towards their elucidation.

The medicines which Dr. H. has chiefly employed in the course of his practice, are calomel, calomel and jalap, compound powder of jalap, aloes, solutions of any mild neutral

salt, infusion of senna, and sometimes the two last mentioned medicines conjoined. He seems to give the preference to calomel, as the most useful and certain remedy in scarlatina, marasmus, and indeed in most other of the diseases on which he treats. Of the several combinations of these medicines, and mode of administering them, together with their effects, an account is given in a number of cases detailed at full length in an appendix of nearly two hundred pages.

We shall conclude our analysis of this work with some directions of a general nature, which demand our serious notice :

‘I must again (says our author) solicit the reader’s attention to two circumstances of great importance, in the treatment of diseases by the use of purgative medicines. The first is the regular and accurate examination of every alvine evacuation. The second is the steady exhibition of the purgative medicine, so as to procure daily its full effect during the continuance of the disease, for which it is given. By the inspection we ascertain the nature of the alvine discharge ; a knowledge of which, together with a few other circumstances, enables us to form a probable conjecture with regard to the duration of the ailment, regulates the strength of each dose of the purgative, and determines the frequency of the repetition of it. Without this inspection, we *will* be constantly deceived, through the ignorance or inattention of our patients or of their attendants. By the second circumstance, the steady exhibition of the purgative medicines, we ensure the success of the practice, in the diseases under consideration. The puny and debilitated state of the sufferer may, on some occasions, excite alarm even in the breast of the practitioner ; and the caprice of his patient, and the whims of relatives, may throw obstacles in his way. But those he must disregard : for unless he can suppress his own improper feelings, and overcome the unreasonable objections of others, he had better not adopt measures which, to prove successful, must be conducted with decision and firmness. A contrary conduct will not avail ; but on the other hand, it will assuredly terminate in the vexation of the practitioner, the disappointment of the patient and relatives, and the discredit of that practice, which, from a conviction of its utility, it has been my wish and study to recommend. If some of the diseases of which I have treated be cured almost solely by the operation of purgatives ; and if this cure be effected more or less speedily, in proportion to the length of time that constipation and the changed nature of the feces have subsisted ; I am persuaded, that by preserving at all times the regular alvine evacuation, we *will* prevent the formation of those diseases altogether. If these expectations be not too sanguine, it is likely that, by these means, the marasmus and hæmatemesis of which I have spoken, and chorea, and chlorosis, will rarely, if ever, appear.’

As the object of this review is not to supersede the perusal of the work itself, but rather to point out for notice its general and distinguishing features, many circumstances are necessarily omitted, which will merit the attention of all such as may be inclined to lend their assistance towards the advancement of medical science, and the promotion of the happiness and interests of human nature.

ART. VIII.—*Robinson's Essays on the Duties of Christianity. (Concluded from p. 308.)*

THE principal subjects of Mr. Robinson's last volume are Christian Obedience, Prayer, and the Sacraments. Having unfolded in the preceding part of the work, the substance of what the Divine Wisdom has seen fit to communicate in the scriptures, of man's state and nature, his relation to God as a creature, his liability to divine wrath as a sinner, and the stupendous plan for reconciling him to his offended Maker, which the covenant of redemption contains; the writer has devoted the remainder of his labours to a delineation of the conduct and obligations of those, who partake of the benefit of that covenant. In the difficult and dangerous task of defining the limits, and guarding the consequences of disputed doctrines, we have observed with pleasure the caution and judgment, the union of firmness and humility with which Mr. R. has conducted his remarks. We are now to accompany him in the investigation of that part of the christian system, which secures the interests of practical religion by an application of the principles before laid down. The practical tendency, indeed, of these doctrinal truths, has, from the nature and design of the work, been very distinctly noticed when their truth was demonstrated. Their influence is now to be exhibited as actually in operation, as enforcing the code of duty, and producing obedience to its commands. To the former part of the discussion the decorations of style are not appropriate. Close reasoning must supersede flowing periods; and reasoning itself, when applied to revelation, from the necessity of introducing the very words of scripture, can connect its conclusions only by repeated interruptions of the continuity of writing. The fear of abuse or misapprehension, induces successive terms of distinction and qualification, which fetter the exercise of the pen: dry method, and continual subdivisions are the consequence of those various points of view, in which each part of the subject successively lays claim to our attention. In some parts



also the author is embarrassed by an additional difficulty—the awful and mysterious obscurity of the divine nature, and agency. He may be unable to satisfy his readers, because the scriptures have limited his means of information; and human curiosity may be impatient at not being put in possession of that, which human instructors are forbidden to unfold. But when from the consideration of the Supreme Being, we are conducted to a view of his government upon earth, many of the difficulties of argumentation as well as of composition, are softened or removed. Revelation is heard with a more willing ear, and by a larger audience, when aiding and enforcing the dictates of natural conscience: doubt, mistrust, and misapprehension have little employment here, and the period need not be broken nor the reasoning interrupted for their removal. All who may be fairly supposed to possess ‘*mentem sanam in corpore sano*,’ agree in the obligation and expedience of the moral law; and the view here afforded of the sanctions and motives on which it ought to be practised, will, it is hoped, induce many to a thorough revisal and reform of their principles, who have hitherto acknowledged its authority to a very inadequate extent, and upon very insufficient grounds. Even those who obstinately contend against the necessity of any other inducement to morality, than what the practice itself affords, will here, as the author himself suggests, find the moral system so enlarged and refined by the injunctions of scripture, as to detect the insufficiency of their scheme, and the questionable nature of those motives which have determined its limits. The opportunity, which this stage of the work affords for allowing his pen greater freedom, has not been neglected by Mr. Robinson: his expostulations are forcible and pathetic, his exhortations animated and eloquent. The volume commences with general reflections on keeping the commandments. The laws of the two tables are enjoined as binding upon us from the unchangeably righteous character of God, and from the confirmation of the Mosaic precepts by the express declarations of our Lord himself. The important consequences of obedience are severally noticed in the promotion of those graces, which constitute the evidence and ornament of the christian profession, as well as the pledge of regularity, and usefulness in society. The commandments are then successively analyzed, and expounded: the particulars expressed, or implied in each precept, are carefully unfolded; and the several kinds of transgression or omission so clearly pointed out, that scarcely a subterfuge is suffered to escape without detection and reproof. The practice

inculcated, or reprehended, is traced to the disposition of mind in which it originated; and that spiritual and extensive meaning of the law is insisted on, which is explicitly declared in the New Testament. The following observations on the first commandment are important, and well introduced :

‘ In the first of these precepts Jehovah forbids us to give to another that reverence, love, and service, which are due to Him alone. Herein, then, he claims our supreme affections, on the ground of his own unrivalled excellence and authority, and of the benefits he has bestowed ;—for what he is in himself, and what he hath done for us. This stands in the front, as a barrier to protect the rest, to prevent the least violation or contempt of his law; and, if regarded, it will secure the observance of the whole decalogue. The precept requires the performance of certain positive duties, while it prohibits the alienation of the heart from God.’ VOL. III. P. 19.

On the observance of the sabbath, Mr. R. is countenanced by Grotius in stating, that the pagan world generally divided their time into periods of seven days, and that the seventh was usually allotted to religious solemnity. But as the position may be thought questionable, the authority should have been given.

Some other instances might also be adduced of similar omission. What may be reasonably doubted or is not generally known, should not rest upon mere assertion. But we have more decided objection to that part of the evidence of the observance of the sabbath from the beginning of time, which is endeavoured, at pp. 80 and 81, to be deduced from Exodus xvi. 23, and from the expression ‘ Remember the seventh day to keep it holy.’ In Exodus xvi. 23, ‘ This is that which the Lord hath said,’ seems not to apply to what immediately follows, ‘ to-morrow is the rest,’ &c. but to the individual circumstance of regard to be paid to the sabbath in the article of gathering manna. ‘ Remember the seventh day,’ means surely, ‘ take notice of,’ ‘ pay particular attention to the seventh day above other days, to keep it holy,’ not ‘ recollect it as an ancient institution.’ Or if the expression has any force of this kind, it is to be discovered principally by the borrowed light of Gen. ii. 2, 3, cited in the preceding page, the unassisted testimony of which goes nearly as far towards proving the fact both of its institution and actual observance: for why should it be sanctified but in order that man should keep it holy?

In the 67th essay, the laws of the second table are introduced by reflections which do credit to the author’s piety, and good sense.

\* In delineating the character of the Christian, as renewed by divine grace, we have described him as paying respect to all the commandments of God. He is therefore, according to the first table, habitually devout, a godly man, one who reverences the authority of Jehovah, who admires his perfections, trusts in his promises, yields himself up to his disposal, delights in his service, in all his plans consults His will, and aims to promote His glory. We have now to inquire, according to the second table of the law, what are his tempers and conduct with regard to his fellow-creatures. He is called to the discharge of many social and relative duties. These are important and indispensably necessary, required, not more by the injunctions delivered from mount Sinai, than by our gracious Redeemer in the gospel. They are not superseded by any acts of devotion, any zeal for doctrinal truth, or even any high attainments in godliness; but they must ever accompany the knowledge and love of God, they best evince the sincerity of a religious profession, and are among the brightest ornaments of the Christian.' VOL. III. P. 110.

The view of the fifth commandment, which is given in four essays, is a very masterly exposition. We select the following address to parents, as highly interesting and important: it exhibits tender concern and lively sympathy, as well as clear and mature reflection.

‘Your principal concern should be the care of their immortal souls. These are of the highest value; and therefore their happiness and salvation should be your principal object; and the neglect of them would involve you in the deepest guilt. You may be anxious and diligent for their subsistence and advancement in the world; and so far you may be approved and admired as good and kind parents. But while the short span of their present existence occupies so much of your thought and labour, is it a matter not worth regarding, where and how they will exist for ever? Their souls are committed to your trust, and you are required to train them up with a view to their future and everlasting state. What account can you give of this sacred deposit? They may not live to enjoy the fruits of your industry: you may survive the strongest, the healthiest, and the loveliest of them. Could you follow them to the grave with a quiet conscience, or take leave of them on your own death-bed with comfort, persuaded that they have learnt from your lips, and seen in your lives, what true religion is? How tremendous would be the apprehension, in the solemn moment of separation, that they will witness against you at the bar of God! You cannot indeed command a blessing upon them: you cannot renew their hearts in holiness: but attend to what is your obvious and necessary duty; steadily persevere in the arduous task; depending entirely on divine grace: and “your labour shall not be in vain in the Lord.”

‘Various are the means to be used in this great work: the following may be reckoned among the most important; instruction, correction, example, and prayer.’ VOL. III. P. 131.

These particulars are then considered separately, but our limits will not admit of so copious an insertion. We think, however, that no parent who has the opportunity of perusing them, can innocently neglect it.

The explanation of the tenth commandment as influencing the spirit of our obedience to the rest of the law, deserves the serious consideration of those who are contented with the appearance of religion.

‘The tenth commandment is virtually included in the five which precede it ; for they also condemn the intention, as well as the actual commission, of evil. But since the ignorance or perverseness of many might consider them as having reference only to external conduct, it was a gracious condescension of our God to guard against such a conclusion by a separate precept, which shews that the secret sins of the heart are equally offensive to his purity, and obnoxious to his justice. Men are disposed to overlook their inward tempers and desires, and because of their regularity, and freedom from gross wickedness, to flatter themselves that they have kept the law and fulfilled their duty. But the close of the decalogue is admirably calculated to prevent or correct so dangerous a mistake, and, if devoutly studied, to excite a strong conviction of guilt.’ VOL. III. P. 251.

The arrangement of the church catechism is followed, in the introduction of the duty of prayer for grace to keep the commandments, after the enumeration of their claims to our obedience, and our own inability to answer those claims. The following observations on prayer, though ill suited to the taste of superficial reasoners in morality, will be approved by those who make the Bible the director of their philosophy.

‘ While we approve of obedience to the law, we should confess our inability to perform it. There is a presumptuous eagerness, even to do good, which ought to be repressed. Many persons, when exhorted to duty, and convinced of its importance, push forward to the work with a rashness that forebodes a disappointment. They are not aware of the difficulties they will meet with : through pride of heart and ignorance of themselves, they ask no aid, but arrogantly depend upon their own resolutions and exertions. The consequences are very injurious. Their plans are broken, their efforts fail, their ardour abates, and after repeated ineffectual trials, if not better instructed, they sink down in despondency. It is expedient, therefore, that you be aware of the real state of the case. We ask, Are you possessed of a sufficiency of strength ? Or is there not rather a weakness on your part, which will subject you to dangers and to failures ? Examine well your resources, and what your undertaking may require. The caution of our catechism is most admirably adapted to check such temerity. “ My good child, know this, that

thou art not able to do these things of thyself, nor to walk in the commandments of God, and to serve him, without his special grace." VOL. III. P. 270.

These general reflections lead naturally to the Lord's Prayer, which Mr. R. is clearly of opinion was intended not only as a model to direct us in framing our petitions, but as a form to make use of, from the expression, 'When ye pray, say,' &c. and he particularly remarks the impropriety of the suggestion that it was intended for the use of the disciples only during their master's continuance with them: a suggestion which is not justified by its exclusive application to their circumstances at that time, either in its general tenor, or any of its particular petitions. We extract the following judicious remarks on the time to be allotted to religious exercises.

'Pious persons, whose hearts glow with love to God and delight in his service, may lament that their secular affairs leave them so little leisure for religious duties. If, however, they properly improve their vacant hours, arrange their various concerns with prudence, and pursue their worldly callings with a spiritual mind, they should not be discouraged. He, who commanded you to pray for your "daily bread," cannot be displeased with your labouring for it, in a dependence on his blessing. Even in your common avocations you may serve the Lord Christ: and if you profess a serious regard to Him, there is a stronger necessity for you to be attentive, and punctual, and assiduous in all your occupations and transactions, "that the name of God and his doctrine be not blasphemed." If on such principles you are compelled to relinquish some opportunities, which you would gladly embrace for devotional purposes, you will suffer no loss: the presence and the gracious communications of your God, even in the midst of much hurry and fatigue, will preserve your souls from declension, and render them prosperous and happy.' VOL. III. P. 343.

We are now approaching the last exercise of our duty on Mr. Robinson's performance, to sum up the evidence and pronounce our judgment. If in the course of our examination we have hesitated to admit some of the texts adduced in support of the most important doctrines, we are eager to enter our protest against any misinterpretation of our remarks. Our zeal for the doctrines of the Trinity, the divine nature of Christ, and of the Holy Ghost; our conviction of their truth, and their fundamental importance, are the motives which led us to a scrupulous investigation of the texts employed to substantiate them. Some

few, we think, do not apply, or only partially and remotely : \* the generality would probably be productive of more decided conviction in the minds of the readers, if the distinction had been carefully noted between those which are directly applicable, and those which are only collaterally so ; between those of which the application appears in express words, and those which are applied by inference, however positive and undeniable. In establishing the divinity of the second and third persons of the Holy Trinity, we should also distinguish † between those texts in which God the Father is spoken of, and those which confer the same names, attributes, and offices on Christ and the Holy Spirit, and by so doing, prove that the ‘ whole three persons are co-eternal together and co-equal.’ We have already expressed our approbation of the salutary and practical tendency of the *Strictures on Justification*. The same praise is due to the *Essay on ‘ Salvation by Grace alone,’* and to that on the ‘ *Completion of Sanctification.*’ In these two essays the question of final perseverance is reduced to a practical and unexceptionable form. Agreeably to a remark occurring in some other part of the work, and in conformity with the 17th article, the author has stated that the counsel of God respecting the final state of individuals, is secret to us : that all reliance on the doctrine of election, except it be accompanied by the proofs of sanctification, is delusive, blasphemous, and ruinous : and that the only satisfactory ground upon which we can entertain a comfortable hope of our own state, or of that of others, is an appeal to the fruits of the Spirit exhibited in a holy life. We presume we speak Mr. R.’s sentiments when we say, that the perseverance intended is the unbroken chain of a consistent conduct, in which we are supported by divine grace. The links of this chain are humble, earnest endeavours after christian perfection, and repentance for failures, omissions, and deviations ; but systematic, habitual, self-satisfied sin can never form any part of it. Such a view of the doctrine is given by those assertions of scripture, which should always be contemplated together : ‘ The Lord knoweth them that are his ;’ and ‘ let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity :’ and it is the representation afforded of it in the concluding clause

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\* At page 136, John x. 30, is applied to the three persons of the Trinity, though it does in the original apply only to the Father and the Son : this is likely to mislead.

† There are some other parts of the work in which this distinction seems not sufficiently preserved.

of the 17th article. The two last-mentioned essays, taken together, give a true and consistent account of the work of sanctification, by which we are prepared for the happiness of eternity, and direct our attention to God as the author and finisher of it. The falls of persons eminently holy have, we believe, been elsewhere compared to cases of suspended animation, where life may indeed exist, but where its powers are not exercised, nor have the by-standers, and still less has the individual himself, any evidence of its existence. Yet humanity and natural affection dictate a hope in the one case similar to that which christian charity leads us to entertain in the other. With respect to the question on the saving efficacy of baptism, Mr. R. declares his dissent to its universality; he strenuously and ably defends the practice of the church respecting this rite, as the appointed mean of grace, the laver of regeneration. His reasoning is influenced by a due regard to the respective importance of the outward visible sign, and the inward spiritual grace. But setting aside all that forms the subject of controversy, his title to praise is large and unquestionable. The general and prevailing subjects of his observations are truths, the authority and importance of which are indisputable, and universal among those who hold the truth in sincerity. If it be asked why in a work professedly practical, and in which the character of a disputant is formally renounced, subjects of controversial discussion have been at all introduced, the question can proceed only from those who are totally ignorant of human nature, and of the first principles of moral and intellectual knowledge. 'Why all this stir,' say they, 'about unintelligible doctrines? let us lay them aside and confine ourselves to practice.' The absurdity of such an idea might seem a truism, and the notice of it unnecessary, were it not obvious that its folly is almost equalled by its frequency, and by the obstinacy with which it is maintained. It should be remembered that religion acts upon us by arguments addressed to the understanding, and by motives proposed to the affections: its operation, though upon much higher and better principles, is in a certain degree similar to that which influences our conduct in human affairs. In the progress of the christian race we are led, as in the path of life, by hope and fear, desire and aversion; by reason, by experience, by persuasion, by conviction. All our faculties, though under a divine guidance, are invigorated, not tied, prest; they are not annihilated, but directed to their proper end and purpose. Religious principles of action are as necessary to the attainment of the ends which religion has in view, as a spring for

ciples and motives merely human, for arriving at success in secular pursuits. Apply the objection to the purposes of life and worldly occurrences, the absurdity will not be greater, it will only be more obvious. He that runs must be determined by the laws of the course, and by such a knowledge of the work he has in hand, at once distinct, particular, and comprehensive, as shall enable him so to act that all his efforts may concur to the attainment of his purpose.

Mr. R.'s judgment and moderation in the statement of those doctrines, which have been the subject of revived controversy for some years past, affords an example which we shall be very happy to see imitated by the disputants on both sides. Such a spirit generally diffused among the combatants, would tend to heal their divisions by a mutual sacrifice of unnecessary differences, as well as by a guarded statement of those doctrines which are liable to abuse. Thus we might differ without dividing, where it is lawful to differ; and all obstructions to charity would be removed between those who are really in earnest about essentials. On the points in debate, the tendency of his observations is to create union; and he has ably endeavoured to rescue those doctrines in which all are agreed, from the indifference with which we too generally listen to acknowledged truths. His discrimination as a divine is joined to an animated and earnest execution of his office as a parish priest. His work shews that he has watched over his flock with pastoral care and fidelity, and that in the discharge of his duty he has acquired that experience, by which he is enabled 'rightly to divide the word,' and to recommend those 'doctrines that are according to godliness.' His acquaintance with other branches of knowledge beside the topics of divinity, appears from his avoiding that exclusively technical manner which is frequently objected to divines. He is not afraid of the subordinate use of familiar illustration, for the purpose of religious instruction; and he lays hold by popular statements on general attention. A rigid adherence to an opposite method, has not improbably led some men to reject all true religion as incompatible with the pursuits and engagements of life. To serious persons of all descriptions these volumes will be highly acceptable. To students in divinity they present a comprehensive series of subjects for instruction, and a method of treating them likely to be generally understood. We close our observations on Mr. Robinson's work with hearty wishes for the success of his labours.



ART. IX.—*Familiar Letters from Italy to a Friend in England.* By Peter Beckford, Esq. 2 Vols. 8vo. 18s. Hatchard. 1805.

MANY of these Letters were written in the year 1787, before the invasion of Italy by the French. The author expresses an apprehension in his preface, that the changes which have happened since that time may, in some measure, render this publication useless. On the contrary, we conceive that descriptions, which present a lively picture of manners, customs, and things, under features of circumstance that can never again exist, are therefore more valuable and interesting.

Our traveller is to be classed among the *παρὸν ἀγνοῦντες*, among those fortunate men who can ‘do all things with facility;’ among those, who are in possession of a talisman, which, like the peg in the head of the flying horse of fairy-tale renown, wafts them over seas, rough roads, and mountains, with rapidity and ease:—he enjoys the power of *drawing upon his banker*. Before this power all difficulties vanish, damp clothes soon become dry, cold rooms become warm, a banquet is presently furnished in the midst of a desert, giants are converted into dwarfs, that is, surly landlords are turned into obsequious humble servants, doors open almost of their own accord, and local distance is but a name. The possession of this power is not in itself a merit, but as it is too often abused for all the capricious purposes of whim and fastidiousness, we must give due praise to him who employs it decently and with good humour, for the sake of making himself and those about him comfortable and satisfied. A good appetite gives a relish, which the choicest viands cannot produce; and a light heart with a thin pair of *shoes* (we fear that we do not quote the adage correctly), often goes through the world with more enjoyment than *he* ever knows, who rolls on the easy springs of a swift-drawn carriage: but he, who commanding the gifts of fortune, knows how to reap cheerful pleasure from them, may truly be styled an object of envy.

The writer of these Letters does not pretend to criticise what he does not understand; but to amuse, if the reader is willing to be amused, and ‘to inform, if he can.’ With a pleasant humour, which never forsakes him through both volumes, he professes that if ‘his Letters should afford a transitory amusement to his friend, he shall think the time taken in writing them better employed than in sauntering

to a coffee-house, or standing upon a bridge, and spitting into the stream that runs beneath.'

As it is impossible to convey so accurate an idea of a person's manner by description as by an introduction into his company, we shall present our readers with an extract from his second letter, which is a specimen of the temper which pervades the whole work ;

' Useful as I have been taught to consider travelling, I am surprised to hear it represented as prejudicial to morality. Do you think it more so than a fashionable London life? What vices is a young man likely to contract abroad, that he cannot find at home ; and I beg leave to ask, if he cannot injure his health, and ruin his fortune as effectually in London, as in any other part of the world? They are much mistaken who think he is to be taught foppery in France, drinking in Germany, gallantry in Italy, or gambling any where. It is true, many travel too young ; were they better acquainted with their own laws, customs, and manners, they would receive greater advantage in comparing them with those of other countries. Cicero was near thirty when he travelled into Greece, at which age it is probable he was perfectly acquainted with Rome, and had already laid the foundation of that knowledge which rendered him so famous afterwards.—Other examples are not wanting :—Lycurgus and Peter the Great, men of exalted genius, to whom their country owed all its splendour, were travellers before they were legislators. I have seen many of my countrymen inquisitive from routine after every trifle on the continent, and less acquainted with the curiosities of London than an Italian, who could tell them even more of Westminster Abbey, the Tower, Saint Paul's, and the Monument, than they knew before.—*Apropos* to the latter :—You probably have never heard that a preacher of that time exclaiming against intemperance, declared the fire of London to have been evidently a judgment on the *gluttony* of the citizens, since it began in *Pudding-lane*, and ended in *Pye-corner*.'

' Before you set out on your journey, you will of course provide every thing necessary ; you should at the same time consider what is, and what is not necessary. Gray says : "*Eme quodcunque emendum est*; not only pictures, medals, gems, drawings, &c. but clothes, stockings, shoes, handkerchiefs, little moveables, every thing you may want all your life long." This would be better advice from Gray the *cutler*, than Gray the poet. I am now as studious to lessen incumbrances, as I once was to increase them ; and instead of loading myself with clothes, &c. that I do not want, readily give away all that I can do without ; and may expect to become an excellent traveller by the time I leave off travelling.' VOL. I. P. 10.

Our traveller was introduced to Voltaire and to Rousseau. Of his introduction to the latter he gives the following account :

‘Rousseau, not less famous for his misfortunes than his talents, persecuted and proscribed at Geneva, was at that time at Moitier Travers, a high mountain in the neighbourhood of Neuf Chatel, whither he had retired sulkily from the world, and from whence he wrote his *Lettres de la Montagne*, not the best of his performances. I took some trouble to get at this extraordinary man at the risk of not seeing him at last, for report said he would see nobody. I passed, however, several hours in his company very agreeably, but found the celebrated author of *Emile*, as I expected, differing as much in his manners, as in his writings, from his more fortunate rival. He told me that the only reason that prevented him taking refuge in England, was the great kindness he had received from the French during twenty-one years residence among them, which did not permit him to seek an asylum in a country in enmity with them, “*malgré toute l’envie qu’il en avoit.*” I know your partiality to this extraordinary man, whose talents you admire, and whose misfortunes you pity; but you will not deny that *his* writings also are in many parts exceptionable. I have just been reading his *Emile*:—When the governor of *Emile*, to try the patience of his pupil, supposes the possibility of *Sophy’s* death, and asks what he would do in such a case;—“*What I would do,*” cries *Emile*, “*I know not; but this I know, that I would never see again the face of the man who told me of it.*”—What a lesson of philosophy!—He also says, “*Je hais les livres, ils n’apprennent qu’à parler de ce qu’on ne sait pas.*”—What a declaration from a man of letters!’

VOL. I. P. 35.

Mr. Beckford professes to have a very short memory, so that after the interval of a year or two, *Shakspeare* and the *Spectator*, *Don Quixote* and *Gil Blas*, become new to him, and are read by him with as much pleasure as they were at first: if this be really the case, we are at a loss to imagine by what talent he so luckily recollects jokes upon every occasion, which may illustrate his argument, and exemplify his meaning. They are always at hand, ready at his call, and come forth *apropos* at a moment’s bidding. We are still more surprized at this, as many of them are grey-haired gentlemen, most renowned veterans, whose history is to be found only in the black-letter pages of *Joe Millar*, or of authors of like antiquity. With many old acquaintances we are, however introduced to many new ones, and are ready to acknowledge that their presence is always very seasonable. Old anecdotes are brought forward with a novel air, and others have all the charms which result from agreeable surprise.

The route through Italy is so well known, and has been so often travelled over by every reader at his fire-side, that we shall not present an analysis of Mr. B.’s journey from Milan to Florence, and from thence to Rome. So many descrip-

tions of Italy have been published, that Trajan's pillar is almost as familiar to every Englishman as the Monument; the Circus of Caracalla, as Mr. Astley's Royal Amphitheatre; the Campus Martius, as St. George's Fields; the Palatine and the Esquiline Hills, as those of Holborn and Ludgate; and Vesuvius, as it's minor brother Whitechapel Mount. It is Mr. B.'s peculiar merit, that, through this beaten track, he beguiles the way by amusing and appropriate remarks, and is at all times a cheerful and sensible companion. When he is disposed to be serious, he assumes gravity with a very good grace, of which we cannot give a better specimen than his concluding paragraph.

'This done, you may contentedly return to England, to enjoy in that country of freedom, conveniences and comforts not to be found elsewhere—To a government, where justice is impartially administered, and the person and property of each individual are secure from oppression—To a court, numerous and brilliant, where the sovereigns themselves are the most perfect models of domestic felicity, and the best examples of every virtue—To sports unknown on this side the Alps; pleasures of the chase, which, like generous wine, dispel every gloomy care; but instead of destroying health, restore and preserve it—To men famed for sincerity, and women as virtuous as they are beautiful.' VOL. II. P. 453.

ART. X.—*Essays on Chemical Subjects, by the late W. Irvine; M. D. F. R. S. E. Lecturer in Materia Medica and Chemistry in the University of Glasgow. By his Son, William Irvine, M. D. Scd. pp. 490. 9s. Mawman. 1805.*

THE science of heat, which now rears its head to so considerable a height, was a century ago to be comprised in a few common observations and ill connected facts. Yet the principle of caloric is the most universal agent in the list of chemical powers, and extends its influence more or less remarkably to every instance of changes effected by the action of the small parts of matter on each other. Some improvements had been made in this branch of science in the latter end of the seventeenth century, but the eighteenth has witnessed its most rapid progress. In this period of time we have to record the names of Boerhaave, Fahrenheit, and Martine, as chiefly contributing to increase our knowledge of the properties of heat. But a thick mist yet veiled from the eyes of men the explanation of some of the most ordinary yet important phenomena, and an obscurity pervaded the entire subject which no ray of science had yet essayed

to penetrate. It was under these circumstances that Dr. Black turned his active mind to the developement of the mystery, and by his two capital discoveries of the existence of latent heat, and of the difference of the capacities of different bodies for heat, did more perhaps towards the advancement of modern chymistry, than had been effected by the labours of a preceding century. Much, however, yet remained to be done, and the luminous theory of caloric, which with some variation is adopted by almost every philosopher, was the result of the united, and sometimes concurring, sometimes contending exertions of Lavoisier, Laplace, Deluc, Irvine, Wilche, and Crauford. To these names, some more recent might perhaps be justly added; nor would the high merit of the above recited names be disgraced by an association with the more recent philosophers, Pictet, Rumford, Hope, Hall, and Leslie. Hitherto no publication of any part of Dr. Irvine's writings has appeared, and scarcely any sufficiently clear enunciation of the particular opinions which he entertained.

Such being the case, the scientific world will naturally feel some curiosity to learn the nature and value of the work before us. By the title-page it will be seen that the son of Dr. Irvine is the editor of his father's manuscripts; but he is also the author of nearly one half of the volume. In a preface, which appears to be written with a becoming sense of modesty and filial affection, some apology is supposed to be necessary for editing manuscripts which have reposed in quiet dust for eighteen years after the demise of their author. Apologies in general have the weight of feathers with the public; and we think, the only apology for the present attempt must consist in its successful execution, if that has been accomplished. In this part of the volume before us, a considerable share is dedicated to the ascertaining a claim of Dr. Irvine to the priority of the discovery of the metallic nature of manganese. The observations and experiments leading to this conclusion were made in the year 1769, before those of the Swedish philosophers, and the evidence on this point is confirmed by the respectable and unexceptionable testimony of Mr. Watt, from whom a letter to this purpose is given to Dr. Irvine the son.

It is stated that on this occasion Dr. Irvine did not commit any of his observations to the press; and in general he seems, either from indolence, nicety of taste, or disregard of opinion, to have neglected every opportunity of communicating his theories and experiments to the public. In this he is not met with many followers; and though a line of cou-

duct directly opposite may sometimes lead to less pleasing consequences, both to the author and to the world, we are, notwithstanding, persuaded, that on the whole much more good to all parties is likely to result from a too free than from a too rare recourse to the printer.

The body of the work is divided into three parts, of which the first and third are not the composition of Dr. Irvine, sen. The avowed object of the four essays in the first division is to illustrate and explain Dr. Irvine's theory of heat, and this is certainly done much more completely than has hitherto been effected, and the public are here put in possession of authentic information of the opinions of that philosopher, as far at least as that could be procured from the perusal of his manuscript. In our opinion Dr. Irvine, jun. has been successful in giving a clear and impressive view of his father's doctrines, and has been particularly at pains to point out the share which he had in the promoting the knowledge of chemical science, not only on the subject of heat, but in a more general point of view, by shewing that Dr. Crawford's theory is to be considered only as a branch of Dr. I.'s. In this part of the work, in one instance, we cannot give implicit faith to the correctness of the author, when he represents Count Rumford as the coadjutor of Mr. Leslie in proposing the air as the vehicle of radiated heat, which surely belongs exclusively, such as it is, to the latter gentleman. On the whole, however, we can fairly assert, that this part of the work affords an excellent view of the theory of heat of which it treats, and contains besides many good and many valuable original observations. Dr. I. it is well known, considered all bodies as containing heat in proportion to their capacities for it, and on these principles he explained with undoubted ingenuity and great plausibility, the appearance and disappearance of temperature in all chemical phenomena and operations. Our limits will not permit us to enter into a satisfactory explanation of these points, nor of the celebrated theorem for investigating the minimum of heat, or the natural zero, of which complete information may be had in the work itself. At the end of Part I. is a mathematically precise statement of the theory of heat by Dr Irvine himself, in the form of propositions and definitions of which we have to lament the incompleteness.

Part II. contains a series of Essays on miscellaneous chemical subjects, selected by Dr. I. jun. from the manuscript of his father. The propriety of publishing posthumous works is almost always ambiguous, and it is difficult to say what right any man has to tamper thus with the reputa-

of another. This ought at least in every instance to be done, to use the language of some of our parliamentary orators, after grave consideration. The public, however, who care little for any thing but their own amusement, never fail to encourage all attempts to present them with this species of entertainment. The propriety of publishing any old physical writings in the present rapidly advancing state of knowledge, may also admit of question, though the editor professes only to give these as specimens of his father's method of reasoning; and does not suppose these *Essays*, in all instances, to contain new matter, though they occasionally do.

We can only afford room to notice in a very brief manner the contents and nature of a few of these *Essays*. The first, on Heat produced by mixture, is interesting, as an early statement of Dr. I.'s theory in his own words. The essay on Rain contains also some good observations: two essays on the Roots and Seeds of Plants, though not chemical, are amusing. The eighth and ninth, on Fermentation, admit now of publication only because they professedly exclude theories, and in a practical point of view they may be of considerable utility. We noticed here some observations on the management of light during the malting of grain, which may probably in proper hands be turned to good account. The eleventh essay gives a succinct view of the nature of the Cement of the ancients, and, in fact, treats of the question, whether the Romans possessed any art of making a cement for building that is now lost, which is here decided in the negative. The twelfth essay, on the Diamond, contains little new, excepting an account of an experiment of Dr. I. for burning a diamond, which differs in little from the results of former authors; a very good natural history of diamond, however, will be found here. In a very long note the editor has speculated with some success on several of the natural appearances of this mineral; though among the oxydes of carbon he erroneously reckons plumbago. In a note to Essay XIII. some experiments are given of Dr. I. which seem to shew that the air has more influence on the solution of metals than is generally supposed: at least it is demonstrated that in almost all cases the gross weights of the metal and acid are augmented, notwithstanding the emission of copious vapours. This subject deserves and requires further investigation. The last essay of this part is highly important, as it shews that some of the first improvements on Dr. Black's theory of causticity, were made by one of his pupils. The solubility of carbonate of lime in water by the aid of carbonic acid, seems to have been at an early

period observed by Dr. Irvine, and to have been applied by him to the explanation of petrifying springs before similar attempts had been made in Sweden by Bergman.

The third part is in matter and language wholly composed by Dr. Irvine, the son. It consists of two essays, the first of which contains experiments on the latent heat of various bodies, and inquires into the most probable methods of extending our knowledge of these points. We remark one train of reasoning on the comparative latent heat of iron and basalt. The second essay regards the affections of sulphur by caloric, in which the thing most worthy of notice is an attempt to shew, that sulphur, by the raising of its temperature to 320, becomes infallibly very thick without regard to time or access of air. This, which is said by Dr. I. to arise from the polarity of incrustation, is used by him to raise doubts regarding the cause of fluidity itself. But the most sedulous attention ought in these experiments to be given to the complete exclusion of oxygen in every form whatever.—We regret extremely the narrow space into which we have been obliged to compress our notice of this posthumous work of a philosopher, who held so high a reputation among the best chymists of Europe, although from an unaccountable aversion to publication, he has been hitherto quoted only by verbal authority. Perhaps a higher compliment cannot be paid to the memory of any philosopher than to say of him, as was said of Socrates, that he was best known by the testimony of his scholars.

It cannot be doubted that the scientific world will be sensible of the merits of a son, who recommends himself to their notice by modestly performing the task of a commentator upon the writings of his deceased father, which he has not only explained but improved, and to which his own essays form a valuable addition.

## MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

### RELIGION.

ART. 11.—*A Sermon, preached at Christ Church, before the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, the Aldermen, and the Governors of the Royal Hospitals of the City of London, on St. Matthew's Day, 21st September, 1805. By C. F. Le Grice, M.A. 4to. London, Mawman. 1805.*

MR. Le Grice considers the sign alluded to in the text (Mark



xvi. 17. 'These signs shall follow them that believe,') as emblems of the religion of Jesus Christ, which, he says very justly, is a covenant of mercy; and the testimonies by which it is confirmed all partake of the same divine attribute.

In the path which the preacher has marked out, he treads with a firm and manly step. The view which he has taken of his subject plainly discovers that he thinks for himself; and he claims our attention and approbation by the acuteness of his remarks, as well as by the perspicuity and force of his language. Since the sermon before us has great claims to our praise, and was preached on an interesting occasion, we shall give a brief abstract of its contents.

Though the power of working miracles has ceased, yet it is in the ability of every individual, however obscure, in some sort to exercise the benevolent principles which they were intended to promote. What the wealthy and powerful can effect, will be best described in the author's own words (page 8):

'Wholesome laws and protecting governments, concentrate the uses, and secure the purposes of modern wealth; and (although it may be presumption to assert that they were so intended by Providence) it may be wise to regard them as substitutes for miraculous powers, inasmuch as they enlarge the capacities of man by enabling him to look to a distant end, and exalt his energies by qualifying him to execute plans, which by their stability and permanence, shall be productive of real and extended good. With these views they, who are blest with the happy means, cannot do better than endow charities, which shall be grafted on the ecclesiastical and civil government,' &c. &c.

Mr. Le G. then enters, and with considerable judgment, into the views of the promoters of the reformation, and shews that their charities did not originate in vague compassion without system or plan, but were guided by religious principles for the promotion of a grand scheme of benevolence. The particular notice of his audience is afterwards called to Christ's Hospital. He speaks of the discipline and advantages of that excellent seminary in strong and animated terms. The scheme of christian benevolence in the royal hospitals is summed up in the following eloquent manner:

'The evil and adulterous generation is not yet extinct, and if any of that race ask a sign of the divine origin of our faith, in the spirit of the Blessed Jesus, we will shew them the blind man' taken by the hand:—we will lead them to the bed of sickness, and shew them the tender mercies, which are restoring him who lies senseless and stupid, like the deaf man that hears not, unconscious of the voice which would cheer him, or of the hand which supports his aching head:—we will lead them to the chambers of that sorrow which is worse than death, that malady at which the nearest and the dearest kinsmen are affrighted and stand afar off, and we will shew them the lunatic and sore vexed, removed to an asylum, where, though he foameth and gnasheth with his teeth, and pineth away, he

shall not "fall oft-times into the fire, and oft into the water," the spirit shall not "throw him down, and bruise him, and tear him," but pity is shewn unto him, who knows not how to implore it, mercy is extended unto them who know not to have mercy on themselves. Lastly, we will lead them to this assembly of young children, with united prayers and praises addressing the throne of grace, and giving thanks to God for that bountiful kindness, which prepares them to be useful members of society, and to be inheritors of the kingdom of heaven.'

The sermon concludes with the consideration and refutation of the systems of modern philosophers, and of some objections to this great and glorious truth, that charity is the distinguishing characteristic of our holy faith. We regret that we must refer our readers to the production itself for further information; but we at the same time assure them that their time and attention will be amply rewarded.

It should be observed that this discourse was preached on the same occasion as Dr. Parr's celebrated Spital sermon, with which, we think, it deserves to be placed on the same shelf.

**ART. 12.**—*Two Discourses, designed to recommend a general Observance of the Lord's Supper.* By T. Drummond. 8vo. 1s. 6d. pp. 43. Johnson. 1805.

THE author of these two Discourses tells us, in his preface, that he has suppressed his 'inducement to obtrude them before the public.' We cannot but wish that he had adopted a diametrically opposite conduct, as we might then perchance have heard what the 'candid reader' will vainly search for in the Discourses themselves—a plausible reason for their publication.

**ART. 13.**—*A Key to the Apostolic Writings.* By John Taylor, D. D. abridged: with a preliminary Dissertation on the Scriptures of the New Testament, by Thomas Howe. 12mo. pp. 197. Johnson. 1805.

DR. Taylor's 'Key to the Apostolic Writings,' has been much esteemed, and this abridgment, as far as we have compared it with the original, is well executed. We cannot, however, see any good reason for so frequently leaving out the references to the chapters and verses of scripture from which the quotations are taken: and we consider the preliminary dissertation, as adding to the price, without increasing the value of the work. Dr. Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, has introduced 'the Key' into the third volume of his Theological Tracts with the following preface: 'This work, which is prefixed to the author's Paraphrase and Notes on the Epistle to the Romans, is greatly admired by the learned, as containing the best introduction to the epistles, and the clearest account of the whole gospel scheme which was ever written.'

## MEDICINE.

**ART. 14.**—*Tracts and Observations on the salutary Treatment of Infants, not strictly medical; comprehending a new System in Discipline and Management, during the Period of infantile Life; wherein are considered and pointed out several important Circumstances essentially connected with Health; in a View to anticipate, as well as to remove Diseases during that difficult Period; chiefly for the Information and Guide of Female Parents.* By Robert Bath, King-street, Portman-square. 8vo. Cawthorn. 1805.

SHOULD the renowned Dr. Gall ever extend his *cranioscopical* observations to this country, we are persuaded that he will find, in King-street, Portman-square, one object, at least, worthy his most curious investigation. The *cranium* in which this incoherent and unintelligible piece of pedantry and ignorance could be engendered, must be *unique*. The production itself is truly so, except in its design, in which it resembles numerous publications in this credulous country, being chiefly intended to save newspaper fees, and to convey a most useful piece of information, (which may be found in the title-page, as a substitute for literary honours), that ‘Robert Bath,’ resides in ‘King-street, Portman-square.’ In order that female parents may be acquainted with the sort of information which this luminous instructor is capable of affording them, we quote the following most lucid specimen:

‘There is a circumstance in this period of infantile life, of some consideration, in the step of making the transition in habitude the more easy and accessible, and which, though uncomplicated, makes up something important: it is, that the object of vision be consulted, and carefully kept out of sight, or disguised, and when the ideas are very indistinct and imperfect, like light to the unhappy maniac, disposes to create new mental irritation, by the admission of the use of light, in giving distinctness and form to the visionary person; whereas without that circumstance, reminiscence, being very weak and imperfect, would not be equal to call forth, much less keep up, unhoping desire, or its excitement.’ p. 104.

Such is the extraordinary learning and perspicuity of ‘Robert Bath!’ A name which may be placed at the head of the heroes of the Dunciad, without fear of rivalry or competition.

**ART. 15.**—*The Modern Practice of Physic.* By Edward Goodman Clarke, M. D. Physician to the Forces, &c. 8vo. Longman. 1805.

THIS volume may be recommended to the student, as containing the best compendium of modern improvements in medicine and therapeutics, which we have had occasion to peruse. The detail of symptoms, under each head, is very comprehensive and correct; and scarcely any remedies, which have stood the test of experience, are

omitted to be mentioned. The author has closely followed the nosology of Dr. Cullen, as his text book; not even daring so far to deviate from the steps of his master, as to introduce any account of the cow-pock. From the importance which that disease has now obtained, this omission is censurable. At the conclusion of each head, Dr. Clarke has offered some practical suggestions, in the form of queries, on the ingenuity of which we cannot compliment him.

ART. 16.—*A new Anatomical Nomenclature, relating to the Terms which are expressive of Position and Aspect in the Animal System. By John Barclay, M. D. Lecturer on Anatomy, &c. Edinburgh. 8vo. 5s. Longman and Co. 1803.*

THIS little philosophical work has been somehow neglected both by our predecessors and ourselves. The difficulty of obtaining clear and distinct views of the complicated structure of the animal organs, arising in a considerable degree from the ambiguity of many of the terms which custom has appropriated to anatomical description, has been long felt and acknowledged. Among the French, the great improvers of scientific nomenclature, some slight attempts have been made to reform the technical language of anatomy, especially by Vicq d'Azyr and Chaussier; but Dr. Barclay remarks that their improvements are imperfect, and formed upon principles too partial to comprehend the general defects. After some intelligent and perspicuous observations in the three first chapters, on language, its kinds and changes, and on nomenclature in general, Dr. Barclay proceeds very successfully to point out the imperfections of the technical language of anatomy, and the means of improving it. The terms expressive of aspect, as *superior*, *inferior*, &c. are not only assumed from an imaginary position of the human body, but are totally inapplicable, consistently with any degree of propriety or perspicuity, to the parts and organs of other animals. The author proposes to substitute terms which shall be equally applicable to every position, and to the general subjects of comparative, as well as of human anatomy. The *atlas* being the name of the bone terminating the spine next the head, and the *sacrum* that of the terminating bone of the opposite extremity, he would substitute the words '*atlantal*' and '*sacral*,' for *superior* and *inferior*; thus the arm, the fore-leg, and the wing, respectively, would be called the *atlantal* extremity; the leg or hind-leg the *sacral* extremity. Upon the same principle, for *anterior* and *posterior* he would substitute '*sternal*,' and '*dorsal*;' for *external* and *internal*,' '*dermal*' and '*central*;' or, if speaking of an organ, '*peripheral*' and '*central*.' In describing the head, he clearly points out ten aspects, to which he gives the following denominations, '*dermal*, *central* and *mesial*, *dextral* and *sinistral*, *coronal* and *basilar*, *inial*, *antinal*, and *glabellar*;' *inion* being the Greek word for *occiput*, and *glabella* having been employed by some Latin writers to denote the part where the nasal bones are connected with the *os-frontis*.

The principle appears to be unobjectionable, and it cannot be doubted that such a reform in the language, would facilitate the acquisition of anatomical knowledge, and especially that of comparative anatomy. Perhaps some of the terms may be thought to savour of affectation; and *right* and *left* will seem to many as clear and as elegant as *dextral* and *sinistral*, and *occipital*, to which we are accustomed, not less satisfactory than the Greek word *inial*; but Dr. B. observes that the occipital is found in two different aspects, being sometimes '*basilar*.' By changing the terminations, the terms may be employed adverbially, or to express connection, &c. There is much of a commendable spirit of philosophy shewn in this volume, and no captious or forward desire of mere innovation. If it should be approved of by the public, Dr. Barclay promises to shew its application in detail, and to add on a general and connected plan, the nomenclatures of the bones, muscles, blood-vessels, nerves, ligaments, &c.

## POETRY.

ART. 17.—*The Rustic, a Poem, in four Cantos. By Ewan Clark.*  
1 Vol. 12mo. Ostell. 1805.

THE author informs us in his preface, that 'he has occasionally amused a leisure hour during a life of great retirement, in weaving a couplet; and now that he has seen his *seventieth* year, he exercises the privilege of age, which ever thinks it is entitled to be heard. In approaching the tribunal of Criticism, he confesses that he has much to fear; yet the judges of literary merit, like other judges, are not divested of the best feelings, and they will treat an old man with every indulgence which he can reasonably claim.'

The Critical Reviewers are unwilling to be excelled even by the Lacedemonians, in reverent respect to age. Mr. Clark shall be heard.

' Glad Easter-tide, of eggs the annual bane,

Is hail'd, and echo'd by the youthful train.

Eggs are requested; eggs are not denied,

By doting mothers and fond aunts supply'd;

These, by due process, lose their native dye,

And in new glory dazzle ev'ry eye.

Behold them, rang'd in many a lengthen'd row,

Reflecting all the colours of the bow!

' Pasch-day is come; each boy, transported, flies,

Eggs in his hat, and hurry in his eyes;

Flies to the rendezvous upon the green;

Time out of mind, the pasch-egg trundling scene.

Now is the eager war of eggs begun,

And many a bloodless battle lost and won;

The hardihood of ev'ry egg is tried,

And trundle, trundle, heard from ev'ry side;

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Crash after crash reverberates around,  
 And shiver'd shells bestrew the painted ground.  
 Each egg is crush'd....and see! with stomachs keen,  
 How the young rogues regale upon the green!  
 High flavour'd is the feast the yolks supply,  
 And chins and cheeks partake their saffron dye.' p. 16.

The Rustic, whose infancy, manhood, and age, are described in these four cantos, is supposed to be a native of a northern county, and of course, the manners and customs which are delineated, are peculiar to that part of the kingdom. Mr. Clark's poem is, without doubt, very much admired by the lads and lasses of Northumberland and Cumberland; and as we shall pass through those parts in the spring, and have no inclination to encounter a tempest of eggs, we shall waive all severity of criticism. Our sallow cheeks require no 'saffron dye.' Local poets are of great use, as they rescue many a name from oblivion, and give immortality to many whose fame might have been buried with their bones. A poet ought to possess general knowledge, and in a degree so extensive, that Dr. Johnson's catalogue of what a poet ought to know, is in itself a catalogue of universal knowledge; but it is impossible that even the king's poet laureate can be acquainted with the 'famous men' of every district, who deserve due honour from the Muse. Hence the great use of parish poets, whose local knowledge may keep the register of Parnassus complete. For instance, TOM TRUMB's character has been blazoned in every corner of the globe; but who ever heard, or who would ever have heard of TOM LITTLE, if Mr. Clark had not embalmed his memory in verse?

'To thee, Tom Little, of elastic toe,  
 To thee, through friendship, shall one couplet flow;  
 Taught by thy skill have thousands ris'n to fame,  
 If graceful dancing that distinction claim.'

With great diffidence Mr. Clark hesitates to bestow a proud distinction on the accomplishment of dancing. Mr. C. did not know, or perhaps did not recollect, that the hero of the Iliad is constantly represented as excelling in this art. Achilles is seldom introduced but on tip-toes, *ποδὲς ὤπῃ*, 'ever on the jig.' His history is an allegory on dancing: thus the tale of his being mortal only in the heel, is nothing more than a poetical expression for the great consequence of which his heels were to his profession. Break his nose, put out his eye, cut off his arm or his ears—these wounds would do him little injury: but snap the tendon of his heel, and it would be all over with him. Hence the name which has been attached to that sinew, and hence the anxiety of Messrs. Vestris, Laborie, and other heroes, for the safety of that part, by a wound in which only, like Achilles of old, they can be deprived of immortality. We congratulate Tom Little on his at length acquiring that celebrity which is due to his art, and which has been so long due to him as the distinguished

χορηγος of Northumbrian fêtes. Query, Is Tom Little *υπερτον μεγατερον* for Little Tom? This should be explained in a note.

In perusing the three following lines we fell into a pleasant mistake :

‘The hard horn-book claims all his studious care :

A Mary Bone must all her pains bestow,

’T’ impress that p—o must be sounded Po.’

We conjectured that ‘Mary Bone’ was an error of the press for ‘Marrow-bone,’ signifying a bone, skewer, or pointer used by the schoolmistress. Upon referring to the notes, we found that Mary Bone is the name of the schoolmistress herself, ‘who, for upwards of half a century, made it her employment to teach very young ladies and gentlemen the first rudiments of the English language.’ O ! ye quick-scented conjectural critics, who are yet unborn, from what bitter controversies, from what clouds of darkness and misapprehension, has this single note of the living author saved you.—Would that Æschylus had been as provident as Mr. Ewan Clark ?

ART. 18.—*Poems, by Robertus.* 12mo. 7s. Ebers. 1805.

WOMEN and wine

Are joys divine.

EXPERTO CREDE ROBERTO. As our poet professes to enjoy only what he *lawfully* may, we know not which has most reason to be grateful for his rapturous fondness—his wife or his wine-merchant. Let our readers judge.

‘*Charlotte Augusta’s Kiss.*

‘The bee, from Venus’ fragrant bower,  
Sips the juice of every flower,  
And sweetly sips it from the rose,  
Whence nectar’s dew divinely flows :  
But I, ye gods ! sip greater bliss,  
I sip Augusta’s humid kiss !  
A kiss ! with warmest joys replete !  
A kiss ! that burns with *lawful* heat !  
A kiss ! that gives such fond delight,  
That I could kiss her *day and night.*’ P. 12.

‘*Anacreontic.*

‘I love to drink, nor is it odd  
That I should love you, festive god !  
Your gifts were sent for man’s delight,  
That he might revel thro’ the night.

‘Yes, it’s divinely true and wise  
That all our joys from you arise,  
Arise from you, to whom ’tis given  
On earth to spread the sweets of Heaven !

‘ Fill high the bowl, with nectar fill !  
 I swear by Jove I love you still,  
 Still better, dear, enchanting boy !  
 For I have tasted all your joy,  
 All your joy, for many a time  
 I’ve bath’d myself in tubs of wine !  
 Mortals sadly time would measure,  
 If they knew not tipsey pleasure !’ p. 112.

ART. 19.—*Fatal Curiosity ; or, the Vision of Silvester. A Poem, in three Books. By Joseph Bounden. 12mo. Longman. 1805.*

THE design of this poem is to shew the wisdom of the Creator in denying to man a knowledge of futurity, and to prove the impossibility of supporting life under the dreadful anticipations arising from this knowledge, by the example of one, to whom, in a dream, it is supposed to be granted.

The author professes it to be the first production of a very young man, ‘ who composed it while engaged in his profession, and committed it to paper as opportunity occurred.’

The poem may be regarded as a promising exercise ; but the person who attempts blank verse, should be reminded, that this kind of metre is of all others the most difficult, embracing all the variations of harmony, all the delicacies, and all the sublimities of diction. Weak sentiments and common place thoughts may be rendered grateful to the ear, and pleasing to the memory, by the jingling cadences of rhyme ; and he whose genius does not soar above the clouds, should recollect that prudence demands from him a due attention to all those helps which may add grace to his flight, which as it is less raised from the earth, is more within the ken of common observation. Mr. B.’s genius, though respectable, and satisfactory to himself and to his friends, is not calculated for daring flights, and we should advise him either to adopt rhyme, or to pay great attention to those poets, who have shone in blank verse, and whose intricate and grand harmony he does not seem to have studied. In the vision of Silvester there is nothing ridiculous, nor is there any thing admirable. The lines consist of the proper number of syllables, but this is not blank verse.

With perseverance, study, and labour, without which nothing is placed within the reach of mortals, this author may write something which may procure him a fair name ; but if he continues ‘ to commit poems to paper as opportunities offer,’ his poems will be committed to the place ‘ where we and all our fathers have gone’ as often as necessities require. We do not mean to discourage Mr. B. who possesses feeling and good sense, but to point out the only path that can lead to fame. Comparisons are odious and often dangerous : whoever reads the moral, which the Vision of Silvester is intended to inculcate, will recollect the superior manner in which it has been illustrated in the ‘ Hermit’ of Parnell. It is a writer’s



own fault if he selects a subject on which a comparison may be made.

## NOVELS.

ART. 20.—*The Secret, a Novel.* By Isabella Kelly. 4 Vols. small 8vo. Longman. 1805.

‘LOOK upon the face! thy deeds are written in it’s convulsions; and the characters shall be read by the destroying angel.

‘A form like this shall draw thy curtains when thou sleepest, and reach to thee her ice-cold hand.

‘A form like this shall flit before thee when thou diest, and chase away thy expiring prayer for mercy.

‘A form like this shall stand by thy grave when thou risest, and next to the throne of God when he pronounces thy doom.

‘Ah! tremble! tremble! tremble!’—LEWIS.

The above passage stands as the motto to these four volumes, and of course the first chapter opens with the ‘stormy blasts of December blowing loud and fearful through the wild cloisters of a very ancient abbey, whose venerable fabric stood in mouldering magnificence on the margin of a rapid river.’ We must confess that we took up these volumes with an impression from the title-page that we should be disgusted with a large portion of trash, but we have been agreeably disappointed; and though Madame de St. Aubine, Berthaline, Julius, and Lord Glencullen are ladies and gentlemen whose characters must be familiar to novel readers, we can assure them that the ‘Secret’ will excite their curiosity, and keep it awake to the end of the fourth volume. The style is superior to that of the general class of novels, and (what is of greater moment) the sentiments are pure. We are at a loss to conceive why the fair authoress, who appears to possess a refined mind, and no inconsiderable powers of description, should adopt the *mystic* manner of Mr. Lewis; unless she finds from her bookseller, that the public appetite, which must be regularly gratified, is at present in that sickly state, which requires sauces of the most heterogeneous mixture. This mode of writing, in which beings are introduced for the mere purpose of frightening the reader, some flitting along like the figures of a magic-lantern, and others fixed like scare-crows, may excite wonder for a time, but when the scare-crow is discovered to be nothing but rags, even pigeons will feed quietly under the flappings of its fantastic terrors. No person is pleased more than once with the story of the ghost, which proved to be a ‘white cow.’ We offer this reflection to Mrs. K.’s serious consideration, who has given us sufficient proof, that she is capable of compositions which may procure to her name a fair and lasting reputation.

ART. 21.—*The Impenetrable Secret; a Novel. By Francis Lathom, Author of Men and Manners, Mystery, &c. 8vo. 2 Vols. Lane. 1805.*

MORE secrets, and really worth knowing. We congratulate our fair readers.

If the merits of a novel consist, as we have generally been taught to believe, in exciting an interest for virtue and an indignation against vice, till the principal characters are rewarded by that justice, which, though it cannot be universally administered in *reality*, is practicable and useful in *fiction*, the work of which we speak is entitled to a considerable degree of praise. The story is constructed on so artful a plan that none of the agents are left for an instant unemployed; the events are proceeding in every quarter at once; and the interest it divided indeed, but never weakened. From the opening of the action to the discovery of the secret, our curiosity increases; though we cannot attribute to curiosity alone, a sensation, which seems as closely allied to sympathy, as to astonishment. The explanatory statements, that follow the chief developement, are all satisfactory and probable; but perhaps, though they amply account for the preceding wonders, and possess in themselves a considerable interest, Mr. Lathom would have increased his general effect by the compression, or if possible, by the earlier introduction of circumstances, which necessarily weaken where they do not improve a composition, and, like too heavy a tail on a school-boy's kite, take away from the body of the work its proportionable weight. The author in his preface very feelingly condemns the licentious taste which has been introduced by some recent translations from our corrupt neighbours; and, in order 'that the mother of a family may never blush to see this novel in the hands of her daughters,' preserves a strict regard, the more laudable, because now uncommon, for the principles of delicacy. Yet it must be observed, that the *Impenetrable Secret* appears to have been written with a degree of carelessness, as far as grammar and style are concerned, which we are not easily disposed to excuse: and we hope that, if a second edition shall be called for, Mr. Lathom will take the pains to revise these imperfections, in a work which is capable, on the whole, of affording much entertainment and some instruction.

#### CLASSICS.

ART. 22.—*Anacreontica Græcè. Recensuit, notisque Criticis instruxit Fr. Hen. Bothe, Magdeburgensis. 18mo. Lipsiæ. 1805. Imported by Lunn.*

'When,' says Mr. Bothe in his preface, 'those Greek verses, which are called Anacreontics, appeared to me rough and neglected, since nobody before me appears to have understood them, I myself have taken good care, that they should be properly amended and restored.' This sample of egotism comes from Berlin. The Greek

text is pretty, and the paper is good for a book printed at Leipzig.

The opening to the 'Annotations' affords us some metrical remarks on the different species of 'Anacreontic' verse. The feet which are *ισοχρονοι* and *ισοδυναμοι* are explained for the capacities of school-boys. But the observation in page 120, is calculated to mislead, and originates evidently from an ignorance of the nice critical distinctions of metre, in which the literary world has lately made a wonderful improvement. 'In veterrimis poetis, velut Hesiodo, etiam *anapaustus promiscuè* adhibetur' We did not expect this even from Germany. Hermann never wrote any thing half so stupid on metre.

Anacreon had utterly perished in the wreck of antiquity, had not the care of Constantine Cephalas preserved his relics in the tenth century. However anxious for the preservation of ancient authors the compiler might have been, he was wholly ignorant of their nicer elegancies; and in this instance considered many of his extracts as mere prose. It is, however, notorious that the above mentioned collection comprised the remains of other authors besides Anacreon, which are generally attributed to him, but on which it is now impossible to decide, or to restore them to their real fathers.

In the Ode *Εἰς Διονυσον* which begins

Διος ὁ παῖς, ὁ Βακχος,  
ὁ λυσιφρων, Λυκίος,

we have the following note: '*Βακχος* adjectivum est h. l. referendumque ad *Λυκίος*: *bacchans Lyceus*.' We certainly cannot contradict the possibility of this position; but it surely was more to the taste of the Greeks to mention the same deity under various names. We have a thousand instances of this holy vanity. Let us quote a few; and then we think the *substantivè* *Βακχος*, will retain his situation.

Callimachus addresses the goddess,

———— ΠΟΛΥΩΝΤΜΕ καὶ Πολυνάε.

And again, Diana says to Jupiter,

Δὸς μοι παρθενην αἰωνιον, ἀππκ, φίλασσειν  
Καὶ ΠΟΛΥΩΝΤΜΗΝ, ἵνα μὴ μοι φοῖβος ἐριζοι.

Plutus also, in Aristophanes,

Ὡς ἀγαθὸν ἐστὶν ΕΠΩΝΤΜΙΑΣ ΠΟΛΛΑΣ εἶναι. Ar. Plut.

And in Latin,

Sive tu mavis ERYCINA ridens, &c. &c.

And does not Sophocles address the very divinity in question?

ΠΟΛΥΩΝΤΜΕ, Καδμείας  
Νυμφας ἀγαλμα, &c. Ant.

Notwithstanding the vanity which ushers in some of these Notulæ, there are occasionally some lucid emendations. The

chief remarks are borrowed from Brunck, and are accordingly acknowledged. The index to these odes is very strangely formed. It puts us in mind of the index to the Psalms translated by Sternhold and Hopkins, subjoined to our book of common prayer.

ART. 23.—*Commentarius perpetuus et plenus in Orationem M. Tullii Ciceronis pro M. Marcello, cum Appendice, &c. Auctore Benjamin Weiske. 8vo. pp. 272. Lipsiæ. 1805. Imported by Lunn.*

WEISKE is an indefatigable labourer in the vineyard of Germany; he has favoured us with a commentary, as he modestly styles it, 'perpetual and full,' on a single oration of Marcellus, which, in point of length, far surpasses the ponderous masses of Lambin and Gruter. We doubt whether Salmasius ever surpassed it in a single disquisition.

This is among that class of books which will be tedious even in point of reference; but it indubitably has its merits, although the cause of the work originated in a controversy with Wolfe, who is at present considered as the most enlightened humanist in Germany. There is a degree of dry humour in the manner in which Wolfe is treated. He supposed the oration 'pro Marcello' to be spurious, '*inanem rerum; verbis, formulis, constructionibus sæpe vix Latinam; in totâ compositione ineptam, stultam, ridiculam; denique fatuo principe, Claudio, quam Cicerone digniorem.*' Well, says Weiske, I too will have my own conjecture: and I chuse to think '*non esse F. A. Wolfii illam orationis pro M. Marcello editionem, sed ab ineptâ ejus imitatore suppositam.*' Wolfe is accordingly dubbed *Pseudo-Wolfius*; and the banter is very tolerable; but we are shortly disgusted with the usual asperity of controversial peevishness.

We cannot be expected to enter at length into the arguments *pro* and *con*, of this disquisition, which was first agitated by our countryman, Jeremy Markland. Those who are desirous of these niceties, who wish to grub amidst the squabbles of commentators, may refer to the work itself. We shall merely extract a few remarks which may deserve praise or censure. We confess that, in the point of controversy, we were always inclined to lean to the side of Wolfe.

In c. viii, s. 26, Cicero has this sentence in the edition of Ernesti: '*Parumne igitur, inquires, gloriam magnam relinquemus? immo vero aliis, quamvis multis, satis: tibi uni parum. Quicquid enim est, quamvis amplum sit, id certè parum est tui, cum est aliquid amplius.*' Wolfe gives the following very just emendations.

'In priore membro scribendum erat non *gloriam magnam*, sed *magnam gloriam*; nam *parum* propius jungi poscit adjectivo, ut *satis* et *nimis*; qui frequens et constans usus est. Posterioribus verbis addendum erat pronomen: *Tibi enim quicquid vel quicquid enim—id certè* (si bene te novi) *tibi parum est.* Non in universum hæc dicta sunt, sed de filo uno, qui pœtæ dicitur *nil credens actum, cum quid superesset agendum.*'

Weiske allows the first correction, and it is doubtless an ingenious one. To the second, he says, 'sunt in universam dicta.' We maintain, however, the reasoning of Wolfe. But surely Wolfe has misquoted a line from Lucan, and Weiske has not detected him.

IX. 30. '*Id autem ctiam si tunc ad te, ut quidam falsò putant, non pertinebit; nunc certè pertinet, esse te talem, ut tuas laudes obscuraturum nulla unquam sit oblivio.*'

We confess we always thought this a very bungling imitation of the style of Cicero; and were unable to construe it, or to understand it in a manner satisfactory to ourselves. We are glad to find Wolfe is of the same opinion; and Weiske has here a knotty and sturdy point to refute. He rather begs the question; and even then is forced to the awkward confession that '*falso*,' may be the gloss of some monk. Although we allow that this point is by no means decisive, yet, on the whole, we think that future editors of Cicero will consider this oration as spurious. It was probably written with the other disputed orations, by some declamatory sophist of a later age.

This controversial book will be useful to commentators: by the general reader, or the ardent young student, it will be duly neglected.

### POLITICS.

ART. 24.—*Examen critique de la Revolution Française, considérée comme Système politique. Par M. D'Outremont, Conseiller de Grande Chambre au Parlement de Paris. 8vo. pp. 108. 4s. Dulau. 1805.*

M. D'OUTREMONT intends publishing a work in twelve books on the subject explained in the above title-page. The present pamphlet contains the prospectus, and the first book. The rest will appear successively. Any strictures at present would be premature.

### DRAMA.

ART. 25.—*The Weathercock, a Farce; as it is now performing at the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, with unbounded Applause. By J. T. Allingham, Esq. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Lackington. 1805.*

'MENS hominum novitatis avida est,' as Lilly informs us. The truth of this maxim cannot be more strikingly illustrated than by the number of absurd comedies and unmeaning farces which are perpetually received with applause by the public, and are suffered to supersede the excellent plays of our older dramatic writers, even of Shakspeare himself.

The natural consequence is, that modern play-wrights having a great regard for money, and no regard for reputation, do not think it necessary that their compositions should possess any degree of

merit, having doubtless found by experience, that such is not in these days the method of recommending themselves to the audience.

Mr. Allingham has before brought forward several pieces, which, we believe, have been generally successful. The farce now before us is not inferior to his former productions. The language is very respectable; the variety of classical allusion does credit to the writer as a scholar, and the scene where the hero personates the character of a counsellor, is neither destitute of humour nor entertainment, and is doubtless well supported by the comic powers of Bannister. But the numerous unsuccessful attempts at wit occur with a frequency which by no means delights us. If upon the whole, we cannot bestow much praise on this performance, we seem to discover in its author a capacity for better things.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 26.—*Instructions for the Use of the Ycomanry and Volunteer Corps of Cavalry. By Colonel Herries, of the Light Horse Volunteers of London and Westminster. Part II. 8vo. 10s. 6d. Egerton. 1805.*

IN spite of the indecent sarcasms that have been passed upon the volunteer corps, not only in impertinent publications, but even in the Houses of Parliament, the utility of those respectable bodies during the late and present eventful periods, must be acknowledged by every impartial observer, and will ever be remembered by their grateful country.

‘Although a Manual for Volunteer Cavalry has been published by order of his Royal Highness the Commander in Chief, which as it is a faithful extract of every thing contained in his Majesty’s regulations that appeared useful to volunteer corps, might seem to supersede the necessity of any thing more being said on the subject,’ yet on reflection, the author justly considered ‘that there is still much wanting for the information of men who are occasionally soldiers, who have in general other occupations, and who cannot bestow a thought on their military duty, except at leisure hours, or when under arms.’

To such the present instructions will not appear tedious or superfluous; and the name of Colonel Herries will, we doubt not, be sufficient to ensure them the attention they deserve.

ART. 27.—*A Treatise on the Science of Defence, for the Sword, Bayonet, and Pike, in close Action. By Anthony Gordon, A. M. Captain of Invalids, retired. 4to. Egerton. 1805.*

THIS Treatise is dedicated to his Royal Highness the Duke of York, by whose commands the author ‘gave his thoughts to the subject of Defence.’ He assures us, in his introduction, that from ten

different experiments, 'this science, as laid down in the present volume, doubles the number of forces in all times and places of close action, and that it invigorates each man with an addition of power twenty times greater than his natural force, as is demonstrated in the appendix, from the powers of the lever.' It thus appears, that, like Milton's celestial combatants, 'in strength each armed hand' may become 'a legion;' and the collective force of an army is increased forty-fold. But in a private letter with which the author has favoured us, we are assured that he has discovered a method of increasing the strength of each soldier *sixty* times, besides doubling the number of men. In case of incredulity, he proposes practical conviction; he politely offers to wait upon us personally, and multiply our physical strength by one hundred and twenty.

We cannot help wishing that this gentleman had been General Mack's adjutant during the late campaign; that commander, we think, would have found his forces so much strengthened by Captain Gordon's magical powers, that he would not have thought it necessary to surrender Ulm so easily.

ART. 28.—*Tracts relative to Botany, translated from different Languages; illustrated by nine Copper-plates and occasional Remarks.* 8vo. 6s. 6d. pp. 277. Phillips and Fardon. 1805.

SOME readers will doubtless be disposed to condemn these tracts on the first view, as trifling and unworthy attention; we ourselves opened them under such an impression: but on carefully examining them, they will find something that will probably excite a disposition to examine the propriety of several generally received notions in botany. To the experienced botanist alone however, are they of importance, being on subjects hitherto but very little known, or very imperfectly discussed. Hedwig's examination of the organs of perspiration of plants is enriched with a very considerable addition by the translator and Mr. Bauer, his majesty's botanical painter. The following extract is a striking coincidence, that strongly corroborates what we advanced in our review\* of Sir J. Banks's account of the Blight in Wheat, which we ascribed to an obstructed circulation, and not a parasitic plant, as the immediate cause of the rust.† The present author treats of obstructed perspiration, which is only symptomatic of obstructed circulation; the latter we now consider as the unequivocal cause of the brownish substance that appears on the straw and leaves of wheat. The causes too of this diseased perspiration are very similar to those which we assigned for diseased circulation.

'Though the observations here given on the ducts and apertures

\* See Critical Review for May, 1805.

† Mr. Cumberland has lately proved, in Nicholson's Journal, that the decayed ears contain insects, and that the rust is not the cause of this decay.

in the cuticle of different parts of plants are but few, yet they seem clearly to prove that these organs are calculated for the purpose of vegetable perspiration. The circumstance that the apertures alluded to are always found abundantly on the lower surface of the leaves, and indeed in many plants exclusively so, seems to throw some light on several phenomena ; as for instance, why the leaves with their upper surface turned downward, always regain their former direction ; why those leaves which Bonnet covered with oil, soon turned black,—and why a shower of rain, or an imitation of it, is so very beneficial to plants. With respect to the last mentioned circumstance, it seems probable to me, that by the numerous subtle particles floating in the air, or perhaps also by a sediment of the matter of perspiration, *obstructions may take place in these organs* ; and indeed, even within a small microscopical compass, several apertures are observed to be *entirely filled up with a dark coloured matter*. There can be no doubt, but that free perspiration is, in most vegetables, as necessary to their health, as to that of the animal creation.

‘ That moisture may likewise be conveyed through the described passages into the different parts of vegetables, can scarcely be denied ; but whether this moisture contributes to the nourishment of plants, or not, remains a subject for future examination.—Indeed our knowledge in the physiological part of botany being still so very limited, and the erroneous notions carried along with it, so numerous, it is to be wished that those botanists who have it in their power to examine the productions of the vegetable kingdom, *but WHOSE MINDS ARE ENGROSSED BY TERMINOLOGY AND RAGE FOR SYSTEM*, would divert some part of their attention to the physical department of their science. By so doing, the vague, and sometimes erroneous ideas of many botanists, respecting the different parts of plants and their functions, would be cleared up ; they would then better understand the value of the characters ; bestow proper, and consequently lasting, denominations upon vegetable organs ; and many doubts in theoretical botany might be removed.’  
P. 16.

To the above we shall add an observation of Jussieu :

‘ The fluctuation among botanists as for generic determination, proceed either from not attending sufficiently to *the whole* of the sexual parts of plants, or from overlooking characters as unimportant, which really are far from being so. The followers of systematic order often think, for instance, that they have given a complete idea of a capsular fruit by pronouncing it of four loculaments, many-seeded and opening by four valves ; but the observer of natural affinities, not satisfied with this character, inquires into the form and structure of the valves, their mode of union, the situation and insertion of the seeds ; and by combining these several observations, derives more accurate results, and is thus often enabled to fix immutably the place which a plant ought to occupy in the natural order.’  
P. 262.



ART. 29.—*Elements of Natural Philosophy, arranged under the following Heads: Matter and Motion, Mundane System, the Earth, Atmosphere, Meteors, Springs, Rivers, Seas, Fossils, Plants, Animals, Human Frame, and Human Understanding.* 18mo. pp. 124. 2s. Vernor and Hood. 1805.

THE advantage of little scientific treatises for the use of youth, must be evident to all who consider that they may be rendered even much more amusing than idle tales. The present collection is truly *multum in parvo*, and includes almost all the more extraordinary phenomena of nature. The chapter on fossils, in particular, is compiled from the modern discoveries, but we were surprised to meet elsewhere some antiquated language in a selection otherwise very accurate and judicious. The general merit of the work induces us to wish these errors corrected, and a vocabulary of the passions added in the next edition to the analysis of the human understanding, with which the book concludes.

ART. 30.—*Essay on Quackery and the dreadful Consequences arising from taking Advertised Medicines, illustrated with Remarks on their fatal Effects; with an Account of a recent Death occasioned by Quack Medicines, and Observations on the Coroners' Inquest taken on the Body; interspersed with Anecdotes of the most celebrated Quacks of the present Day. With a Plan for the Annihilation of Quackery, and proposed Means for supplying the Deficiency in the Revenue, which would be occasioned by such a Measure; to which are added, Remarks on Provincial Bankers, &c. &c.* Cundee. 8vo. 1805.

THE contents of a part of this book are sufficiently interesting to merit a more considerable portion of our Review than is usually allotted to works of this kind, inasmuch as the fatal effects of quackery are recorded in an instance but too notorious in the town of Hull to call in question its authenticity.

On Sunday and Wednesday, December 4th and 7th, 1804, Ching's worm lozenges were administered according to the directions, to the son of the author, a boy of three years old; and on Friday 9th, he was in a high state of salivation. Medical assistance was immediately called in, when he was pronounced in imminent danger from mercurial lozenges. Remedies were applied, but without effect; the mouth ulcerated, the teeth dropped out, the hands contracted, and a complaint was made of a pricking pain in them and the feet; the body became flushed and spotted, and at last black; convulsions succeeded, attended with a slight delirium, and a mortification destroyed the face, which proceeding to the brain, put a period, after indescribable torments, to the life of the little sufferer, on the 1st of January. A coroners' inquest being summoned, and the evidence of the medical gentlemen adduced, the jury returned a verdict—Poisoned by Ching's Worm Lozenges.

Such is the short, but interesting history of one of the many fatal

effects of quack medicines, which of itself is sufficient to induce our countrymen to exterminate empiricism and empirics from every parish in the kingdom.

The asperity which the author occasionally adopts, we can readily pardon; the poignancy of his feelings are an adequate apology: but we cannot so easily overlook the method which he has taken of enlarging his book by the insertion of verses, scenes from bad plays, and above all, by thirty-five pages of extracts from the gleanings of the sentimentalist, Mr. Pratt. These are a great detriment to the cause which Mr. C. has undertaken; as by enhancing the price of his volume the publicity of his son's misfortune is considerably diminished.

We coincide with the author in most of the plans which he has proposed for the annihilation of quackery.

ART. 31. *Elémens de la Grammaire Francoise, par M. L'Homond, Professeur émérite en L'Université de Paris. Nouvelle Edition, revue, corrigée, et augmentée par M. Gros, élève de la même Université. 8vo. Dulau. 1804.*

ART. 32. *Complete French Spelling Book, or Rules for pronouncing the French Language according to the Decisions of the Academy and the best Grammarians. By Mr. Gros, of the University of Paris, and Native of that City. 8vo. Dulau. 1804.*

THESE publications may be of use to persons who have already a slight knowledge of the French Language, or who for want of practice may have forgotten in part the pronunciation. They will here find rules to solve their doubts, and clear up many difficulties in which they may be involved.

ART. 33. *Observations on indecent Sea-Bathing, as practised at different Watering Places on the Coasts of this Kingdom. 12mo. Hatchard. 1805.*

THESE Observations, which are drawn up in the form of a letter addressed to the editor of the Sun newspaper, recently made their appearance in that publication. They are just and important:

No longer do boys

*Apparent vix nantes in gurgite vasto,*

but 'livery servants and soldiers' bathe directly under the windows of the Marine Parade, which is the most public street in the town of Brighton, while the ladies parade the cliff, unshocked at the indecency. At Exmouth, in consequence of the interference of the magistrates, some of the machines had been removed to a suitable distance from the rest, in order that the ladies and gentlemen might bathe apart from each other. In a short time, however, matters were brought back to their former state; and the bathing women assured the magistrates that it was *done at the desire of the ladies, who would not consent to the separation!!*—For the honour of our fair

countrywomen we hope this charge is false: if it be true, we can only lament that contempt for decency which proves a country to be in a state of deep depravity.

ART. 34. *Tangible Arithmetic, or the Art of Numbering made easy by means of an Arithmetical Toy, which will express any Number up to 16,666,665, and with which, by moving a few Balls, a great Variety of Operations in Arithmetic may be performed. Intended to assist Mothers and Teachers in the Instruction of Children. By William Frend, Esq. Author of Evening Amusements, &c. 8vo. 7s. 6d. (with the Toy). Mawman. 1805.*

THE nature and power of numbers is so wonderful, and the system by which they proceed is so beautiful, that too much pains cannot be taken to make them clear to children.

Mr. Frend's arithmetical toy is admirably adapted for this purpose; and the mode of using it is so easy, that it may be acquired in a few minutes. Mr. Frend has dedicated his work to 'mothers,' on whose early care and attention depends the happiness of each rising generation; and we trust that they will not be backward in encouraging him to proceed with his design of preparing other subjects of instruction for their young progeny.

ART. 35.---*An historical and descriptive Account of the Royal Hospital, and the Royal Military Asylum, at Chelsea: to which is prefixed an account of King James's College at Chelsea. Embellished with Engravings, and interspersed with Biographical Anecdotes. 8vo. Egerton. 1805.*

FEW places are now without their description, or guide. The royal hospital at Chelsea, is among the number of splendid buildings in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, which attract the attention of foreigners and visitors. In the present work the reader will find a more full and correct account of the ancient college of divinity, than has ever before appeared, into which the editor has endeavoured to infuse some interest by adding anecdotes, and biographical notices of the founder, and first members of the institution. Among the former is mentioned one, concerning John Boys, whose precocity of attainments exceeded even the theatrical phenomenon of the present day; he was educated under the care of his father, who was rector of Nettlested, in 1560; and so extraordinary were his natural abilities as a child, that he was able to read the Bible in Hebrew at the age of five years. He was admitted at the age of fourteen at St. John's College, Cambridge, and having the small-pox when he was elected fellow, he was carried carefully wrapped up in blankets to preserve his seniority.

We have no scruple in recommending this work, as it contains far more entertainment and information than the generality of books of this description.

ART. 36.—*The Young Lady's and Gentleman's Atlas, &c.* By John Adams. 8vo. 9s. Darton and Harvey. 1805.

A NEAT, compact, and (we believe) pretty correct manual of geography, well adapted to be applied to the communication of this branch of knowledge in its most rational and effectual manner, namely, by putting an entertaining book of travels into one hand of the learner, and a portable book of maps into the other.

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### CORRESPONDENCE.

WE have seen the remarks on our review of the *Candid Examination* of Mr. Daubeny's *Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ* (C. R. July, 1805. p. 154—75,) which are contained in two recent numbers of the *Christian Observer*. These remarks, we presume, are from the pen of the *Candid Examiner* himself. On this presumption, we request that the following may be regarded as our reply.

The remarks, in every part of them, are so full of the grossest and most shameless misrepresentations of our words and our sentiments, and abound so greatly in all the marks of a disingenuous spirit, that we cannot feel any wish at all to enter into a minute and public refutation of them. All that we desire is, that our own Article may be read along with the *Candid Examiner's* comment upon it: and, when this shall be done, we doubt not but that a degree of indignation will be awakened against that gentleman, much more than adequate to gratify any disposition of revenge which we feel against him.

If we had been inclined to take any further notice of these remarks, it should have been done by a *private* communication to the *Candid Examiner*. For besides his *public* obligations to our Review, that gentleman is already our debtor for some pains exerted in private for his information and correction, on the subjects on which he has thought himself competent to instruct the public. But, till the C. E. shall publicly disavow these remarks in the *Christian Observer*, or shall publicly own that he has done us great wrong, both in the manner and matter of them, we must beg leave to renounce any further intercourse with him.

Mr. F.'s request, relative to the second edition of his work, shall be attended to.

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N. B. *The Appendix to the sixth Volume of the third Series of the CRITICAL REVIEW* will be published on the 1st of February.

# APPENDIX

TO THE  
SIXTH VOLUME  
OF  
THE THIRD SERIES  
OF THE  
CRITICAL REVIEW.

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Vol. VI.

No. V.

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ART. I.—*Nouveaux Contes moraux, &c.*

*New Moral Tales, by Madame De Genlis. 3 vols. small 8vo. Paris. 1805. Imported by De Boffe.*

TO blend instruction with amusement, is always to do good; and, the more people read for amusement only, the more useful is the mixture. Among these ‘blandi doctores’ the name of Genlis stands pretty high. Pedantry and sophistry may look upon the Tales of a Castle, or Adelaide and Theodore, with a disdainful smile. But true philosophy, taking a *bird’s-eye* view of science, will discern in a little well-written book for the use of children, or for the use of mothers and governesses in the care of children, a more real, because more extensive, piece of service to mankind, than in cart-loads of scholastic metaphysics, of verbal controversy, or even (to cut up our own vineyard) of criticism.

Having paid a compliment, which we really think due to the past exertions of Mad. De Genlis, we proceed to give our readers an account of the present set of Tales, which, though by the same hand, are not of that class which is addressed immediately to children. The contents of these three volumes have hitherto been confined to the ‘Bibliothèque des Romans,’ and are now printed separately as a continuation of the three volumes of Moral Tales formerly published by the same author. As is the case with most last collections, there are several articles which could have been very well dispensed with. In some of the Tales, the characters and incidents are perfectly unnatural, and consequently uninteresting; others are very dull and insipid; in many, the moral effect is extremely problematical, for

causes which we shall soon explain. The good which was in some intended to be produced, is not sufficiently baited with amusement to take effect; and even in the best (if we may be indulged in our metaphor) the hook is rather too plainly in view, the circumstances invented being too evidently subservient to the ὁ μὲν δὲ δηλοῖ, the moral.

It may here be worth the while to stop and consider what constitutes the morality of a tale. Is that a *moral* tale, which is professedly written with a moral end in view? An author may profess and not perform. Is that a moral tale, from which an ingenious critic educes a moral inference? Neither is this sufficient, because the maxims inferred vary in some measure with the disposition of the reader. Bossu may tell us that the proper moral of the Iliad is the mischief resulting from disunion in government; but if the story is detailed in such a manner, that the predominant feeling of the reader is admiration of 'the wrath of Peleus' son,' the source of the very mischief deprecated, what becomes of the moral effect proposed by the poet, or imagined for him by the critic? Nothing then remains but that we estimate the morality of a performance by its real criterion, the effect left upon the minds of the generality of readers when they lay down the book. It is in this light that we consider the moral effect of several of the present Tales as doubtful, notwithstanding their having been written with the very best intentions. The very contemplation of some vices, as, for instance, conjugal infidelity, is dangerous to the uncontaminated mind, however it may be hedged and fenced about by the infliction of poetical justice. In a word, the impressions upon the imagination are apt to be more lasting than those upon the understanding. We are far from meaning by these remarks to insinuate that the perusal of the present volumes will be upon the whole prejudicial. But in parts we are dubious as to the moral effect, which will be actually produced on the minds of younger readers. Instead of specifying these parts, which would involve us in tedious details and quotations, we leave them to the judgment of the reader.

The intention with which the greater part of these volumes seems to have been written, is to counteract the pernicious influence of what is called the new French school of philosophy, the 'insaniens sapientia' of the encyclopedists. Of their moral tendency in this respect, there can be no doubt. Every different poison, it is said, has its peculiar antidote; and perhaps the proposition holds equally good in a moral as in a physical sense. Every different infusion of

paradoxical ingredients, made up by the quacks and mountebanks in philosophy, demands from the advocates of good order and good sense, a counteracting cordial. But here a difficulty occurs. How far is ridicule to be admitted? and, if admitted, what is its *quantum satis* in such disputes? Ridicule is not (as some have contended) a test of truth; but it is the proper, and perhaps the only proper answer to absurdity. We know but one exception: In religious matters, even absurdity itself should meet with some respect, from a reverence to those sacred truths which it garbles. It being granted, then, that where paradoxes clearly and incontrovertibly absurd, are obtruded upon the world, however tricked in the garb of wisdom, the best answer to them is to expose them to ridicule, the next consideration is, what will be the best method of doing it? It appears to be this; to shew what would be the probable consequences of such principles, were they ever to become the leading rules of conduct in common life. If ever false philosophy merited this treatment, surely it is that mass of absurdity which has been spawned by the new school. Would any one see the self-sufficiency of the stoic; the voluptuousness of the epicurean, the wavering of the academic, concentrated, let him look to the pages of Voltaire, Helvetius, Rousseau, Diderot, D'Alembert, Condorcet, &c. There he will find suicide dignified with the title of a sublime action, divorces on the slightest pretences defended, the unrestrained indulgence of passion commended as a conformity with the laws of our being; the savage state called a state of nature and of happiness, and all the energies of virtue sunk into the vague impulses of natural temperament. To counteract such poison directed against the very vitals of society, Madame De Genlis has prepared a very proper antidote, and, to make the good as extensive as the mischief, she presents it in the vehicle of short Tales and Novels. The 'Philosophical Woman,' (altered\* and abridged from the English tale of Edmund Oliver, by Mr. C. Lloyd) and the 'Philosophical Artisans,' are extremely well written stories in this way. The most extravagant *tirade* is extracted from the works of the French sophists, and put into the mouths of their disciples, who are here represented as acting on the principles of their teachers. In the latter of the above tales,

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\* Not having read the English original, we cannot decide how far the alterations are of the nature of improvements. We dare to say, however, that the resolution of Fanny Miller, a native of Glasgow, to shut herself up in a convent, is not of British manufacture.

the characters of these *rêveurs* is well contrasted with one of the old school, a good motherly sort of woman, of unassuming unsophisticated good sense, directed by those obsolete and Gothic rules of decency and humanity which nature has written in the heart of man, aided by a few plain maxims from an old fashioned book called the Bible, which she quotes with wonderful volubility. Marguerite, in the *Philosophical Artisans*, is a character of nearly the same mould with worthy Mrs. Miller, in *Tom Jones*, with a little more simplicity and the additional talent of scriptural quotation.

'*Le Mari Corrupteur*,' is not a tale which we admire throughout. The following, however, is no bad specimen of the consequences which would follow from the adoption of Rousseau's ridiculous plan of leaving a child wholly ignorant of all systematical notions of religion, in order to avoid biasing his choice when he is grown up :

'The marquis had a natural son, now eighteen years of age, whom he had taken great care to have educated on a philosophical plan. His name was Belmont. Some years after the birth of this child, the marquis declared his determination that nobody should give him the slightest notion of religion; but that, when he should have reached the age of fifteen or sixteen, it should be proposed to him to chuse a religion according to his own taste. All this was punctually observed, this system was at that time extremely fashionable: the *esprits-forts* judged it perfectly agreeable to reason. When the young Belmont was sixteen years old, his father told him very gravely, one day, that his reasoning powers were now mature, that he was arrived at an age when he could think for himself upon the different sects of Christianity, and that he was left entirely to his own choice whether he would be a Catholic, a Lutheran, a Calvinist, a Quaker, &c. Belmont, concluding naturally from this indifference of his father, that he was inclined to no religion at all, asked him with the utmost simplicity, why he had excluded the Jewish and Mahometan religions from his choice. The marquis paid no attention to this question, and avoided returning an answer. Some days after Belmont made some inquiries respecting the number of volumes which it would be requisite for him to read, in order to direct his choice; he soon learned that his whole life, even supposing it a long one, would be scarcely sufficient to complete this study.—Some vague information which he had happened to receive concerning the paradise of Mahomet, gave him a particular inclination for that religion; but as he was unacquainted with the Arabic, he was obliged to give over all thoughts of studying the Koran and the Sunna. Meanwhile, he had been sent into the army. He set off for his garrison, taking with him some philosophical books, of which his father had made him a present. But he was fond of reading; he possessed some share of curiosity; he wished to peruse the *complete works* of the philosophers he admired, and he became in the end one of their most zealous disciples.'—VOL. II. P. 176-7.



To those who entertain a high idea of the rights of the fair sex, and regret that the days of chivalry are past, when a mistress would send her lover half over the world in quest of adventures, before she would deign him the liberty of saluting her hand, the tale of Lindane and Valmire will be highly amusing. As there is some humour in the unexpected *denouement*, we will translate it, having first premised what is necessary.

Lindane, a lady of rank and beauty, and possessed of some vanity, is adored by Valmire. The conversation turning on the custom prevalent in the days of chivalry for lovers to wander up and down maintaining the peerless beauty of their mistresses, she challenges him to travel over Europe for three whole years, without writing to her directly or indirectly, promising to be his at the expiration of this period. The romantic swain accepts the conditions, and sets out immediately. During his absence another lover steps in, wins the perfidious fair one's affections, and obtains her hand. The stated period of probation being elapsed, the other lover returns from his travels, flies to Lindane, who trembles with shame and apprehension of his reproaches, and prostrates himself at her feet.

'O Valmire, said Lindane, shedding tears abundantly, my dear Valmire, rise.—No, no! replied Valmire, it is at your feet that I ought to be; it is there I am bound to die!—Tender and generous Valmire, hear me!—Ah! let me breathe one moment. I wish to speak to you. O thou model of thy sex! O Lindane!—Oh, no! Valmire, I am not raised above the faults of my sex; but you! Oh! what heroism of sentiment and constancy!—Stop, Lindane, in the name of heaven, condescend to spare me!—Valmire!—Lindane!—I cannot sustain your looks! And I! What must I acquaint you with?—How? what is it I begin to learn?—Joy sparkles in your eyes: Ah! unhappy Valmire, you do not yet comprehend me! At these words, the tears of Valmire began to dry up.—What, Lindane, interrupted he, with sudden gladness in his countenance, can it be possible! Did you say I was unhappy?—Alas! time and absence—Proceed—My heart is changed; it is in the possession of another!—Ungrateful woman! cried Valmire, rising, after all I have done for your sake!—Kill me with reproaches, replied Lindane, weeping; I deserve it.—Ungrateful creature! repeated Valmire, with a softer tone, and here I came full of emotion, of perturbation, and of remorse!—Good God! remorse! rejoined Lindane, with an expression of the most agreeable surprise; do you then cease to love me?—How can I forbear to regret you, now that I see you again?—Are you then inconstant?—I have been married two years.—Perfidious! At this exclamation of Lindane, Valmire smiled, and Lindane herself burst out a laughing. They embraced each other

tenderly, mutually promising, as a reparation, a sentiment less liable to deception—they swore to each other an eternal friendship.' VOL. II. P. 64.

The first tale of the last volume is borrowed in part from an English novel, entitled 'the Victim of a Vow, or the Danger of Duplicity.' Here we are introduced to scenes of real chivalry, that never-failing recipe for romances ever since the tale of 'Cambuscan Bold.' Mad. De Genlis' style of writing, however, though well suited to scenes of tenderness, and sometimes capable even of the humorous, is not adapted to the description of tilts and tournaments. We seem to see a Cupid tottering under the helmet of Mars.

Two little dramatic pieces close the work. The first is intended as an after-piece to Rousseau's *Pygmalion*, 'sequiturque patrem non passibus æquis.' The interest of the piece (if interest it may be called that interest hath none) turns upon the odd inquiries and mistakes of Galatea, the newly animated statue; unfortunately Galatea apprehends objects in a very unphilosophical manner, and instead of tracing the species from the classification of individuals, she is perpetually asking of what species or *sort* of beings this or that is. In truth we wish Galatea, like another Niobe, could have once more forgotten herself to stone. The whole is a most silly performance, and which even a French audience could tolerate only from respect to its author. We toiled through five or six scenes, with many a longing look at the last page: but patience (as Tabitha Bramble says) is like a Welch poney; it will carry a great deal, and trot a long way, but it will tire at last. We could not get through it. The latter of these dramatic trifles is better. Some scenes contain a considerable portion of *fun*: but taken in general it is very moderate; and we know Horace's opinion relative to *indifferent* poets:

Mediocribus esse poetis  
Non Dii non homines, non concessere columnæ.

Which by the way we will attempt to modernize:

Th' indifferent poet is an evil  
Not gods nor men can bear, nor—printer's devil.

Upon the whole, these volumes, with much that is trifling contain much that is valuable. Those who possess the three first volumes of the '*Contes moraux*,' will do well to complete their sets. As for the Belmonts of the age, we recommend them to read those tales more especially in which the

positions of the French philosophy are ridiculed, and if after the perusal they are not converts to good sense, to take a trip to Anticyra.

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ART. II.—*Galerie politique, &c.*

*The Political Gallery; or a Historical, Philosophical, and Critical Portrait of the principal Characters of the present Day. By M. A. Gallet. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1805. Imported by Deconchy.*

THE chief characters, which have figured in Europe, during the latter part of the last century, here pass in review before us; their talents and dispositions are marked: and the influence they have had on their respective states, is painted in strong colours. The author is a Frenchman; of course his pretensions to impartiality are questionable; whenever the glory of the great nation is concerned, it is not to be expected from him, that he should see any obstacles in the claims of other nations, and he pays assuredly the highest compliments to the English, in making us the marked objects of his indignation. Where, however, neither France nor England are immediately concerned, the observations on general policy, as well as the conduct of particular characters, are drawn up in a manner both to please and to instruct, and the writer has evidently had the advantage of seeing a great number, and conversing with some, of those personages who form his Political Gallery.

The great object of the work is to shew, that the ancient balance of Europe is destroyed, and that circumstances render a new one necessary, in which the power of France must be essentially the greatest in the south of Europe, to counterbalance the three powers in the north. Of course Spain, Portugal, Italy, and Holland, must remain as they are, either in subjection to or under its influence. England must be reduced to a power of the second order, and the maritime powers of the Baltic are to be the great instruments in producing this change. The necessity of this balance is supposed to be clearly seen from the consequences of the revolution in France on the affairs of Europe.

In consequence of that revolution, England and Russia have acquired considerable influence in the Mediterranean. Italy is entirely changed, since France and Spain have now the ascendancy over it. Austria, once without expectation of

any maritime force on the side of Italy, has now formed a naval establishment at Venice. Prussia, in its turn, from its acquisitions in Poland, is become a maritime power, and since the union of Belgium with France, is a near neighbour to the latter country. Germany is another country since the secularization of many of its states, and the possession of the left bank of the Rhine by France, which places a number of German princes under its immediate protection. As long as Hanover remains in the hands of the French, their connections with Denmark increase, and cease to be merely on maritime subjects. Holland and Naples have lost their independence, and Portugal is under the guidance of France, since it is dependent on Spain, which is itself under French influence. The political destiny of Sweden is altered, since the increase of the Russian power in the north, with which it is now compelled to unite in spite of its former animosities. Turkey, since the Russians possessed Corfu, and the English Malta, is become insulated from France, and attached to those two nations. Malta and Sicily, for so long a time left to themselves, are become the objects of various pretensions. The Mediterranean is now the theatre of ambition, and Greece and Egypt are become to the rival powers, what Mexico and the West Indies were formerly to their ancestors.

What is then to be the result of this great change in the situation of Europe, which makes the peace of Amiens or Luneville an epoch of as great importance as the treaty of Westphalia? England, according to our author, is likely to be a sufferer. In the midst of its external prosperity, it has seen the decline of its influence in Europe in the loss of Hanover, and it may be now said to be really insulated from the continent. It is exposed also to the chance of being reduced to live on the produce of its own soil, if a league should be formed either between Russia and France, or between Prussia and the maritime powers of the second order, and France. The Indies would then weaken England in the same manner as the Spaniards have been injured by their possessions in America. The loss of Hanover does not appear to us by any means an injury to our own country, but the remark on the tendency of the East Indies to bring on our destruction, does not less merit our attention, because it comes from an enemy. Turkey is in a worse situation, for it may be considered to be under the Russian yoke, and retains the provinces bordering on that immense empire only by sufferance; and Sweden is said to be rather a tributary than an ally of Russia. Prussia is to expect con-

tinual attacks from Russia, since the dismemberment of Poland has destroyed the barrier between them; and in this conjecture there is but too great reason to expect the author's prognostications to be verified. What will become of Naples, since the English are in possession of Malta, and the Russians of Corfu? We answer, that more danger is to be apprehended from France than from any other quarter.

But the balance of Europe may be preserved, that is to say, the new balance, in which the great weight of France, with its dependencies, is to occupy the scale on one side, whilst the northern powers and Austria are to be on the other. This balance also will be preserved, unless the heads of empires and kingdoms should be forgetful of their own interests, and should be ambitious to enter into new wars. Here the author seems to have had a presentiment of the conflict to be sustained against Russia and Austria, and he prophesies, that, if sovereigns should thus forget their own interests, the ruin of monarchies will be the consequence. New commotions will then arise, and Europe will undergo another revolution; thus this ill-fated part of the earth seems little likely to enjoy any permanent stability; and whether France is permitted to aggrandize itself, or the allied powers should trench upon its domination, the new formed balance will not long retain a settled position.

We have observed, that England is the marked object of our author's indignation: we cannot wonder then that no opportunity is lost of placing this country in an odious point of view, and we could wish that no foundation had been laid by us in the conduct of our embassies. This is of more serious consequence than is generally imagined in this country; and circumstances have occurred, which give the French an opportunity of vilifying our ministers in foreign courts.

Pudet hæc opprobria dici,  
Et dici potuisse, & non potuisse refelli.

We will not repeat the charges of the author against our ambassadors. The system of these reciprocal missions, he observes, was at first very advantageous to Europe; the preservation of peace was the principle of their establishment;

‘ Latterly they have become destructive; they have contributed to perpetuate the evils of war, and to drain the treasures of nations. By them, parties have been pensioned, but through the ignorance and folly of the greater part of ambassadors, these parties were

of no avail in favour of the power which doled out to them its wealth. To distinguish whether a party can be useful, and to mark out the men calculated to form one, to be sure of their fidelity and their exertions, the knowledge of men and of nations is requisite, and this knowledge has seldom fallen to the lot of persons employed on diplomatic subjects.

The treaty of Amiens naturally produces a tirade against us, for our supposed perfidy in retaining the possession of Malta; but in the article of policy we were surprised to find a sentiment which implied a spark of remaining charity in favour of this country: 'If England should to-morrow,' says our author, 'lose its influence over the seas, and should be confined within its own limits, whether by its own inclination or by the force of circumstances, in either case England ought no longer to be regarded as the enemy of nations; and if it was weakened to such a situation as to be no longer formidable, it has a right to the support of France. The latter should unite with England, to defend it against any domineering power, and should thus maintain the great interest on which rests the equilibrium of general force, harmony, and the fortune of states.' We trust, that we shall never see the day, when our country stands in need of such support; in case it were necessary, our author would, we doubt not, find sufficient arguments to justify any treatment the ruler of his nation might think proper, to keep his opponents in the necessary degree of humiliation.

A remark on the general character of the continent deserves more attention. 'I must add,' says the author, 'that within these fifteen years, a change has been operated on the minds of Europeans, which requires a change in diplomatic sentiments. The French revolution has exposed the chief motives of cabinets, and enlightened the people on their peculiar interests, whence to a certain point the mysterious and equivocal conduct of the former must be abandoned. Loyalty (that is, sincerity,) seems to have become a new and necessary law of policy; ministers are regularly observed, and their schemes frequently developed; their actions form the subject of general conversation, in which a comparison is made of their merits. The movements of ambassadors and ministers will henceforward be more difficult, and great talents will every day be more necessary in these employments. It may in fact be prophesied, that those powers whose projects rest on ambition, will find in the execution of them, difficulties from the spirit of the times, which did not exist twenty years ago,

This cannot be too deeply impressed upon them, and it is to be hoped, that the conviction of this truth, may introduce more wisdom, and a greater love of peace into their councils.'

To shew our author's talents in describing a character, it would be unfair to take that of the glory of the English nation: his prejudices rendered him incapable of appreciating the merits of Nelson, and he knew not how to do justice to an enemy. Nelson is represented to be totally deficient in military talent, and this reproach comes to us at the moment when the French navy has suffered the severest blow from the activity of his mind, and every sailor of the British navy is wrapt in admiration at the boldness of his naval conceptions, and the promptitude with which they were executed. We are at this moment deploring the loss of our departed hero, a man tried to the utmost, and carrying the palm from every competitor for naval glory. The victory of the Nile is a blow on the French pretensions not easily to be parried, yet after much abuse the writer is not ashamed to speak of the conqueror in these absurd terms:

'I come to the event on which rests the pretended glory of this officer, and whose influence would have been but slight, if the fleet which he fought had not carried Bonaparte. Nelson, who has been represented as a conqueror in this action, was really, (can you believe it reader!) was really defeated. What was his object? to prevent the disembarkation in Egypt, not to make an attack at sea without real effect. The carrying off of some vessels, and the destruction of some others, was not a real fruit of victory, after the principal operation of the French army was effected. The advantages of the landing in Egypt more than compensated for the loss of the fleet; and more hurtful results would have followed from it to the English power, if future events had permitted France to keep possession of that country.'

He continues to observe, that there was no great merit in the fight, since the French ships were encumbered with soldiers, not recollecting that in the preceding paragraph he had depreciated the victory, because the troops had been landed. And yet such trifling will go down in France, and give room for exultation.

'Nelson is the naval Achilles of England. May our sailors (the French,) cast an eye only over his actions, consider them in themselves, recollect what they (the French sailors) have been, and sail against him without any apprehension for their fame.'

The author is best answered by the action off Trafalgar;

and the hero dying in the arms of victory, has given the best comment on the following sentences :

‘ This admiral has proved by his astonishing reputation, how blind the people often are with respect to their principal warriors, on what slender props their enthusiasm is supported, and how easily Europe permits itself to be abused.’

The respect due to our sovereign does not permit us to transcribe the malicious effusions of this author on such a subject, and his good sense forbade him to insert any thing respecting his own imperial master, being fully aware that no flattery would be too gross, and at the same time fearful lest some unforeseen event might render it ridiculous. Besides, the new sovereign might disdain the homage of such a writer, and look on his compliments as an insult.

The character of General Mack, drawn up before the disaster that has befallen him, sets him forth in true colours. This unfortunate man had been raised into reputation, before any opportunity had been given to him to prove his deserts, and, as it is properly observed, under the idea that he was a good colonel; the talent of a colonel is very different from that of a general, who is to direct the operations of an army of two hundred thousand men. In the business of a general, theory is imperfect, practice is absolutely necessary, and energy of character, together with high moral qualities, are as requisite as science. The writer did not foresee that this officer would be again called into action, and completely verify every thing that had been said against him. It was supposed that the general had been consigned to oblivion, and that his example might be held up to those who aspire to glory without the means of fixing it. Such men may glitter for a moment by deceit, but the blaze that surrounds them soon expires, and there remains only the disgrace of having been so illustrious. Contempt is the revenge taken by their contemporaries, for having been duped into an opinion of their renown.

The characters of Potemkin and Catharine, indicate that the writer is well acquainted with the intrigues of the Russian cabinet: Pope Pius the Sixth, and the present King of Sardinia are painted to the life, and with a degree of sensibility for their misfortunes, which we did not expect. The portraits in general may be said to be good likenesses, but all in the French style, and this style we are sorry to say, is that which is most in vogue upon the continent. London and Paris divide the attention of the world in two



very different ways. If London is the metropolis of widely extended dominions, and may be said to preside over commerce, Paris is the metropolis of Europe, and is the mistress of fashion; and fashion extends its rule to the thoughts, as well as to the dresses of its subjects. The French language is spoken every where, its books are circulated in every corner. This book will be read, and was intended to be read, in every court, and the dictates of the Frenchman will be received with implicit confidence by most of his readers. The French know how to use this prerogative, and against their arts the English are by no means sufficiently on their guard. But this work is one only of many in which the same design is carried on, and the attempt to undermine the moral character of the English is pursued without intermission.

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**ART. III.**—*Betrachtungen über den national Reichthum des Preussischen Staats, und über den Wohlstand seiner Bewohner, von Leopold Krug Königl. P. geheimen Registr.*

*Reflections on the national Riches of the Prussian States, and the Welfare of their Inhabitants. 2 vols. Berlin. 1805.*

THE fondness of the Germans for statistics is well known, and the utility of writings upon these subjects in despotical governments, cannot be doubted. Where so much depends upon a sovereign, he cannot be too often nor too strongly informed, how much misery exists under his government, and what are the means of removing it; or if by prudent councils the inhabitants have been raised in any degree from their previous wretched state, it is right that the sovereign should be induced, by the satisfaction he must feel on this account, to continue in so good a career. The author of this work enjoys every opportunity for his researches, and his previous publications prove him to be master of his subject. The registers of every kind were open to him, and all employed in the different departments of government, that could be of use to him, were willing to render him effectual service. On this account the work is interesting, though great reliance cannot be placed on many of its calculations.

The yearly produce of the States, for there are several under the dominion of Prussia, is first considered; and to find this, inquiry is made into the state of the lands

under cultivation, the meadows, woods, gardens, mines, fisheries, manufactures, and trade. Having found the produce and profits of these things, the manner in which these profits are divided among the various members of the state, is considered, what goes to the revenues of the king and his officers, what to the landholder, what to the industrious inhabitant. Hence the welfare of each rank is determined; and from the whole, some particular objects are pointed out, which have the greatest influence on the happiness of the Prussian dominions. To form a judgment on such a work, the accuracy of the sources on which the data are founded, must be examined, the mode of connecting facts with statistical calculations must be determined, and these points being previously settled, the conclusions built upon them must carry conviction.

With regard to the sources of information, there cannot be a doubt that the author had access to the best, which the subject admitted, as to national papers and documents. Yet how little way these will carry us, every one knows who recollects the carelessness with which many are kept, and how little they are examined by the superior officers. The author is himself aware of this remark, yet he too often places a greater reliance on his tables than they deserve; and we should have been more obliged to him, if from his acquaintance with the manner of keeping the national documents in Prussia, he had examined more accurately the degree of credibility to which they were respectively entitled. The registers of births and deaths are of great importance in determining the population of the kingdom, but if they are now well kept in Prussia, very little dependence can be placed on those of a remote date. Besides, as the births and deaths of soldiers' children are registered by the chaplain of the regiment, and many of them die in the country, where they are registered by the parish priest, their number is doubled in the general account. The carelessness of the priest will often make a considerable difference, as when the marriages are inserted among the births, which sometimes happens. On the tables of population also, no great dependence can be placed, as on the one part the masters of houses are not very fond of the inquiry, and the inquirer will not give himself much trouble to verify the answers. The numbers on this account are generally given with much less accuracy in towns than in the country.

For the produce of the land, tables of expenditure and receipts, and lists of cattle are used, but on both too great a stress is laid. The carelessness of village officers is not

the only thing here to be taken into consideration; there is an interest in the countryman to increase his expenditure, and diminish his receipts, that he may escape the heavy hand of government in taxation; and the monthly changes in the lists of cattle increase this error. For trade the custom-house and the excise-office books are the chief directions; how erroneous both these are, it is needless to mention; and as to the profits of manufactures, it must depend so much on conjecture, and so little on information, that little reliance can be placed on our author's results. Indeed where are the hat-makers, woolcombers, millers, starch-makers, who will give an exact account of the raw material they have received, the sums paid to their workmen, and the profit derived from the undertaking?

The tables will scarcely give us the information requisite, and on the welfare of the inhabitants we are as much at a loss. Indeed the best mode of ascertaining this point, seems to depend more on population and taxation, than on any other circumstance. When the number of persons incapable of paying taxes, which in many districts of the Prussian dominions is very considerable, is compared with the whole population, and also the quantity of taxes paid by each order, is compared with the population in that order, we may easily judge of the division of property in the country, and on that division we can found our calculations on the welfare of the inhabitants. This will give us the comparative state of the inhabitants of a country with each other, but no comparison between one country and another. We find in this part of the work, however, a foundation for our estimate of some classes. The catholic clergy are well paid, having some of them incomes of ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty, and as high as a hundred thousand dollars a year, and even the lower clergy and the protestant ministers are well paid. The schoolmasters are in a bad situation; the highest salary is only two hundred and fifty rixdollars a year, and a hundred and eighty-four receive only from ten to fifteen rixdollars.

The inquiry into the national domains is pursued with great care and diligence; and what may most surprise us is, that a despotical government should allow such freedom of discussion on these points, which in all other states are preserved with such care from public inspection. This liberal mode of thinking does the highest credit to the government, by which we cannot doubt, that the welfare both of the sovereign and his people will be greatly increased. The materials of this work will afford room for much im-

provement; the statistics of Prussia will in a future time be well ascertained, and thence much light will be thrown on a science which is still in its infancy. Those also, who live in countries which boast of enjoying liberty in the highest perfection, will perceive, that the want of it in other states is not so severely felt as they imagine, and in fact, that the press may be kept in a much greater subjection in a free country, than it is in one which is universally allowed to be despotical.

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ART. IV.—*Nouveau Voyage en Espagne.*

*New Travels in Spain.* 8vo. pp. 336. Paris. 1805.

Imported by Deconchy.

THIS book, although entitled, ‘Travels in Spain,’ professes to describe only a very small part of that kingdom. The author enters it by the pass of the Bidassoa, a small river at the western extremity of the Pyrenees, which divides what was formerly Bearn from Biscay, and is one of the three only points at which Spain is not inaccessible on the side of France. Yrun is the first Spanish town at which he arrives, and after an animated description of a battle which was fought in that neighbourhood during the last war between Spain and France, he proceeds to St. Sebastian; from thence to Saragossa, and thence to Madrid. Before the French revolution, it seems, there was a communication instituted by post and diligences from Madrid to Bayonne, on the same footing as in France. The war destroyed this convenient establishment, and notwithstanding a peace of nine years, it has never been revived.

In a book called *Travels in Spain*, we were surprised to find the author arrived at Madrid so early as page 26, but we laid it to the account of his good generalship, supposing it to be his intention to get possession in the first instance of the capital, under the conviction that so important a station once gained, the rest of the country would fall in of course. Under this impression, we felt great satisfaction in seeing him possess himself successively of the Buen Retiro, the Palais Neuf, Aranjuez, and St. Ildephonso; we heard with complacency his accounts of the climate, the laws, and the religion; and much approved his accuracy and perseverance in making himself acquainted with the establishment of the king’s household, the army, the navy, and the external and internal institutions of commerce. With great patience we

waited upon him through all his details for the space of one hundred and fifty, or two hundred pages; we then began to be tired of the capital, panted to be led out to the mountains of Galicia; to the banks of the Ebro, rendered interesting by the remembrance of classical importance, or those provinces with which the few remaining monuments of Moorish splendour make every one wish to be acquainted. But, contented or not, we found ourselves unable to leave Madrid till page 302, having spent there a portion of time, which (although that city, as the capital of the kingdom, was undoubtedly entitled to more than ordinary attention) our readers will agree with us in thinking rather unreasonable. We cannot say that we altogether approve of this mode of travelling in a country, without appearing to stir from the metropolis. It is defective in one grand object, that of affording entertainment to the generality of readers. We are fully aware, that the use to be derived from the observations of a well-informed sensible traveller, is of a higher class than that which is attained by the description of cities, mountains, and rivers; we are ready to acknowledge that to them the science of the philosopher, the politics of the statesman, and the combinations of the historian, are in a great measure to be referred. But unless these observations are blended with subjects capable of affording relief and amusement, they fail in raising in the mind that interest which is so essentially necessary to render their impression lasting, and their force useful. Besides this objection, the author's observations are desultory and irregular. For instance, the discussion of the merit of Spanish oils is introduced in a chapter between those on the cemeteries, and the historians of the country; and coiners, rivers, provisions, coxcombs, and mules, are classed together in a manner the most grotesque and ridiculous. Another fault not to be overlooked, is his determined inveteracy against those travellers who have gone before him. In his preface he calls them his *Cicroni*, and so constantly and cruelly do their misrepresentations haunt him, that wherever he turns, however sacred and retired the spot he is describing, however important the topic he is discussing, and however calm the mode in which he is treating it, the grizly shade of some assertion of either Mons. de Langle, or Mons. Bourgoing, néver fails to rise up to disturb the tranquillity of the scene, and the composure of the author, and provoke him to make use of language not easily reconcileable either to decency or good manners. The latter of these authors we have always considered as respectable; and whatever may be the demerits of the former,

they will hardly justify our author in the use of the violent epithets of which he is so liberal.

But it is time to introduce our readers to Spain, and the mode which the author adopts in his account of that kingdom. With this view, we shall endeavour to digest his remarks into two great classes, namely, those which concern Spain in her relations with other countries, and those which apply to her internal state, as connected with the climate and the religion, the laws, manners, and characters of the inhabitants.

It must, however, be premised, that our author appears to be highly partial to the country he describes; otherwise his moderation is universal, and forms one of the most prominent features of the work. Though a Frenchman, he does not hesitate to bestow praise even on the English; and the only instances in which he departs from the candour which in general characterizes his book, are those in which perhaps it is almost pardonable to be violent, where he conceives that he has to vindicate the cause of injured virtue and truth, and to oppose disloyal or irreligious sentiments. The productions of the French press must now be expected to teem with doctrines approaching very nearly to bigotry and passive obedience—so near are extremes to each other. And we cannot withhold from our author the praise of having inserted in his work more liberality of thought than we should have expected to meet with in that country.

The regular Spanish army consists in time of peace of 78,596 men, in time of war of 117,600, of which not more than 12,000 appear to be cavalry. The king's household troops make an addition of 8000. The pay of the officers is liberal, and our author observes, 'that of all the armies of Europe, except the English, the Spanish is the best paid.' There appears indeed, from the following passage, to be more pay than work, as in some other countries:

It would be very desirable (page 92) that the use of coffee-houses should be abolished; there should be no meetings of officers when not stimulated by the love of their profession; in these houses they lose their time, and have no other business than fatiguing themselves with idleness. Here glitter their tassels and laces; lieutenant-generals, colonels, ensigns, are confounded in the smother of segars, and equality reigns undisturbed around the billiard table. The soldier pulls off his hat as he passes a coffee-house, for he knows his officer is there; the sergeant resorts there to communicate the orders, and deliver the account of his company.

The force of the country, we agree, is not thinking adequate to its defence.

on so many sides by the barriers of nature. The king's Walloon guards consist of three battalions; they were first created by Philip V. and then consisted exclusively of natives of those provinces of France which had been formerly under the government of Spain. This principle was abandoned during the last war with France, when Frenchmen without distinction, and even Spaniards, and strangers of all countries, were admitted. The experiment of reform was before tried by Philip V. but the representations and entreaties of the Duke of Havre (brother of the Count Priego, who had formed the corps) contained in a letter which is introduced rather unnecessarily to fill ten pages of the present work, induced him to maintain their original establishment.

Of the Spanish navy, it will be now needless to make any extracts from the book before us, or indeed any other. The best documents on that subject to which we can refer our readers, are the recent dispatches of Lord Collingwood. But while we feel a satisfaction, which every patriotic mind must feel, in reflecting on the glorious and melancholy achievement which has rendered this inquiry needless, we cannot forbear the tribute of the highest applause to the manly conduct of the Spaniards, which has been marked by the noblest traits both of generosity and humanity.

Our author's accounts of the commerce of Spain with England, are avowedly drawn from English sources; the balance appears to be in favour of Spain. He is decidedly favourable to the Spanish colonial system. We have not leisure, nor is this the place, to attempt a discussion of this difficult question.

The wool exportation trade produces yearly four hundred and seventy-five millions. It is chiefly carried on by the ports of Bilboa, St. Andero, and Seville, and is divided between the English, the French, and the Dutch.

'Almost all the commerce in wool' (says our traveller, page 178) 'is carried on by the merchants of Madrid, who get the proprietors of flocks into their power by advancing them money. 'For,' he tells us, 'the flock-owners in general support themselves more on credit than by their own capital. It is thus that the principal branch of Spanish commerce is infinitely more profitable to the merchants than to the government by the augmentation of the branch itself. For, by means of their brokers, the merchants are upon the watch for needy owners, and instead of giving them capital for the increase of the flocks, they profit by their distress to get the fleeces at a low price. These wools are then sold abroad at a price much under their real value, so that the greatest profit is made.

by foreigners, who sell their cloths at a price calculated, not upon what they have paid, but upon what they ought to have paid, for the wools they have manufactured.'

The stopping an exportation so prejudicial to the establishment of manufactures within herself, would unquestionably be wise policy in Spain. There would, we imagine, be little danger of her losing her superiority in this article, after the many unsuccessful attempts to rival her that have been made by ingenious speculators in this country.

We now turn to what there is in this work descriptive of Spain and its inhabitants. We shall not fatigue our readers with details of the different buildings at Madrid; they have all been repeatedly described, and we find nothing on the subject either new or remarkable in the book before us. The new palace appears to be still incomplete, and from the immensity of the design, and the difficulties which the ground chosen for its erection, and other circumstances, present, it seems probable, that it will still be some time before it is finished. The author speaks (pages 59, et seq.) in no very high terms of the criminal laws of Spain. The capital punishment of the lower classes, is hanging; of the nobility, strangling. The great man is also indulged with the privilege of going to execution on horseback, and wears a robe of violet colour, and a green cap.

We cannot by any means agree with our author in his opinion of the Inquisition. We trust we are not amongst those who suffer themselves to be carried away with idle declamations of prejudice. Yet we have always, from all we have read, and all we have thought on the subject, formed so strong an idea of the horrors of that tribunal, that it would require much stronger reasoning than what this book contains, to induce us to alter our opinion. We were not at all fond of the laws formerly in force in this country against the Roman Catholics; but they are now for the most part repealed, whilst the Inquisition still exists. That tribunal must be considered as a lion tamed, (without the prudence of *Æsop's* wench) who still retains his teeth and claws, the instruments of that fury which the first provocation may revive. We are well assured that superstition is rapidly losing ground in Spain. The remark has been made to us by many ingenious men who have lately visited that country. At the same time we look earnestly for the dissolution of the religious houses, as the only effectual method of putting Spain upon that footing in regard to learning and good sense which she certainly is entitled to hold. No class of people, however, is so entirely useless as not to be of service in some situation



or other; and the least the monks can do, in return for the life of idleness in which they are maintained, is to fill the offices of firemen and sick-nurses, (page 135) when occasion requires. On the subject of superstition we cannot help remarking the stories told of our countrymen under the head 'Jours malheureux,' (page 256.) Every one knows that sailors are superstitious, that James I. believed in sorcery, and that the belief of spectres and ghosts is still prevalent in Scotland and Wales: but at all events we would recommend our author, for the sake of decency, if not of truth, to expunge the story told in page 261.

The character of the Spaniards has been so often drawn, that little new can be expected on the subject. They are high-spirited, well-informed, persevering, frank, of easy manners in private life, (the manners of the women, indeed, approaching to levity and coquetry) but without that frivolity which so strongly marks the French. They have hitherto, it appears, resisted the introduction of French manners; and, although the Spaniards are by a positive edict obliged to cock their hats in Madrid, yet no sooner are they fairly out of the city, than they indulge their national prejudices by restoring them to their original slouch.

We hasten now to quit Madrid, and although we do not hope to equal the miraculous speed of his catholic majesty, who, we are gravely told in page 232, goes from Aranjuez to Madrid (a distance of at least twenty-five miles) in an hour and a half, and from Madrid to St. Ildefonso (more than fifty miles) in three hours and an half, yet we shall be happy to attend our author back to France; he goes by the way of Catalonia, taking in his route Lerida, Cervera, Montserrat, Molin del Rey, Barcelona, and Taragona. His account of the travelling in Spain is very entertaining. Posting seems to be entirely in the hands of monopolizers, that worst inconvenience of arbitrary governments. Of course travellers are badly conducted and badly accommodated.

'The only mode of travelling in Spain (page 233,) is by mules. Those who wish to travel swiftly, and do not chuse to be at the expence of post-horses, hire a mule. They are sure to go at the rate of eighteen leagues a day; they are attended by a servant (*mozo*), who is always at the head of the beast. It is difficult to say which is the most surprizing, the mule or the servant. Those who choose to travel in a carriage, and with expedition, hire what is called a "*coche de colleras*," a carriage with four seats, tolerably convenient, drawn by six or seven mules. The coach owner has relays of mules, and, at a considerable expence, you travel as fast as by posting in France, not travelling in the night. If you are not in a hurry, you get on

by short stages of from twelve to fourteen leagues. A stranger going first into Spain trembles at being intrusted to six furious animals, who have no bridle, and nothing but the voice of the coachman to direct them. Left to themselves the whole road, between two ditches, they set off at full trot on level ground, and at full gallop down hill: they are obedient to every turn of the coachman's voice, who, seated on the planks over the front wheels, exercises a most despotic authority over them. He has by way of lieutenant a man called *zagal*. His office is to flog the mule who is lazy, or shews any signs of insubordination. Trotting by the side of the beasts, the *zagal* encourages them with his voice and his whip.—‘On arriving in a town he places himself between the two fore mules, holding one by each hand, and in that situation passes through the streets that lead to the inn.’

It was the intention of our traveller to have visited the southern parts of Spain, and Gibraltar, but the malady under which those fine provinces were then labouring, induced him to forego his plan. Our readers will, perhaps, be entertained with his remarks on these diseases:

‘According to the observations (says he, page 303) of the most celebrated physicians of Cadiz, Malaga, and other cities, this disease is not the plague; it has not even any symptom of it; nor is it the yellow fever, although the infection which spread its ravages at Cadiz for three years, was first introduced by persons and merchandize coming from an American port where the yellow fever was prevalent: but the characteristics of this disease have been changed by the climate of Andalusia, and although quite as destructive, it is not so dangerous, being more easily got under. It is not contagious; there are even instances of people who have worn the cloaths of those who had died of the disorder, and have not caught it; the air only is impregnated with the particles of infection, and changes for the better have been remarked whenever it has rained, or the thermometer has fallen.’—‘This disease (p. 305) which the physicians have called the putrid, the inflammatory, the bilious fever, shews itself in the most frightful symptoms in the very outset. The patient feels a sinking and weakness both of body and mind, loses all concern for himself, and if he is left, (of which there were many instances before the disease was understood) he falls a sacrifice more for want of care than from the effects of this malady. Four and twenty hours after the first seizure, the fever appears, vomitings begin the second day, and what is ejected is of a black colour, from which circumstance the disease has been frequently called the Black Sickness (*Vomito negro*). Delirium comes on almost immediately, and the disorder generally proves fatal on the sixth day. The remedy which has been hitherto the most efficacious, is emetics given on the first symptoms, and when they have worked off, a large quantity of lemonade, and diluents, and above all, the greatest cleanliness.’—It

has been remarked, (p. 308) that persons who have bathed in the sea, who have drunk every morning a glass of sea-water, or have rubbed themselves with oil, have generally escaped the infection. I was assured that M. de Reding (colonel of the Swiss regiment of that name, which was in garrison at Malaga during the epidemy) preserved his men by making them dip their shirts in oil.\*

On the whole, this work is evidently that of an intelligent and thinking, though prejudiced man; and we assure our readers, that, if the book should fall in their way, it will well repay them for the trouble of perusing it.

ART. V.—*Précis historique de la dernière Expedition de St. Domingue, &c.*

*An historical Detail of the last Expedition to St. Domingo, from the Departure of the Army from the Coasts of France, to the Evacuation of the Colony, concluding with the Means of its Re-establishment. By A. P. M. Laumon. 8vo. Paris, 1805. Imported by Deconchy.*

THE conflagrations, tortures, and massacres, which have made St. Domingo, Ireland, and La Vendée, such prominent features in the history of the French revolution, mark, in very distressing colours, the character of the age in which we live, and in the eyes of posterity will abate very much the value of the compliments paid to modern refinements and civilization. Humanity shudders at the horrors perpetrated in St. Domingo, where the whites seemed to vie with the blacks in devising superior methods of cruelty. To detail them all could answer no good purpose: it is not to be expected from a Frenchman, that he would permit any thing to transpire which should tend to excite general indignation in Europe against his countrymen; the negro is the object of unreserved abuse, the horrible crimes of the French are to the utmost palliated, or past over in silence.

The cry of liberty and equality reached the shores of Domingo at a very early period of the revolution. The blacks were to be raised to the level of humanity, but no regard was paid to previous circumstances, and the granting of freedom to them was the signal of outrage and tumult in the colony. What by prudent and wise measures might have been a general blessing, was converted into a curse to all par-

\* See the remarks of Mr. Jackson, in his 'Commerce of the Mediterranean,' respecting the effects of oil in preventing the plague, exemplified in the instance of the coonies or porters of Tunis. P. 64, et seq. REV.

ties. From being a slave, the black became at last the master, and the war between England and France took away from the latter country every opportunity of bringing back the colony to its ancient obedience. The first effect of peace was the sending of a strong military force to Domingo, which was supplied by continual reinforcements; and it was not doubted that the superior skill and discipline of the French would in a short time regain entire possession of the whole island.

The blacks at the time of the expedition were under Toussaint, who had for some years ruled over them with absolute sway, and who negotiated with the English as a sovereign prince. His force, according to our author, amounted only to thirteen regiments of the line, composing a body of at least eighteen thousand men, together with about three thousand cavalry. Against him twelve thousand men embarked in France, and on the 2d of February, 1802, arrived at the Cape, where Christophe, an English black, commanded, who, on receiving from the French commander in chief a proclamation, acknowledging the rights of the men of colour and the negroes, requested of Leclerc to suspend his landing for three days, that Toussaint might be informed of the arrival of the French, and return what orders he might think necessary on such an occasion. The entrance of the port within that time was prohibited; but the French general, paying no regard to the request, determined to seize on the place that night, and thus committed his first fault of attempting every thing by force, rather than by policy. The winds prevented the execution of his designs, and the day discovered them to the negroes, who conceiving the French force to be much greater than it was, resolved to abandon the place, and conflagrations in the town and neighbouring plantations announced to the French that they might now land and take possession of a ruined district.

In a short time the French were masters of the southern part of the island, and found means to create dissensions among the principal blacks. After frequent engagements, and the ravaging of all the country that was the seat of war, Toussaint submitted, and surrendered himself to the French, who thus became masters of the island, and had every reason to expect with returning peace, returning prosperity to the colony. The first measures taken seem to have been founded on prudence: the commander in chief ordered a council to be summoned, consisting of members of the three classes, whites, mulattoes, and blacks, to deliberate on the laws necessary for the government of the island, and

whilst they were occupied in this salutary office, the disorder so fatal to Europeans, began its ravages in the army.

According to our author, the colony was every day recovering from its disastrous state, and the next event, the seizure of Toussaint, was the signal for the return of its ancient proprietors. The pretext for this seizure is related to be the discovery of a plot for arming the negroes, which Toussaint had framed at his retirement, about thirty leagues from the Cape: a pretext easily formed by those who wished to deprive him of his liberty and influence. The author contends, that the opinion entertained in France of the impolicy of this seizure, as the origin of all the future evils, was founded in extreme prejudice, and that the knowledge of the character of this chief made it absolutely necessary: but he does not appear to us to succeed in either argument, and the abuse which he casts upon this unfortunate hero, renders his account still more suspicious; as the seizure of Toussaint is asserted to have had no effect upon the blacks, some other cause must be discovered for their future conduct.

The sickness increased among the French troops, and with the arrival of ships from the other islands, came the news, which could not be suppressed, that in these islands slavery was re-established, and that cargoes of negroes had been imported and sold. Soon afterwards partial insurrections took place, but they were suppressed; and Dessalines, the next in power to Toussaint, was one of the most active in executing against his former companions in arms, the design of the new government. His conduct, though narrowly watched, was free from the slightest taint of suspicion, and he seems to have conducted himself with such prudence that he was not even suspected till the moment that he appeared in arms against a fort; and he most probably had reserved himself for the moment when the diseased state of the French army gave him the fairest prospect of success. The news of this revolt reached Leclerc on the 21st of October, and he died on the next day. Our author is unwilling to allow to Dessalines much merit in the part he thus took, and the insurrection of the negroes is attributed to three causes: First, the disorder among the French troops, which carried off nine-tenths of their forces, and prevailed in such a manner that the continual supplies from France were inadequate; the second cause was the news of slavery being established in Martinico and Guadaloupe; the third, the support offered to the blacks by the English government. We cannot but attribute much more to the manner in which Leclerc effected

his landing, and the seizure of Toussaint: by the first he created an alarm in the minds of the blacks, by the second he confirmed it, and they seem to have availed themselves of circumstances to regain their liberty, and to rid their country of men not inferior in cruelty and treachery to themselves.

Rochambeau had now the command of the army, and with it a difficult task to perform. Our author, who is released from the fear of finding out a fault attaching to a person related to his emperor, discovers one which must assuredly have been highly prejudicial to the French interests. The mulattoes, he tells us, were at Domingo, what many rich men were in France before the revolution: they cried out for liberty and equality with the same views. The rich men of the *tiers état* wished for a change in government, that they might be placed on a level with those who by rank and birth were above them, but had no idea of giving equality to others, nor of losing that importance and respect to which they thought themselves entitled by their wealth. The mulattoes and free blacks desired the prejudice on colour to be removed, without imparting any of the privileges they demanded, to the negro slaves, whose slavery they considered to be as useful to themselves as to the whites. These mulattoes never forgot the injuries they had suffered under the government of Toussaint, and by proper management would have made an excellent barrier between the whites and the blacks. But the whites recollected what they had suffered from the mulattoes, and began in their turn to retaliate. One of them, to whom the French were indebted for the taking of Port-au-Prince, and the safety of its inhabitants, was arrested on mere suspicion by General Darbois, and drowned the same night. Two others were soon after seized and drowned in the same manner, and the consequence was, that the mulattoes left the whites, and took the side of the blacks. The author does not deny that there might be a foundation for the trial of these mulattoes, but he properly observes, that the means employed against them, supposing them to be culpable, were atrocious, barbarous, impolitic, and injurious to the government under whose authority they were used.

From this time a series of cruelties took place on both sides, and the English are accused of putting into the hands of slaves, weapons for the destruction of their masters. Whether this be true or not, the blacks and men of colour every day gained strength, and the war between England and

France prevented the arrival of reinforcements from the latter country. At last the military were confined within the district of the Cape, and found themselves under the necessity of evacuating it. The author here forgets to paint the hurry in which they were obliged to escape from the blacks, and put themselves into the power, or rather under the protection of the English. Our commodore is said to have promised that the officers should not be disarmed, nor their property seized, and to have broken his word in both respects. We are not inclined to credit the Frenchman's account: if the English had chosen to leave them to their fate, they must in a few hours have perished under the cruelties of the blacks, but we find no emotions of gratitude for the preservation of their lives. On the 30th of November, 1804, they escaped from the island, which was left to a black government, and thus ended an expedition disastrous in itself, and not, even under the colouring of this author, deserving of better success.

On the re-establishment of the colony, of which the most sanguine hopes are entertained, and for which a campaign of five months is supposed to be sufficient, some judicious advice is given. Experience evidently teaches a better conduct towards the blacks; to preserve and extend the former rights of the mulattoes; to insure liberty to the black soldiers now in arms, and to take them into pay: as to the other negroes, they are to be brought back to their ancient slavery. The experiment will not soon be tried, and notwithstanding the superior skill and discipline of the French, there is an obstacle in the climate not easily to be overcome. The blacks also have tasted the sweets of liberty: they are perfectly well acquainted with the dispositions of their ancient masters, and are well convinced that no dependence can be placed on their promises. We should be glad to have an opportunity of comparing this account of the expedition with one written by a member of the black army. The conduct of the French would be painted in truer colours, and we might probably hear of some traits of heroism in a black, of which this volume would make us believe he is incapable. In spite of the prejudices of the author, enough appears, to prove that the plan was ill-concerted, badly executed, and disgraceful to the French character,

ART. VI.—*L'Art Militaire.*

*The Art of War, as practised among the most famous Nations of Antiquity, analyzed and compared with that of Modern Times; or, an Inquiry into the true Theory of War, and the essential Principles of military Institutions. By L. M. P. de Laverne, formerly an Officer of Dragoons. pp. 510. 8vo. 8s. Paris. 1805. Imported by Deconchy.*

A MILITARY project for perpetual peace! the pleasing illusion of weak but benevolent men in all ages, and peculiarly natural to an old soldier who has experienced the fatigues and calamities of war. Visionary, however, as it may appear to some, it has no doubt its use in cherishing a general sentiment of humanity; desirable as it may seem to others, it would nevertheless have its evils, as continued repose might relax the energies of nations, and enfeeble their capacity for the arts and sciences. We reject indeed with strong reprobation the solitary idea, expanded till it fills a huge quarto volume, that war is necessary to impede the progress of population; but we must equally regard the first melodious notes that announce the existence of perpetual peace as the funeral-knell of genius. Let us not, however, withhold the due tribute of approbation to the benevolent design of M. Laverne, who certainly shapes his march by a new route to this 'divine tranquillity.' Had the author been a Millennarian or an Israelite, we should have concluded, that he had fixed his mind's eye on the Messiah, and that he beheld him clad in complete armour at the head of countless hosts, 'going forth conquering and to conquer.' But M. Laverne, verbally, if not conscientiously a Christian, has very different views, and boldly denies all peculiarly pre-eminent merit in the revolutionary generals of France, in order to vest it in the modern art of war. To establish this point, and at the same time a perfect system of military organization, would certainly contribute very materially to the success of his most laudable object—the suppression of lawless ambition, and a desire to stop the effusion of human blood. His proposed means, however, of realizing this wish, if not inadequate, are, we fear, very inconsistent with such desirable ends. They are simply an augmentation, rather than an improvement of military establishments, by which he would have a nation capable of devoting, at a moment, its entire physical power to act simultaneously against the enemy. This unity is the sole basis of the new military system, which the author modestly confesses to have borrowed from the



work of the Prussian officer, M. Bulow, on the modern System of War, which he had previously translated into French. The work of our author indeed consists of historical reflections, all tending to illustrate or establish the above principle of a military system, which he thinks would render the art of war much more rational and systematic, and finally lead to its total disuse : that is to say, war, by its extravagance and unreasonableness, would then destroy itself, and men would at length recoil from a practice so unworthy of rational beings. There is perhaps as much truth as novelty in this opinion, which is very congenial to the mind of Frenchmen, who carry every thing to extremes, and who know of no other test of truth than ridicule. Notwithstanding M. Laverne's endless tautological repetitions, which would make even a Dutchman yawn, that the perfection of the military system would produce perpetual and universal peace, he has the good sense to insist, in the most decisive terms, on the balance of power in Europe. Of a work entirely composed of reflections, and in a style the most heavy and prolix with which the lumber of a feeble imagination was ever enveloped, it is impossible to give an analysis. We shall therefore translate such sentences as contain nearly all that is either new or intrinsically valuable in the volume, from which it will appear that the author possesses some good sense and much benevolence ; but that, like the generality of his countrymen, he is greatly deficient in that depth of judgment, that energy of mind, that perceptive power, which develops and illumines the principles on which are founded the science and laws of human society. The following sentence occurs in the preface :

‘ It cannot be too often repeated and proved to man, that he can neither be great, happy, strong, nor triumphant, but by the means of order, method, and prudence ; and that enthusiasm, and the more ardent virtues, have never produced any thing durable : they spring from the passions, and lead directly to vice. True virtue springs only from reason, so that virtue and beauty may every where be found.’

This trite but useful truth is followed by others equally so, on the military state.

‘ Armies, an integral part of polished societies, have been instituted to subdue men to law and good order, to maintain harmony and peace by means of a visible force, and by virtue of example. They have been placed as the corner-stone, on which is imposed the weight of the social edifice ; so that they necessarily have great duties, but also equivalent rights. Consequently, war, which has so often ori-

ginated in the passions of men, but which, in the infancy of the world, perhaps had no other cause than the necessity under which established agricultural societies found themselves, of resisting the incursions of wandering tribes, and even of subduing them for their security; war, I say, has given birth to the art of war, which, in reality, is no other than a system of attack and defence, a manner of acting simultaneously and with unity against the enemy, and of producing disorder among them by means of an orderly and systematic military institution. This is the method of maintaining order in society. It is therefore evident, that the tendency towards unity that predominates in the human mind, has been the principle of the art of war, and the *primum mobile* of regular systems that have since been framed, as it had previously presided at the foundation of the military institution. Secret at first, and the offspring of feeling rather than reflection, this disposition of the mind gradually developed itself, and in time, assumed a fixed and certain form. Thus, modified by experience, this sentiment has clearly manifested itself to the mind of man; it has become a principle: that is to say, reason has taken possession of it, and it is no more a movement of instinct, but knowingly and voluntarily it has framed, or has the power to frame, its rules of action. This is the limit to which our ideas have approached, in proportion as they became expanded by the progress of civilization. This is the end at which it is necessary to arrive, in order that the art of war may finally attain the character of a science.'

To ascribe the art of war to an instinctive sentiment of order in the human mind, and also to the necessity of self-defence, may suit the present taste of France; but in this country philosophy no longer admits of two causes to one effect. The author indeed, although he possesses something of the feeble remains of the old school, is but a poor casuist and worse metaphysician. After laying down the metaphysical data of his principles, the author attempts to deduce the present moral and military character of the different quarters of the world from the descendants of Noah: the supposed contemplative effeminacy of the south-eastern Asiatics is ascribed to Shem; the regularity and cunning selfishness of the Africans, to Ham; and the restless ambition of the Europeans and northern Asiatics, to Japhet. Many will be disposed to consider these deductions equally precarious and superficial with that which traces the art of war from a peculiar principle of the human mind. They are proved, indeed, if not false, at least superfluous, by a subsequent remark, that 'the inhabitants of fertile climates are not warriors.' To this truth we cheerfully subscribe, and see no reason for the spirit of 'double causation' that pervades the whole of this work.

The following observation, delivered with the utmost gravity, may be taken as a specimen of the popular sentiments in France:

‘Europe long preserved relics of the barbarism of the northern hordes; but knowledge and civilization at length producing in us the effect which they had produced in the Romans and Greeks, we have shewn ourselves worthy of equalling them in the glorious and terrible art of subduing and destroying man.’—‘The two first civilized nations have been also the first conquerors, and the first who formed an idea of organizing their troops in a rational manner, with the view of rendering them one integral and uniform body; a proof that civilization tends towards this integrity and unity: a proof that unity is the mother of regularity and of power, and the source of all success.’

We sincerely hope, that the latter well-known, but hitherto inefficient truth, may be in future more justly appreciated, not only by those destined to the profession of arms, but by statesmen, legislators, and even merchants, who may be disposed to enrich themselves by a traffic that either directly or indirectly succours the enemy. The history of all wars shews its importance; but in a war expressly carried on to annihilate the manufactures and commerce of one country, it is still more essential. The want of this integrity and unity of action has almost always been the sole cause of the defeat and dissolution of the most powerful and most just alliances that ever were formed. It is a melancholy truth, as painful to humanity as disgraceful to the judgment of statesmen, that, if wars be just and necessary, (and who can doubt it?) more efficient measures have not yet been discovered or adopted to insure the cordial co-operation of this all-powerful ‘unity of action.’ On this head, we must agree with M. Laverne, and consider it the part of true humanity to unite with promptitude the entire physical force of a nation, in order to give it that ‘integrity and unity of action,’ that may enable it to operate with an irresistible and accumulating mechanical power against the common enemy.

‘With regard to nations, (observes the author) unity constitutes the whole power of the military part of the community, when it actually exists in this part, and in the relations which bind it to the other institutions of society; and this unity, which alone makes the military order an institution, and war an art, does not develop itself but in conjunction with knowledge and civilization, although it does not hence follow that all polished and enlightened nations should be military or warlike.’

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‘In the grand political associations of our days, and with the

moral and religious ideas brought into the world by the Christian religion, enlightened and propagated by civilization and knowledge, the word *country* is void of meaning. How can we fix to a modern European, the sphere of affection that this term ought to include? A treaty of peace that adds a province to the state of which he is a member, obliges him to cherish additional millions of men. The love of order, of public good, and of humanity, these are what ought to be engraven on the heart of every virtuous citizen of our age.'

Deeply impressed with this idea and its necessary effects, the author, in the spirit of true patriotism, feelingly laments the inevitable consequences of the partition of France into departments, that must necessarily eradicate that provincial spirit, so favourable to rivalry of glory in war, and so important to the arms of his country.

But to proceed with his military system, we have the following eight propositions, modestly denominated 'incontestible truths:'

1st. 'Among the nations that have cultivated war, those only in which the military have constituted an order in the state, and been systematically organized on a rational plan, have made and preserved conquests, founded empires, or maintained themselves upon such a respectable footing as permitted them to unfold in their bosom all the germs of prosperity.

2d. 'These divers circumstances are not found but among polished nations.

3d. 'It results from the last observation, that the military system considered in its interior and exterior effects, is solely a creature of civilization, a production of art.

4th. 'The nations that have exercised the greatest degree of art and combination in their warlike institutions, have obtained a marked superiority over the others; and as talents are the source of art, which they support and unfold, the most enlightened and civilized nations have had the most perfect military systems.

5th. 'All that depends on art, that is to say, all that man produces by the exercise of his reason and reflection, is capable of being indefinitely perfected by man himself. It is therefore possible to establish a military system on so fixed a basis, on principles so evident, and of such universal application, that, on the one hand the profession of arms will no longer have effects that are otherwise than beneficial to society; and, on the other, the intervention of chance will be entirely banished from the practice of war.

6th. 'Effects so great must depend on a superior cause, on a general principle, which will be found in the very essence of the human mind.

7th. 'This principle is identical with the nature of the mind of man, and its manifestation follows the development of his reason,

which is the director of the human mind. The instant that men have proceeded methodically, and founded any of their social institutions on reflection, it ought to evince itself by an uniform tendency of the mind of the people to a certain end, which they endeavour to attain, and to which they will approach more or less near in proportion to their knowledge.

8th. 'Therefore, that which wise men have always sought for in religious, political, or civil institutions, in the sciences and in the arts, is *unity*, which the human mind considers, by a necessary principle of its moral organization, as the source of beauty, of goodness, of power, and of duration.

'It is then no longer possible to misconceive the fundamental principles which must be the stone of our edifice. To conduce to unity, to attain that unity, to bind together intimately all the parts of the military system, and to attach this system by indissoluble links and by multiplied ties, to all the other branches of the social tree; this is what must be sought after. We are now sufficiently well informed, and far enough advanced in civilization; our experience is sufficiently consummate, and our reason so solid, that the execution of this plan need not exceed our powers. In a word, we are in a condition to subject to analysis an art, which is but a tissue of combinations and reflections depending on the mind; we can withdraw the illusion of the mysterious veil that has been drawn over the manner of its proceedings, when reduced to practice; and it is in our power to give it all the perspicuity, immutability, and vigorous exactitude of a science.'

Perhaps this affected metaphysical jargon of mysticism may bring the fable of the mountain to the recollection of some readers, or it may excite a smile at the writers who are incessantly abusing English authors for dryness and obscurity. How M. Laverne could envelope what he strangely calls 'incontestible truths,' in such tautological verbiage, we shall not stay to determine. From deference to our English readers, however, we have rendered them, in our translation, somewhat more perspicuous and less absurd than they are in the original. The author only meant to express with an air of novelty, a very common idea, which he has probably borrowed from Pope, namely, that 'order is Heaven's first law,' and that as this law is perceptible throughout the material universe, it ought also to prevail in human institutions. This is the sum of our author's discovery; yet we shall not be surprised to hear, perhaps in a very few years, that Englishmen have learned the art of war from M. Laverne! He has not indeed been able even to apply this idea as he might have done, to the completion of his object, by shewing its influence and subserviency to the art of war, even in defiance of political institutions, and of generally received mo-

ral principles. Philosophers, however, augur very different events from this congenial sentiment of order in the human mind, and expect it sooner or later to produce such efficient sentiments of justice, as shall ultimately assuage the malignant passions, and thence obviate the causes of war, and consequently the necessity of any warlike institutions. The followers of this project complain with too much truth, that it has never had a fair trial, and the almost insuperable difficulty of procuring it such trial, is not the least argument against its practicability. Not so with that of our author, who is very likely to find that part which relates to the establishment of a military power, carried beyond what he at present conceives, and perhaps farther than he would wish; but we much doubt, that his plan for restoring the balance of power will share the common fate of its predecessors, and be abortive only from its not being applied.

M. Laverne, after this luminous exposition of his system, and his *annonce du maxime*, glances at the history of ancient and modern wars: but he is still bewildered with facts, which his rapid imagination cannot animate, nor his feeble judgment arrange. Nevertheless, we trembled for the man, now perhaps languishing in a dungeon, who had the conscientious temerity to make the following observations in France:

‘The Swiss have maintained their independence in the centre of Europe, first, from the respect that their simple manners and profound tranquillity inspired; and afterwards because that independence entered into the balance of Europe, and coincided with the views of the great powers. It has been seen in our time with what facility they have been subdued, when the government of one of these preponderating powers has been able to trample on all these considerations. This conquest, which assuredly does no honour to the conquerors, has still been a demonstration of this principle (unity and science) of carrying on war: art, and particularly the means that proceed from art, decides every thing, and triumphs over all obstacles that are not of the same nature. In 1798, the German-Swiss had as great a love of liberty, as much courage, and almost as much physical power, as in the days of William Tell; but it was a contest of excellent citizens, full of energy and of virtue, against men who *were merely soldiers*, but who were truly soldiers, and who had good arms, cartridges in profusion, and experience in war.’

The conduct of the French soldiers at that period in Switzerland is detestable even in the estimation of Frenchmen themselves, and no person who has since travelled over that theatre of their ‘most foul murders,’ but must execrate their barbarity. No historian has yet, nor perhaps ever will

venture to give a full account of their crimes. From our author, however, we have some more pleasing observations, which shew that his national ambition has not entirely extinguished his good sense.

‘ The expence of war and its effect on the finances, tend to arrest its progress. This shews the difference between the ancient and modern modes of warfare : it shews to how many combinations and foresights war is subject among us ; and at the same time discovers the limits of the art, and those of success and of conquests : for their extent, and above all their preservation, ought to be calculated at present according to the intrinsic power of states. It will perhaps be objected to me, that however just this calculation may be, there is no reason why we should not extend the results to infinity ; for the intrinsic power of states may be augmented by profitable conquests and good connections ; the first conquest will lead to others more considerable, and thus to the extremities of the earth. But it becomes us to know if this indefinite growth of power is in the order of nature, and if there do not exist natural limits, as well physical as moral, on which even the boundaries imagined by politicians should have been founded. Now, the existence of these natural limits do not appear to me doubtful ; every thing is bounded in the physical world ; and in the actual state of things in Europe, it would be a folly to think that one power could invade and subdue all the others.’

Yet such has been the folly of Louis XIV. such the folly of the tyrant of the present day. Another extract will suffice to give our readers an adequate idea of the well-meaning author's project of general pacification.

‘ The system of uniting politics with war, and of the great developement of power, whether in men, in materials for war, or in money, has been perfectly known to, and adopted by England, who has made it the basis of her grandeur. This nation, not essentially warlike, having long since turned her genius, her views, and her resources solely to the marine department, it has been and always will be difficult for France, her rival, to endeavour to conquer, from the superiority of her forces and her tactics.

‘ The discovery of gunpowder, so beautiful in itself, is above all so extraordinary in this point of view (its giving a fixed form to the military state), that no physical invention has ever had a similar moral influence, which has certainly consolidated the balance of Europe, that perhaps would never have been perfectly, and invariably established without it. On the other hand, by giving a different basis to military concerns and to all the operations of war, it has intimately united them, as we have seen, to the system of politics, and to the administration of states. It has reduced war to no more than a branch of the vast science of government ; and by giving a check to the rapidity of conquests, it has powerfully accelerated the

civilization of the world, and laid a foundation for the possibility of realizing the most sublime idea, that of perpetual peace!?

The author continues to accumulate corroborating reflections and observations, but without any regard to that order for which he contends so incessantly, and to which he ascribes all power, happiness, and prosperity. Perhaps, indeed, he conceives the effusions of his own mind sufficiently systematic, and that the connection of sentences only may serve for what he calls an analysis and comparison of the ancient and modern military art, and an investigation of the true theory of war. He is equally verbose and erratic in labouring to defend and establish the idea of the balance of power in Europe. We fear that this principle of honest policy is not likely to be speedily realized, notwithstanding the laudable efforts of our author, who, by the way, seems never to have dreamt, that it is merely, as it were, a modification of a plan for perpetual peace. It is, however, a pleasing circumstance that the justice and necessity of this most salutary measure begin to be accredited in France, where, in derision of such a notion, Englishmen were formerly accosted by the epithet *Monsieur Balance*. All rational men are now convinced that it is not a mere political chimera, but a law which cannot be violated without prejudice to the great republic of Europe.

M. Laverne proceeds to a detail of the minor regulations and services of his grand military corporation, which, as was formerly the practice in France, he would devote during peace to the erection of public edifices, the construction of bridges, roads, canals, &c. in which the officers should do the duty of engineers, architects, and artists. To a state containing twenty millions of inhabitants, he assigns three hundred thousand soldiers, of whom seventy thousand should be cavalry. These soldiers he would allow to cultivate and possess each a small portion of land, after the manner of the ancient Romans. On agriculture he bestows high and merited praise, as the great source of riches, health, and virtue. His observations on commerce, which he also extols, imply a most pointed censure on the ignorant and illiberal measures of Bonaparte in prohibiting the introduction of all foreign manufactures, not excepting those that were wanted in France even to distress. The general inconvenience and calamity occasioned by such short-sighted and malignant policy, may perhaps become the most favourable circumstances for our commerce on the return of peace.

The author concludes, after many judicious reflections



tinctured with the humane shade of pacific wishes, by urging the enormous expences of war and its destructive influences, the folly of unlimited ambition, and the heinous criminality of the cruel love of conquest, together with many forcible and persuasive arguments in behalf of justice, humanity, and sound policy, against inordinate ambition and enthusiastic love of glory, demonstrative of the urgent necessity for an immediate, general, and permanent peace. We regret that such moderate and wise sentiments of general policy should be expressed in a style so redundant and soporific as will obstruct their dissemination in the only country in which they are most required, or could be most useful. This is the more to be regretted, as the work is unexceptionably moral, and is one of the few modern French publications that we can safely recommend, as free from either false morality or vulgar obscenity.

ART. VII.—*Voyage à Cayenne, &c.*

*Travels to Cayenne, in the two Americas, and amongst the Anthropophagi. By Louis Ange Piton, deported to Cayenne during three Years, by the Sentence of the Criminal Tribunal of the Department of the Seine, and restored by a Pardon from his Majesty the Emperor. 2 Vols. 8vo. Paris. 1805. Imported by Deconchy.*

IT is generally our misfortune to remark a great variance in the promises of an author from his actual performance. Some books perform too much, more perform too little, all promise enough; but alas! how very few are the number of those who perform exactly what is sufficient and no more! The same levity and folly which characterize the manners, dress, and morals of the age, prevail also in its literature. Our authors and authoresses write to shew their ignorance, just as our belles and elegantes dress to display their shapes: and by the same rule which induces us to think the latter would be still more lovely, if it were the fashion not to dress at all, we cannot help being of opinion that the former would be much more amiable and entertaining if it were the fashion not to write at all. But let us throw the blame where it should justly fall; on the vitiated taste of readers. Merit possesses so few charms, that it is often less attractive than a mere name. An author possessing this happy endowment, may advertise his work before he has put together a sentence of it, and the attention which he bestows on it will then be in an inverse ratio to the curiosity his proposals ex-

cite. His name will find readers; readers must 'pay for their peeping;' and the showman gets just the same, whether what he shows be an overgrown cat or a tiger.

'An account of Cayenne and the two Americas, and the Anthropophagi, and memoirs of Collot and Billaud, and the savages, the blacks, the creoles, and the quakers,' from the pen of one who had been in the habit of actual observation for some time, and that person a victim of the revolution, recalled by the great emperor, could not fail to excite much interest in the good people of France. Louis Ange Piton knew this, and has availed himself of it; he has foisted into his work every thing that his name and the interest of the subject were capable of supporting; has described with the utmost minuteness the very interesting regulations to which the deported were subject on their passage to, and on their arrival in Guiana, as to their food, hours of sleep, &c.; has given verbatim the edict by virtue of which he was recalled; has introduced every idea which suggested itself to the minds of himself and his companions in misfortune, and related every story that the toothless *regenerarians* of the party mumbled out with the strange intention (God help them!) of amusing the tedium of the voyage. We know not whether this author was naturalized amongst either 'the Anthropophagi, or the men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders;' but we think, from the complexion of this work, his head must have grown nearer to his breeches pocket, than is usual in these climates.

Prefixed to the work is a life of the author, remarkable chiefly for employing forty-one pages to tell what might have been with advantage compressed into a dozen. He lost his father at the early age of eight years, and at ten was put under the care of an aunt, who designed him for the priesthood, a profession to which he took the greatest dislike. His wishes to study the law met only with the alternative of priesthood or trade, and he consequently took the resolution of running away notwithstanding the certainty of being cut off from the old lady's fortune. This project he soon found means to accomplish; and in October, 1789, in the midst of the revolution, he arrived in Paris (p. xvii.) entering himself on the register of police as a student in theology; his purse then contained only eight louis d'ors; the first evening he was cheated out of three of them at the play-house, about a week afterwards was robbed of four more by a trick something similar to what befell Moses Primrose with the green spectacles. An introduction to Mons. Brune got him a place as writer for the '*Journal de la Cour et de la Ville*,'

from which he was removed by the secession of his patron in the middle of the year 1790. This reduced him again to distress; his lodgings, too, were robbed by a girl, with whom he appears to have been more intimate than was prudent. However, we afterwards find him tutor to the son of the Count de Matr , a situation which he did not long retain, being dismissed by means of an old woman, whom he exasperated by refusing to marry her daughter. His distresses afterwards became almost insupportable, and he gives us an account of an instance, where, much to his credit, (though reduced to the last extremity) he refused an opportunity of theft offered to him with every prospect of impunity. He afterwards engages himself to the editor of the '*Journal Historique et Politique*.' This was in 1792 or 1793, from which period there is a gap till May, 1795, when he is reduced to the state of a ballad singer, and composes a song entitled, 'The Mirror of Reason, held up by Love to the blind People of France, with the Glass broken.' This is the cause of his subsequent deportation; but whether the ground of his condemnation were an insult offered to the republic of France, or that of Parnassus, we are without the means of ascertaining, as the author has not favoured us with the lines which bore so elegant a title. In an apology, also prefixed, he disclaims all party motives, a declaration which we do not think belied by the work itself.

The first forty-six pages of the work are employed in a very uninteresting detail of M. Piton's journey from Paris to Rochefort, given by way of journal; during which he passes successively through Versailles, Chartres, Chateaudun (which being the native place of the author, leads to many recurrences to the pleasures of his early life, contrasted with his present misfortunes), Vendome, Tours, Chateaulerault, Poitiers, Niort, (the birth place of the celebrated Mad<sup>me</sup> D. Aubign , afterwards Marchioness de Maintenon,) and Surgeres. At this latter place he is most affectionately visited by many of his friends, by Mad<sup>e</sup> de G13, M. de T45ch2; <sup>oo</sup>M. H29v2, (p. 43) and many others whose names are just as interesting as these are intelligible; and we confess we were heartily glad when page 46 came, that we were safely arrived at Rochefort, little thinking that (as we afterwards found to be the case) we had yet one hundred and thirty pages to get over before we should arrive at Cayenne.

The prison at Rochefort is described as worse than all that had preceded it, and the confinement closer.

'From eight till ten in the morning' (page 52) 'a part of the pri-

soners, called over by name, were permitted to breathe the fresh air in the garden; at ten, another party took the place of the former, who went in at twelve, and there was no more going out for that day.

The rest of the day they appear to have been confined in a manner so horrible, as to induce putrefaction and death in several instances. And what with the insolence of Pompaud (the keeper) and the inhumanity of the physicians who visited the convicts, their situation seems to have equalled the very worst descriptions that the French revolution has put upon record. But we cannot help remarking that we believe no one either in France or elsewhere is now inclined to doubt of the monstrous and disgusting cruelties perpetrated during the fury of jacobinism. The descriptions which we find in the book before us, have been anticipated many years by the 'Bloody Buoy,' and other well authenticated publications. The repetition of them therefore at this time answers no end but to weary the reader, and rouse afresh those sentiments of abhorrence and indignation, which, as the unhappy nation on whose annals the recorded cruelties must for ever imprint the blackest stains, have seen their error, and are no longer guilty of such outrages, it is much for the common interests of civilized humanity should rest in every bosom—not forgotten, but laid aside by the efforts of generous forbearance.

On the 13th of March, 1798, the prisoners embark on board the *Charente* frigate. The first business of the author is to describe the ship. But really, little as is our esteem for the state of nautical science in France, we did imagine no one would think it necessary to inform his readers that 'the two extremities of a ship,' (VOL. I. p. 65,) are called the prow and the poop; that 'the prow is the part which goes before (*avance*)' and that 'the keel is the part which is under water.' The use, however, of this minute description turns out (VOL. I. p. 67) to be, to enable the author to point out the exact situation of the prison, where he was confined. This might have been called simply 'the hold,' (*entrepont*) for that is its real situation. 'This spot (page 67) is thirty feet wide, by twenty-seven long, and four and a half high.' 'In this height of four and a half feet, are two rows of hammocks, one over another, supported at distances of three feet each by small pillars,' allowing for each prisoner, as appears by his calculation, five feet in length and two in height. With the exception of permission, granted very

sparingly, to go upon deck, to this miserable hole were one hundred and ninety three persons confined.

On the 19th of March an English sail was discovered. The French, of course, made every arrangement for flight; the confusion was inconceivable; clearing every part of the ship, loosing the stays, lightening the weight, and so forth; in the course of the bustle the strings by which the transport's hammocks were supported are cut; down they come, upon the bellies of their unfortunate companions; the old men are nearly stifled, and the whole scene is such as to make the reader balance between crying and laughing at it. A smart engagement afterwards takes place, during which the Frenchman runs aground off the famous tower or lighthouse of Cordovan, at the mouth of the Gironde, near Bordeaux, (vol. 1. p. 81, et seq.), from whence she is ordered to return crippled as she is, to Rochefort. They are afterwards embarked on board the 'Decade' frigate, which carries them safely to Cayenne.

During their voyage, the prisoners amused themselves with relating anecdotes, stories, and other small talk, which are kindly related by our author. Amongst other extraneous matter which we find in this part of the book, is a statement (vol. 1. p. 112) said to be notes made by a protégé of the house of Rohan, respecting the secret history of the revolution. This memoir is too long to be extracted, but we shall shortly state the substance of it. Breteuil, secretary of Louis XV. was superseded by the Cardinal de Rohan, in the embassy to which he had been appointed for conducting the unhappy Marie Antoinette to France. The Cardinal was soon suspected of some intrigues with the Dauphine, and Louis XV. not entirely satisfied with the conduct of his daughter in law, mentioned the subject to him; Rohan being rather piqued by some slights the Dauphine had shewed him, replied by letter 'that the princess was amiable, but perhaps a little inclined to levity; and that he thought it would be prudent to watch her closely.' Some time after that king's death, Breteuil got possession of this letter, and made the Dauphine (then Queen) acquainted with its contents, which caused the disgrace of the Cardinal. He, to regain her favor, offered her a diamond necklace of great value, but there being some irregularity in paying for the present, the Cardinal was arrested, and, though he was afterwards released, the matter became so notorious that Louis XVI. called a family council to consider what should be his conduct towards the queen. It was determined that she should be sent to the Val-de-Grace; but the king afterwards changed his mind; and the queen being informed of the circum-

stance, and suspecting the Duke of Orleans to have been instrumental in her intended disgrace, a coolness ensued between them; and about two years after, she induced the king to withdraw a promise he had given his brother Orleans, with the consent of the Comte d'Artois, for the marriage of the daughter of the former with the Duke D'Angoulême, eldest son of the latter; a circumstance which so exasperated the Duke of Orleans that he vowed the destruction of the whole royal family. These particulars, if authentic, certainly possess some interest; although we cannot agree with M. Piton in referring the revolution to them. The share which the conduct of the unfortunate queen had in leading to that great event, we do not think by any means so great as some persons have supposed; and we cannot help thinking that the revolution must have proceeded from causes infinitely more serious, than even the indignation of the unprincipled Duke of Orleans.

Leaving, however, all speculations on the secret history of the revolution to our author, and such of his readers as may have leisure to pursue the inquiry, we shall follow M. Piton to Cayenne, at which place he arrived on the 11th of June. The chief place in the colony, he tells us,

‘Is generally known by the name of the Island of Cayenne, but it would convey a very mistaken idea of this island to suppose it to be at a distance from the continent, and divided and surrounded by the sea; on the contrary, when the navigator lands there, it seems to him to be a part of the main land. Perhaps indeed it was so once; at present, it is only separated by rivers which are subject to the variations of the tide, but which are not navigable for vessels larger than barks or small skiffs (*pirogues*). The greatest breadth of the Island of Cayenne, on a line east and west direct, is four leagues of twenty-five to the degree,’ (something more than eleven miles English.) ‘Its greatest length, north and south, five leagues and a half,’ (under fifteen miles English) ‘and its circumference, taking in the windings of the coast, about sixteen leagues and a half,’ (upwards of forty-seven miles English). ‘That part of the circumference which is bounded by the sea, and which lies to the north-east, is about three leagues and a half. The town of Cayenne, situated at the north-west extremity of the island at the mouth of the river of the same name, is a fortified place, and might be easily defended by a small garrison, by means of a little morre (or hill) which is within the walls. The latitude is four degrees fifty-six minutes (north), and the longitude fifty-four degrees thirty-five minutes (west) by the observation of Monsieur Condamine in 1774.’ VOL. I. P. 202.

Of the climate, he says, two pages farther,

‘We have two summers, two winters, two equinoxes, and two

solstices. The heat is tempered by abundant rains, which fall from the winter solstice (the middle of December), till March, and recommencing in May, last till the end of July, when the principal summer begins, which lasts till December.'

The buildings and conveniences of the colony do not meet with a very advantageous description; but most probably the spots to which our author was confined were a bad sample of them.

In his account of the manners and characters of the inhabitants, there is little new or striking. We every where observe that mixture of ferocity and effeminacy which always characterizes an imperfect stage of civilization, particularly in warm climates. To the voluptuousness of the creoles M. Piton adds his full assent in the following passage (vol. 1. p. 216), which he quotes from a manuscript essay by Monsieur Prefontaine, a former governor of the northern part of the colony.

' Our creoles (says he,) revive the memory of the Sybarites, who were even bruised, if the rose-leaves on which they reclined were creased, and who murdered the cocks, to avoid being awakened by their crowing. On my arrival here, I was charged with a letter to a lady whose lover (*sonpirant*) had returned to France, and had left her his picture, intending to offer her his hand. I was announced. I found her reposing on an easy couch (*braule*) close to that of her present favourite, who listlessly presented to her a bouquet of roses, which she would have taken from him, but had not power to stretch her arm so far; and the gentleman was too softly cradled to think of quitting his couch. A slave at the feet of the goddess, was tickling them to provoke the visit of Morpheus, while another was lifting up her clothes (*jupe*), to excite with an oualy-oualy (a sort of fan made of a branch of the palm tree) the licentious breath of an artificial zephyr. The gentleman had also a negro to fan his face. A cat dared to mew; the negro woman had a box on the ear for not having prevented this disturbance. I entered in the midst of the scene; the lady did not see me, so much was she occupied with her late alarm. The gentleman opened his eyes, with a listless yawn, raised himself a little, then coughed, spit, and blew his nose quietly, made an effort to take the letter from me, and begged me to rouse the lady, as he had not strength to do so. She awoke: no more appeared the softness of indolence; it was the smiling Hebe; her eyes sparkled with gaiety and life. She appeared prepossessingly charming and lively. She darted into the drawing-room, drew back the veil which covered the portrait of him whose letter I had given her, presented it to the picture, bedewed it with her tears, replaced the veil, returned to us, smiled through her tears, and put me in mind of that sally of Ninon:

*Le bon billet qu'a la Châtre.'*

M. Piton does not stay long at Cayenne; he and several more of his companions in misfortune embark on the 27th July, 1798, for Korou, a part of the French colony in Guiana. The climate appears to be wretched; and it should seem by his account to be a spot singled out for every curse that could be inflicted on mankind. It abounds with all sorts of wild beasts in the most dangerous and savage state, and insects the most mischievous. In one page their cattle are destroyed by the former, and in the next a species of the latter marches in column to attack their store-house. Their linen is worm-eaten, their habitations undermined, and their persons attacked in the most troublesome manner conceivable. The last fifty pages of the first volume contain, however, some little entertainment, although we cannot help thinking that M. Piton has taken the supposed license of travellers to a pretty considerable extent.

The second volume of a book generally reads better than the first. Either the author by degrees gets mellowed into his subject, or the reader becoming more used to the style, sees the defects of it less clearly: as the ear long used to the *strum* of a false string, becomes insensible to those faults which at first painfully affected it.

The second volume of the work before us contains an account of the deserts of Konanama and Synnamari, and of the transport establishments in the interior of French Guiana. It contains little but recitals of the miserable deaths of the deported, on the greater part of whom, by our author's account, the greedy worms of corruption had anticipated their destined meal. But not content with the recital of these horrors, M. Piton carefully recapitulates them in two lists of the unfortunate wretches who died at Konanama and Synnamari, at pages 115 and 139, each of which occupies upwards of ten pages.

The only passage which we think worth extracting from this part of the book, is that in which the author relates the death of Collot D'Herbois. It is at page 14, and is as follows:

“ Collot had begun a history of the revolution, but he often suspended the work to contemplate his own lot. “ I am punished, (said he); this state is to me a hell.” He waited anxiously for the arrival of his wife, or for his recall; his impatience brought on an inflammatory fever. M. Gauron, surgeon of the station at Korou, was sent for; he ordered quieting medicines, and a draught of wine mixed with three quarts of water every hour. The negro who sat up with the patient, either left the room, or fell asleep. Collot, in his delirium, raging with thirst and



disease, sprang up and drank off at one draught a bottle of spirits; his body became a furnace; the surgeon ordered him to Cayenne, which was six leagues off. The negroes entrusted with this service, threw him down in the middle of the road, with his face turned towards a scorching sun. The officers of the station were obliged to interfere. The negroes refused to carry "this common offender against God and mankind." "What's the matter with you?" says the surgeon, Guisouf, on his arrival. "I have a burning fever and sweat," said Collot. "I know it," said the surgeon, "you sweat with your crimes." Collot turned away and burst into tears; he called God and the Virgin to his assistance. A soldier who had been instructed by him in the tenets of atheism, stepped up and asked him why he called to that God and that Virgin whom he had, but a few months before, turned to ridicule. "Alas! my friend," said Collot, "my mouth imposed upon my heart." Then he cried again: "Oh my God, my God, may I still hope for pardon? Send me consolation, send me some one who may turn my eyes from the furnace which consumes me. Oh! God, grant me peace!" The approach of his last moment was so frightful, that he was left to himself. Whilst a priest was sent for, he expired on the 7th of June, 1796.—

The life of this man is well known: such was his death!

Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all—  
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close,  
And let us all to meditation!

At page 214 of this volume, we were surprised with the title 'Hyrona and Lisbé,' or 'the Indians of the Torrid Zone,' a story, which, however it may bear the character of a romance, we imagine is meant as a relation of facts, for our author is the principal agent. M. Piton's *forte* is unquestionably *romancing*, and this part of his book is very well related. The story may be told in few words: Hyrona and Lisbé were husband and wife; they had several children, and seemed to enjoy that peace of mind and easy life which, notwithstanding their barbarous observances, is the lot of savages. But in an evil hour their village is attacked by the Androgos, a tribe of cannibals, who, after a severe combat, succeed in burning the huts, and carrying off some of the vanquished party. M. Piton makes his escape with Lisbé; they afterwards return, and bury some of the dead, which the victor had left on the field. Hyrona is dead; and the generous Lisbé takes shelter in the arms of her European protector, but is afterwards, with two of her children, poisoned at a feast.

This tale, which is prettily enough told, concludes the fourth part of the book. In the fifth the author relates his return to France, where, after passing by Newport and New

York, he arrived on the 31st of August, 1801. He was afterwards arrested and confined for eighteen months more, his sentence having been transportation for life, and there being some irregularity in his return. He is, however, at length liberated, and placed as usher in a school of sciences and belles lettres, in the *Rue Sévèr*, at Paris. With an account of this institution, and some idle declamation on the best modes of education, the book closes.

We shall now take our leave of M. Piton. He certainly has not well acquitted himself of the task he has undertaken; the substance of his work might have been well compressed into one volume. The details, we are ready to acknowledge, may be satisfactory to some persons in France, who have been nearly interested in the history of the Deported; to such we must consign the book; for the general reader its amusement is entirely lost by the tedious prolixity of the narrative, and the quantity of irrelevant matter which is introduced.

ART. VIII.—*Histoire du Corps Imperial du Genie.*

*History of the Imperial Corps of Engineers: of the Sieges and Works that it has directed, and of the Changes that the Attack, Defence, and Construction of Fortresses have experienced in France, since the Origin of modern Fortification to the present Day. Part I. From the Origin of modern Fortification till the Death of Lewis XVI. By A. Allent, Lieutenant-Colonel of Engineers, Secretary to the Committee of Fortifications, and Member of the Legion of Honour. pp. 724. 8vo. 12s. Paris, 1805. Imported by Deconchy.*

VOLUMINOUS and multifarious are *les Histoires, les Memoires pour servir à l'Histoire*, and *les Memoires de la Vie*, that have been written in France; but we hazard nothing in asserting that, though these have not been devoid of utility, yet the French have never accomplished either a work of history or biography worthy of the name. Their chronicles are their best productions, and even these partake of the common defects of their national character. Their fondness for the agreeable and the brilliant, is apparent in all their historical writings, and the search after original truths, recondite but important facts, and remote causes, would require more energy of mind than they in general possess. To this cause must be ascribed the copiousness and superiority of their chronicles, chronologies, or collections of events, eras,

and dates, which require more industry than judgment. They seem incapable of combining the natural diversity of the heterogeneous facts which form the basis of a history, and from which causes and consequences are to be deduced. They feel, but they do not think; they write to indulge their own feelings and those of their readers, and not to exercise their understandings reciprocally, by developing useful and momentous truths, by displaying the force of circumstances, and by portraying the native character of the human mind in all the various situations and accidents to which man is liable. (It is true, indeed, many great events in France, many wars, have originated from no other causes than the senseless caprice of a prostitute, or the ogle of a royal mistress. Yet even this is matter of applause for French writers of history, as it furnishes them with subjects for episodes on the charms of female beauty, in their poetico-romantic stories. It is their grand object, and even Mably recommends the practice, to present their readers, not with that connected view of facts, which would enable them to ascend to the causes of actions, and motives of the agents, but with a *Tableau Historique*—an historical view, in which the painter introduces only such objects as may be agreeable to the eye, and those only in such attitudes as may best answer his national prejudices, his private views, or the caprice of the age in which he writes. This must be particularly evident to those who have turned over even a few of their huge folios of provincial histories, such as those of Languedoc, Guyenne, Bourdeaux, Bretagne, Poitiers, &c. The false sentiments of morality inculcated by these writers are no less objectionable. Thus, Bougeant recommends cunning and treachery as indispensable to an able negotiator, and Mably advises the historian always to flatter the self-love of his readers. Their misapplications of certain maxims of Horace are of the same character; who but Frenchmen would say, *omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci*, and in the next sentence add, *historia quoquo modo scripta delectat*? Boileau has also furnished them with an apology for their fulsome eulogies :

Il n'est point de serpent ni de monstre odieux,  
Qui par l'art imité ne puisse plaire aux yeux.

The work before us indeed unites both ancient and modern errors, to form a tissue of exaggeration rarely or never equalled.

Why M. Allent has substituted the word *histoire* for *elogé*,

we know not ; but we know that his work has not the slightest resemblance to a history. It is merely an *éloge militaire*, that includes very little more than the military life of Lewis XIV. for which he is indebted principally to Quincy, and some few others of the numerous historians of that monarch. Poor Voltaire indeed is seldom honoured with a quotation, and when he is, it is only to find an opportunity of abusing him for detracting from the glory of Lewis XIV. and the honour of his nation.

Of the spirit of the work, the author has himself informed us ; and in his preface, he says, that in this history he has not omitted any of the more illustrious and decisive exploits. ‘I have searched,’ says he, ‘the glorious actions with more zeal than the faults. If there are some errors that I have not been able to disguise, because it concerns us to avoid them in future, I have exposed them without exaggerating their injuries, without omitting any thing whatever that could diminish them ; in a word, without offending against justice and moderation.’ From the former of these declarations, we have not perceived that he has once deviated ; and we have been not a little entertained by the address he displays on every occasion of placing objects in the most advantageous point of view. He is indeed a true man-milliner, who can treat historical facts with the same graceful address that those epicene animals can represent what is becoming or elegant to their fair customers. The numerous defeats of Lewis XIV. and his loss of all Flanders, are subjects which serve M. Allent with ample matter for eulogy on the genius, military prowess, and unparalleled heroism of that monarch, Vauban, and the French armies ; and the death of hundreds, and loss of a fortification, are nothing compared to the opportunity for glory on retaking it.

This massy volume commences with a brief sketch of the discovery of gunpowder in the thirteenth century, whence the era of modern fortification is dated, and with an account of the different implements of war then in use in France. This discovery is admitted to have been made by Roger Bacon, although perhaps long previously known to the Chinese. Of the revolution effected in the military art by the use of gunpowder, and of the military manœuvres from that period till the death of Mazarine, we have only a meagre outline, comprised in forty-eight pages. Mazarine, who died after making peace in 1661, is thus characterized : ‘An indifferent and avaricious administrator, but an able negotiator ; as a minister, timid, adroit, and supple ; yet alone, a stranger, the object of hatred and ridicule, and justly dis-

graced for his avarice, he triumphed over his enemies by opposing to their great names, to their superior talents, to the public favour with which they were invested, abilities inferior indeed, but supported by a spirit of management, of unity of views, and of perseverance, of which they were destitute. The very opposite and equally erroneous character of his successor will shew something of the author's 'management,' in pencilling an outline that will not offend his employers.

'It has been seen with what consequence, grandeur, and wisdom, Colbert conducted the administration of the public works. That was his least title to glory; and if the long misfortune of Fouquet is a blot on the memory of his successor, if the operations of Colbert, like those of Sully, savour of the errors of the times, when the true principles of political economy were not all known, Louis XIV. had to regret a man fertile in resources, who almost always sought, and often found them, in the developement of the riches of the kingdom; an able and industrious minister, anxious for the public glory; and who most of all possessed the art of knowing, and of managing men, and of uniting their self-love and their interest with the interests and the grandeur of the state; who, in short, knew in all the parts of his vast administration how to honour probity, order, economy, and thereby find the means of being prodigal in what tended to the splendour or the prosperity of France. Literature and the sciences wept for their Mæcenas, and they will for ever lament the just and delicate feeling with which this great minister protected the arts which he had not cultivated, and knew every where how to discover merit, and to draw down upon it the attention and favours of the prince.'

Vauban was the subject designed to be particularly honoured in this work, but it is often difficult to determine whether he or the king is best entitled to, or receives most of this engineer's panegyric. In his panoramic view of the military achievements of that reign, both characters are placed in front of the battle, in which to use his own rant, '*l'art et le courage sortirent des regles pour enchaîner la fortune!!*' From such rhodomontade we have been able to collect but little information respecting the real life, character, or manners of that most able engineer. From Fontenelle's eulogy of Vauban and Linguet on the canals of Picardy, the following exhibition is compiled.

'Sebastian Leprestre de Vauban was born in 1633, and died in 1707; "the most honest man," said the Duke of St. Simon; "and perhaps the most virtuous of his age; and with the reputation of the most learned in the art of sieges and fortification, the most unaffected withal, the most sincere, and the most modest." This art in his hands became almost a new science: fifty fortresses that he had

sieged; thirty places that he built; all those on the frontiers that he perfected; so many ports and canals constructed or projected; so many writings full of useful and original views; the institution of engineers, and the principles of honour on which he founded their service; his works, his actions, his remarkable expressions; and in a word, his entire life, attest the greatness of his soul and his genius. The greater part of the illustrious men, his contemporaries, have transmitted to us his features and painted his character. He was of a middle stature, his body robust and hardened by fatigue; his exterior rude and strictly military. Such external appearances announce a man harsh and inflexible; he was nothing less, said M. St. Simon. Never was man more mild, more compassionate, more obliging. In his portrait we find that mixture of severity, of goodness of heart and of grandeur that characterizes his mind and his physiognomy. Loaded with benefits from the king, he succoured those officers who could with difficulty support themselves in the service; his excursions, his researches, and his works, absorbed the remainder, and he had the glory of leaving but a moderate fortune. The engineers mourned for him, not only as their chief, but as their father and their friend; if, in his relations with them, faults prejudicial to the service altered at times the evenness of his temper, much more frequently were his goodness and his indulgence alone conspicuous. He was seen until his last days, occupied in forming, producing, and defending them; in his instructions, placing himself on a level with the youngest officer; encouraging genius, rendering valuable all services, and too great to fear the elevation of others. Prodigal of his own blood, he was sparing of that of the soldiers, and the most anxious preserver of men in the exercise of an art invented to destroy them. The glory and the happiness of France were his only passions; nothing equalled his affection for Louis XIV. nor his courage in telling him the truth; Louvois, whom he loved as his protector, the imperious Louvois endured this importunate frankness. Such was Vauban, the first of engineers, the best of citizens; in a word, a Roman, whom it appeared that the age of Louis XIV. had wrested from the happiest times of that republic.

The engineer next to Vauban was John Count de Mesgrigny. He was born in 1629, and died in 1720, after seventy-two years of service. He instituted the corps of miners, and adopted the system of counter-mines at Tournay. After the surrender of that place, of which he was governor, it is confessed that he entered the service of the allies, and remained in that citadel till his death.

Nearly one hundred pages at the end of this first part are occupied with remarks, or rather historical notes to the text, that contain detached extracts and notices on the different implements of war that have been used since the discovery of gunpowder. There are also some observations

ON the history of the canal of Languedoc, in which the author's complaisance to his brother legionary, Andreossy, is marked with uncommon courtesy, and he has not ventured, even in obedience to his own conviction, and the unequivocal testimony of original documents, either to reject or adopt the vain declamation of that author, in falsely assuming to his grandfather the merit of such a project. We have in our last Appendix noticed this modern controversy. The remarks on Vauban and his works contain some additional particulars of his life and writings. There is reason to believe that Vauban, like Racine, died of grief at having displeased the king, and being deprived of some emoluments, and the miscarriage of his project of the *Dixme royale*. Such treatment to a brave and faithful servant, was worthy the weak and bigotted Louis XIV. Among his writings are three memoirs and some letters on the re-establishment of the edict of Nantz, and on the necessity of religious toleration; which were perhaps the cause of the king's anger and revenge. He also wrote on statistics and commerce. His works on military affairs are divided into eighteen articles; those which are miscellaneous, or civil and commercial, into seven.

The temporary motives of this work are obvious. Those who are acquainted with the works of the holy fathers, Anselme and Daniel, our author's principal authorities, will know what degree of credit should be attached to such a history, which may be justly placed on the same shelf with the memoirs of the famous constable of France, de Guesclin. It is indeed precisely such a history of the corps of engineers, as the work of Cervantes is of chivalry; excepting that truth and fidelity of representation are in favour of the latter.

ART. IX.—*Considerations sur la Guerre, &c.*

*Thoughts on War, and particularly on the late War. By G. Latrille, formerly Chef de Brigade. 8vo. Paris. 1805. Imported by Deconchy.*

THE author of this work, unlike his countryman M. Laverne, sets out with saying that war is an evil inherent in the nature of our species, of which we can never hope to see an end. We differed from M. Laverne in his notion of putting a stop to this dreadful scourge. But neither will we assent to the proposition of M. Latrille; we do trust, that the period, however remote it may at present seem, will one day come, when war shall cease in all the world, and mankind shall forsake

the lust of destruction for the arts of peace. If christianity be an increasing good, if its principles, which are so well accommodated to the social propensities of man, be gradually and slowly but certainly progressive, such a period must finally arrive. We all know that there are many individuals in whose bosoms the spirit of christianity is vitally operative, who are superior to envy, malice, revenge, and all the baser and more violent passions in which the essence of war will be ultimately found to reside, and which are the source of so much ravage and so much suffering in the world. Now, as nations are only collections of individuals, and as we trust that the number of persons who are warmed by that spirit, and guided in their conduct by those precepts of benevolence which is the distinguishing characteristic of the christian doctrine, is continually increasing, the spirit and the precepts of this benevolence must at last become the rules by which not only particular individuals, but nations, will be directed in their intercourse with each other. Wars will then cease, because that which now so largely furnishes fuel for the destructive flame, will be extinguished. It may be said, that this is only a visionary hope, or that it is speculating on a good too remote ever to be an object of joyful anticipation; but if the principles of the christian religion be gradually though almost imperceptibly spreading their influence over the world, the event is certain, though the time when it will happen cannot be ascertained. The mere consciousness of such a truth is cheering to the mind, and tends to infuse into it sensations of serenity and joy in that era of calamity and dissension in which we are living; while the contrary supposition, that war is an evil radically inherent in the present constitution of the world, and consequently for ever irremediable, tends not only to damp the zeal of philanthropy and the ardour of philanthropists, but to spread a sort of deep and terrifying gloom over the future hopes and the happier prospects of humanity. If the governors of nations, like the author of this work, think that a state of durable peace is an impossible attainment, they will make no efforts to attain it. Their minds will be for ever wholly engrossed with schemes of ambition, plans of conquest, and preparations for war; and they will easily be led to look upon the devastation which they occasion, rather as a virtue than a crime. But if they consider war, as it certainly appears, only as a forced and unnatural state, and peace as the state most congenial to the nature of social man, if they regard such a state as the injunction of the deity, and as the designed fruit of that blessed doctrine which he communicated



to mankind, they will not only be led morally to loath, and, as far as possible, conscientiously to shun the horrors and atrocities of war, but they will do all in their power to promote the interests, and preserve the continuance of peace.

It may seem at first sight of little practical consequence what are the speculative principles which men adopt, what are the theories which they cherish, or the abstractions to which they cling; but when we consider that speculation leads to action, that theories tend to practice, and that inward abstractions are soon beheld in outward realities, the matter is not one of small or trivial consideration. It will be found of no small moment to the happiness of mankind whether a statesman adopts the principles of St. Pierre, or of Hobbes, whether he believes in the possibilities of a perpetual peace, or whether he thinks man constitutionally fitted for eternal war.

Like a true disciple of Bonaparte, the author of these considerations inveighs most bitterly against the maritime domination of the English. Our wealth and the influence which our commerce naturally gives us in every part of the globe, are the objects of his most furious reproach; and he accuses us rather than his own country, of menacing the independence of Europe, of brandishing the torch of discord over the continent, and of lavishing our money to produce corruption, treason, and crimes. These are only vague and general charges, of which no proof is adduced, and which it would indeed be no easy matter to prove. But in times like the present, when the safety of every nation in Europe is menaced, and when so many nations are at this moment crushed almost to powder by the overgrown tyranny of France, it may not be improper or unseasonable to ask what would be the fate of the world, or where, on any part of the globe, any thing like national independence would long be suffered to exist, if France were as powerful by sea as she is by land; and if the inordinate ambition which inflames her armies on land, were to accompany her ships on the ocean? Surely, if the other nations of the world were asked to which they would rather that the sovereignty of the seas should belong, to France or to England, they could not, if they were at all wise and provident of their own security and happiness, hesitate for a moment to decide. Is it at all likely that they would give the preference to that nation which, in all its public transactions, seems to set aside all the hitherto established distinctions of right and wrong, and to discard all considerations of morality? a nation which acknowledges no restraint on its conduct, and sets no

bounds to its rapacity? Would they not rather that the attributes of maritime sovereignty, and the supremacy of commerce, should continue in the possession of that people who are universally characterized in their intercourse with other states, and in all their commercial relations, by a respect for the principles of justice and humanity? If other nations understood their own interest so well as they ought, they would not calmly look on and see the sceptre of the ocean wrested from the hands of England to be placed in those of France. England is at this moment the only barrier in the world against the encroaching spirit of French ambition. Wherever that ambition can operate upon the continent, there liberty, security, and happiness have vanished before its grasp, and it is only the navy of England which prevents its incursions upon the ocean, and the extension of its ravage from pole to pole.

We have thought it right to say thus much as a sort of antidote to some remarks which will be found in the work before us. The author seems anxious to maintain the military spirit of the French, and to prevent it from being diminished in a period of peace; hence he strongly recommends that, even when in a state of peace, the troops should never be suffered to languish in inaction, that they should be kept in constant exercise, and inured to all the rigours and fatigues of war. His chapters on the education of a soldier tend principally to enforce the necessity of this favourite position. It must be confessed that, if France in a state of peace should thus cherish and inflame the warlike spirit of her citizens, if she should thus be constantly prepared for hostilities any moment in which she might think it expedient to engage in them, no peace is ever likely to be lasting with a country so intent on war. Any interval of peace, which she might concede to her neighbours, must be only a short breathing-time, preparatory to a more furious renewal of the conflict. And if the military and warlike, rather than the civil and pacific spirit, be thus constantly cherished and supported by the French government, other governments must from the mere desire of self-preservation, pay a proportionate attention to their military establishments. They must be perpetually suspicious of the designs, and incessantly preparing against the probable hostilities of France; and it is easy to conjecture, what a pernicious effect this must have on the manners and customs, on the wealth and industry of those states who are subject to this cruel necessity, and exposed to the inroads of this ever to be dreaded enemy.

The cultivation of literature and science is recommended to

persons of the military profession, and in this we heartily agree with the author of these Considerations. For literature and science not only afford a very agreeable, and very instructive way of filling up that time which officers so frequently devote to the vacuity of idleness or the activity of an unprincipled and ruinous debauchery; but they soften the manners, exalt the sentiments, and purify the heart. And besides, the more the intellect of a soldier is cultivated, the better officer is he likely to make, the more acuteness and comprehension he is likely to discover; the more capable is he likely to be of conciliating the affections of his men, of inspiring confidence and exerting enthusiasm, on which in all military operations so much depends.

War is said to have become more difficult and ruinous than formerly, owing to the prodigious multiplication of troops. The author thinks that the only remedy is as much as possible to compress and narrow the sphere of action, to engage no more than can be avoided by detachments, and thus to keep the great mass of force always united, which, whenever it is brought into action, may act with energy and effect. A large army is often cut to pieces by piece-meal, which would perhaps have borne down all resistance if its force had been kept concentrated, and its numbers condensed in one compact body. It was to this practice of attacking always rather in large masses than in fractional parts, that Bonaparte owed so much of his success in Italy.

In the conduct of war, the author is a strenuous advocate for rapidity and audacity in all its operations. This he illustrates by examples, and gives a succinct but animated sketch of Bonaparte's campaigns in Italy. Bonaparte a good deal resembles Cæsar in the vigorous and unwearied impetuosity with which he seems to execute whatever he undertakes :

*Nil actum reputans si quid superesset agendum.*

He is all ardour and activity; and the obstacles which may be thrown in his way by casualties or the reverses of fortune, seem only to increase his strength and to multiply his resources. This discovers a mind of more than common firmness and capacity. In Italy, when he seemed more than once on the brink of destruction, and in circumstances in which his enemies thought that they had completely invested him in their toils, he soon repaired his disasters, and snatched the victory out of their hands, by the vigour and promptitude of his measures. In the majority of cases it will certainly be found that in war, audacity is preferable to

circumspection. He who will not move a step without securing himself at every point, and guarding against every failure, is almost sure to let the right season for action escape him, and to be overcome when he least expects it, by his less cautious adversary. The noble daring, which approaches even to the verge of rashness, generates confidence and inspires enthusiasm ; while a more timid and wary conduct produces despondency and distrust.

The discipline of the French army, though it was almost entirely destroyed in the first year of the revolution, is at present much more strict than it was in the period of the monarchy.

‘ If any thing (says the author) can weaken it, it is the idleness of the soldiers and officers during peace. This, we cannot too often repeat it, is the bane of all the military virtues. I remember to have observed, at the time when the want of discipline was at its height, it was still preserved in the corps of artillery ; and this part of the army has not only been always distinguished by a greater degree of subordination, but by the regularity of their manners and a kind of dignity in their carriage. Now, how can you account for this, except from the active and studious life which these troops lead at all times ?’

Nothing can be more true than that a state has a right to the service of all its members. The plan of the military conscription in France, and of the militia in England, is founded on this principle ; and it would perhaps be better if our regular troops were raised in the same way. But then it would be necessary that the service should not be for life, but only for a limited time. In France the period of military service is restricted to five years. And there can be little doubt, but that if, in England, the time of service in the regulars was limited, not only the common mode of recruiting might be abolished, but that the regular army would never be without its full complement of men, and a military spirit, which seems essential to our very existence, while France has continually on foot such myriads of troops, ready at any moment to be vomited on our shores, would soon be more generally diffused among us. Desertion would be more rare ; and thousands, who shrink with horror from the idea of becoming soldiers for life, would cheerfully engage in the service for a limited period, after which they might return, if they pleased, to their families and their homes.

The author thinks cavalry rather an useful appendage to, than the essential constituent of an army. Cavalry cannot, like infantry, act at all times and in all places, though they are serviceable in exploring a country, in pursuing a scatter-

ed and flying enemy, in harassing his march, intercepting his convoys, in covering a retreat, &c. ; but it is well remarked, that that nation which has the best infantry, will finally master all the rest. Bonaparte seems to have paid particular attention to his infantry, and to consider them as the great bulwark of his military power. The French infantry is perhaps at this moment the best in the world ; and other nations, who are menaced by the overgrown power of France, would do well to endeavour to bring their infantry to the same perfection.

The use of large guns among land forces has become much less frequent than formerly, and except in the besieging and defending of some particular positions, will perhaps in time be entirely superseded. The musket and the bayonet are by far the most efficacious weapons of modern warfare. The Swedes were the first who employed light cannon in their armies. Their example was afterwards followed by the Russians, the Austrians, and the French. The Prussians afterwards invented a horse artillery, which, says the author, was more readily brought into use among the French, as it is better suited to their natural impetuosity. This is the only species of artillery which is at present employed with any efficacy in the field.

Fortified places are not in much esteem with M. Latrille. They do indeed serve to retard the progress of an army ; but do they not tend to depress the courage of a people ? That nation which trusts its protection either to walls of stone or to ramparts of earth, will not long be able to maintain its independence against an invading enemy. The best and most certain defence of any people is the personal bravery of its inhabitants. Where this is wanting nothing can supply its place. Fortifications may accidentally come in the aid of courage, but they will always be found a fallacious and perilous substitute for this all-important attribute of every people that aspires to independence or wishes to live free. Fortified places require a great number of troops to garrison them ; and it may be doubted whether these troops might not be employed with more advantage in the field. Fortified places neither repel an invader nor prevent invasion. All the fortresses in Italy were surrendered after the battle of Marengo ; and it is well said that such a battle was as good as twelve sieges. If the allied armies at the beginning of the last war, instead of wasting their time in the sieges of Valenciennes, Condé, &c. had penetrated directly into France, it is probable that a new and more favourable turn would have been given to the war. The French would at that time

have been beaten in the field; and those very fortresses, which it caused such an effusion of blood and such a waste of precious time to capture, would probably have been finally reduced without a blow.

The author thinks that the only means which the French have of balancing our superiority by sea is by preserving their superiority on the continent. Hence he seems to imagine that France may accelerate our destruction by shutting us out of the European markets; and that time and the force of circumstances will eventually finish the catastrophe of our greatness. We trust that his views of the subject are unjust, and that his predictions will fail. While we preserve our superiority of capital and machinery, no restrictions whatever which the cabinet of Bonaparte can devise, can long prevent the introduction of our manufactures into the markets of the continent. By some channel or other more or less circuitous, they will find their way, and tyranny must at last connive at what it cannot prevent. While our commerce continues at its present pitch of greatness, our navy will flourish too. That country which has the largest commerce will always have the greatest navy. One supports the other; and the destruction of the first must prove ruinous to the last. That England may not hereafter meet with the fate which has befallen Tyre, Carthage, Athens, Venice, Genoa, Pisa, and other states which were once so powerful on the ocean, is not impossible; but we trust that the causes which hastened their decline and produced their destruction, are not operative here; and that there are among us causes of counteraction which were wanting among them. If England ever should lose her present maritime ascendancy, and that ascendancy should be transferred to France, who is already so irresistible by land, and whose ambition and whose outrages seem subject to none of those moral restraints which have ever actuated the people and the government of this country, alas! not only for the liberties of Europe, but for the peace, the security, and industry of the world. If France had the means, it is more than probable that she would exercise the same injustice, and carry on the same schemes of rapine and devastation on the ocean as she has upon the continent. England is the only power in the world which seems at present to set any bounds to the all-dominieering aggrandizement of France, and in any degree to check the career of her inordinate rapacity and her unprincipled despotism.

We shall offer no more remarks on the reflections or views of this author, but shall conclude with stating that he often ex-

presses himself with precision, and thinks with energy ; and that there are many observations in his work which deserve the serious consideration of those to whom is entrusted the superintendence of the army and the safety of the state.

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ART. X.—*Vie de Madame Louise de France, &c.*

*Life of Madame Louisa, a Carmelite Nun, and Daughter of Louis XV. By the Abbé Proyart. 2 Vols. 8to. Lyons. 1805. Imported by Deconchy.*

OF all virtues, perhaps, the most difficult in its acquisition, the most exalted in its nature, and the most beneficial in its influence, is that charitable temperance in religion, which blends zeal with philanthropy ; which, without being indifferent to truth, can find excuses for those who are in error ; and which, while it strenuously labours to promote that system which appears to itself the wisest and the best, knows how to extend the hand of brotherhood to all. Few sects of religion make any scruple of professing their charity to other sects, in words : but the true spirit of christianity requires something more ; it demands the fruits of this charity in deeds, nay, even in thoughts ; it demands ‘ that incense of the heart, whose fragrance smells to heaven ; ’ it demands, that, in estimating the conduct and character of those who are attached to a different form of religion from our own, we make ample allowances for the prejudices instilled in early youth, and that, in appreciating the purity of their motives to any action, we place ourselves as much as possible in their situations ; always considering that the same person who is now in a monastery, kissing relics, and counting beads, and bowing before the images of saints, might, if born on the other side of a river, or mountain, have been prostrating himself in pure homage before the Author of Being, or diffusing happiness around him in all the tender relations of father, son, and brother. These are trite sentiments, we confess, but they are such as cannot be too often repeated, and they were strongly suggested to our minds during the perusal of the present work, where we have the memoirs of a person of distinguished birth, in the justice of whose principles though we cannot acquiesce, yet whose resolution and spirit in acting up to those principles, abstractedly considered, we cannot but admire.

Madame Louisa Maria, daughter of Louis XV. and of Maria his consort, was born at Versailles, July 15, 1737. She received her education from infancy in the abbey of Fontevault under the care of Mad. Soutlanges, from whose in-

formation chiefly the memoirs of the earlier part of her life are derived. In the year 1770, after many years' anxious wishes to retire to some convent, she wrote at last to her royal father to intreat his permission to take the veil; to which request the king, not without some reluctance, sent the following answer by her confessor:

Versailles, Feb. 20, 1770.

'The Archbishop, my dear daughter, having given me an account of all you have said to him, both by word of mouth, and by letters, will, I dare say, faithfully report to you all that I have said in answer. Were it for God's sake only, I can never bring myself to oppose either his will or your determination. You must have been making your reflections on the subject for the last eighteen years: it would therefore be unfair to require of you, to deliberate farther. It appears that you have even been concerting your arrangements. You can speak of them to your sisters, whenever you shall judge proper. Compiègne must not be your choice: with this exception, it is yours to decide upon a situation, and I should be sorry to prescribe any farther limitations. The sacrifice I have made has cost me some violent struggles: the rest shall be entirely voluntary on your part. God will supply you with strength to support your new condition: for, remember, when once the step is taken, it is too late to retreat. I salute you most affectionately, my dear child, and I give you my blessing.

'LOUIS.'

Accordingly Mad. Louisa made choice of a poor convent of Carmelite nuns, one of the most rigid orders, established at St. Denis, where she soon signalized herself by the strictest observance of her rules. The furniture of her cell, like those of her sisters, consisted solely of three planks supported on trestles by the way of bedstead, a quilted straw-mattress, a table, a chair, and a crucifix. For linen she wore serge, and for vestments coarse woollen-cloth. Her nourishment, a measured allowance of homely mess: eight months of fasting every year: seven hours each day devoted to the choir: and the rest of her time spent in hard work, mortifications, privations, silence, and prayer—such (according to her biographer) were the delights of Madame Louise de France, now self-humbled into La Sœur Thérèse de St. Augustin! She had not taken the veil and her vows long before she was preferred to the office of mistress of the novices, and soon after was chosen abbess of her convent, in both which offices her conduct was exemplary for humility, regularity, and tenderness to the companions of her retirement. Indeed, if the portrait of her character here given be correct, she seems to have united the amiableness of an affectionate mother of a family, with the austerities of a



devotee. She died with fortitude and resignation, Dec. 23, 1787, "a loss (says her zealous biographer) to religion and the state, which may be regarded as the last forerunner of that deluge of calamities which ever since that period has been poured down in torrents on all quarters of the French empire." We have forgotten to mention one very favourable trait: In the troubles which expelled the nuns from their retreats in the Low Countries, she exerted herself to afford them a refuge in her own convent, begging only as a recompense, to transfer thither also the bodies of the saints which they had left behind them.

The account of one of Mad. Louisa's preparations for entering a convent, we could not read without a smile. It seems she had an antipathy to the smell of tallow, and, learning while at court that nothing else was used in convents, she determined to conquer this dislike betimes. "She employed, therefore, a good woman unaccustomed to her service, and incapable of suspecting her design, to procure her some candles, and every evening, when the company was retired, she substituted these for her wax taper. All she could do for some days, was to endure the smell of her apartment: by degrees she began to handle them for a few minutes; then for a longer time; until by habit she had rendered herself indifferent to the use of wax or tallow." Alas! that even we should live to recount so great an instance of self-denial, by the light of two humble mould candles!

Neither could we suppress a smile at the following anecdote:

"Mad. Louisa, who was *in no respect credulous*, had mentioned in confidence to many of her friends the presentiment, which, in spite of herself, she entertained, that she should die towards her fiftieth year; because the term of her days had been fixed to this epoch by a man remarkable for his piety. She used to relate the fact herself as follows: One day that the Bishop of Langres, M. de Montmorin, was at court, she said to him, "To-day, Sir, I am turned of twenty-five."—"Well, madam," replied the prelate without hesitation, "you have now lived half your days." This language was not that of a courtier, but rather, as the event proved, of a prophet. Mad. Louisa died at the age of fifty."

We cannot pass by the following anecdote of the unfortunate Louis XVI. whose fate has reversed the sentence of Horace:

*Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.*

"When Louis XV. was on his death-bed, the pious princess sent him a crucifix which had been presented to her by the pope, and to

which, it seems, were attached certain indulgences *in articulo mortis*. Louis XVI. the nephew of Madame Louisa, soon after the decease of his predecessor, writes to her thus: 'Plunged as we all are in grief, I could not write to you yesterday: it was a shocking moment. But the Blessings which God conferred upon him are very consolatory. He died holding a crucifix in his hand, and joined in the prayers which were put up for him.'

The Abbé Proyart, the author of these volumes, has before appeared as the biographer of the Queen and Dauphin, the mother and brother of Mad. Louisa, and as a writer of memoirs is certainly possessed of a respectable portion of merit. But we felt more than once inclined to apply to his present work the remark which he informs us (VOL. I. P. 144,) Louis XV. made upon the pope's brief addressed to the princess upon her consecration,—'Bien beau, mais un peu long,' very fine, but rather long. We will venture to assert that the matter contained in these two volumes might with great ease and advantage have been compressed into one-third of its present bulk, by merely pruning redundancies, repetitions, and circumstantial details of trifling occurrences. The life of a nun must necessarily be monotonous, and it would at any rate require considerable art to enliven and diversify it. But instead of this, we are perpetually obliged to turn aside, like the parasite in the play, and groan to ourselves, 'Jam millies audiui.' The strain of panegyric, also, continued through so many pages, and the accumulation of praises upon a character '*nullo vitio redemptum*,' is to a critic of human nature very soporiferous. Towards the conclusion of his work, the good Abbé pleads seriously for the canonization of the princess, against which we beg leave to enter our protest, until it can be proved satisfactorily that she entirely overcame her aversion to tallow candles.

'The high notions entertained of Madame Louisa's sainthood, and the confidence in her *credit with God*, (we translate literally!) are not concentrated within the narrow precincts of the monastery which she edified. Many letters and circumstantial narratives from various parts of France, from Paris, &c. &c. inform us of the cures of several sick persons who had been declared incurable, and attest that they were the immediate consequences of vows addressed to the holy Carmelite. Not having been witnesses of the facts ourselves, and not being able to answer for more than the general integrity and veracity of the reporters of them, we cannot say how far they might sustain the *severe scrutiny* established at Rome for the confirmation of miracles. But thus much appears to us incontestible, that it is neither rash to implore blessings from heaven, nor surprizing that when implored they should be obtained,

by the intercession of her whose whole life was a series of miraculous virtues, and whose death was that of a martyr.'

Credat—but no! we will remember the remarks with which we set out, and forbear to treat with ridicule any thing which bears the remotest alliance with religion 'pure and undefiled.'

With such different sentiments on the subject of religion from those of the Abbé, it will not be wondered at that we can acquiesce in few of his opinions delivered in this work. He sets out with bewailing the abolition of monasteries, and with prayers for their re-establishment. We lament, as much as he can do, the manner in which, and the motives with which, this was done. But we can go no farther. 'I do not wonder, (said Dr. Johnson once in conversation) that where monastic life, is permitted, every order finds votaries, and every monastery inhabitants. Men will submit to any rule by which they may be exempted from the tyranny of caprice and chance. They are glad to supply by external authority their own want of resolution, and court the government of others, when long experience has convinced them of their own inability to govern themselves.' This way of accounting for the motives which have urged so many to seek a monastic life by ranking them among those pious seceders from the world, 'who, where 'tis hard to conquer, learn to fly,' is more charitable than just. The true reason seems to have been the custom of sending children to receive their first principles of education in the gloom of a monastery, where care is taken that every object around them should, from the very cradle, have a tendency to inspire the belief that the most sure and acceptable service that can be offered to heaven is to tear themselves from the bosom of their kindred, and to devote their whole lives by an irrevocable vow to celibacy and mortification. Nothing certainly can be more opposite to the spirit, and even the letter of that book to which we all appeal, which enjoins us to let our light shine *before men*, which holds forth as the model of perfection, one who *went about* doing good, and where even to those first propagators of christianity who were required to give up every thing for their master's sake, celibacy was not absolutely enjoined, but only recommended with an exception which, as no man can say it shall not be applicable to his own case, no man can conscientiously make the subject of a vow. Mad. Louisa is represented in many strong antithetical expressions as quitting a palace for a convent, a court for a cloister, the purple robes of royalty for sackcloth and ashes, the pleasures of Versailles for the

austerities of Carmel. And taking into consideration her notions of duty, we wish not to detract from the piety of her motives. At the same time the tenor of her life clearly shews that it was the series of impressions which she received in her monastic education, rather than the apprehension of betraying her duties by an intercourse with the world; which operated to fix her resolution. Had she been brought up with more enlarged ideas of the infinite superiority of internal purity to external forms, and of the paramount value of those virtues which arise from the relations naturally attendant on a state of society, and therefore themselves likewise natural to man, she might then perhaps have exclaimed with the wise heathen,

Hæc cedo ut admoveam templis, et farre litabo.

Some letters and short pious effusions of Mad. Louisa are annexed to this second edition of the work. But they are of no great consequence, farther than as they confirm the draught of her character given in the memoirs.

ART. XI.—*Der Geist der Rechte des Menschen, &c.*

*The Spirit of the Rights of Man, in Relation to the Necessities of the present Times.* 8vo. Augsbourg. 1805.

THE author of this publication affixed the name of Woyda to a preceding one on the French revolution, and that work, together with his reflections on the great event, led him to a better knowledge, as he imagined, of man, and his rights. The latter topic has been unfortunately the cause of too much passion to meet with a hearty reception in the present day, and it is a great mistake to imagine that these rights, whether real or imaginary, are likely to be acquired by the overthrow of the political or social system of a country; that the form of a government is of much importance, when in fact every thing depends on the laws, and on the choice of proper men to fill public offices; and lastly, that the welfare or misery of the state depends on the acceptance or rejection of certain metaphysical propositions.

The actual rights of man, in his natural and social state, are the first objects of inquiry; and from their nature, it is deduced that, for our perfection, there must be a limitation of them in social life by the state. Religion is the first necessary article; but any religion, it is contended, is good, which binds men to morality, and thence to obey civil and political law. Among the forms of government, monarchy,

in its pure acceptation, is esteemed the best, since it is the oldest, the steadiest, and the strongest. Monarchy is grounded on the principle of right, and the subject who obeys the laws, need never fear that his property will be taken from him, or his domestic peace be destroyed. The history of monarchy does not allow us to accede to this proposition, yet where it is administered as in Denmark, it does not by any means appear that monarchy is in itself more hurtful to public happiness than any other form of government. Besides, the purer the morals of a people are, the less necessity is there for rigour in the government: Stripes and chains are for the base; the honest subject requires few laws.

The laws ought to be accommodated to the wants of a nation and the nature of the times, and the author seems to have justice on his side, when he declaims with great vehemence against a numerous assemblage of law-givers. The equality of man, so loudly preached up by some modern fanatics, is justly reprobated; and the only equality which can properly be claimed is the equality of laws, that every rank without any exception should be equally subject to them: the poor as well as the rich, the low as well as the high, every individual ought to rejoice equally in this protection, and equally to dread their censure. But opinion and the freedom of thought do not lie within their bounds, and ought not to be circumscribed by the state. The liberty of the press may indeed be limited according to the necessity of the times, but no farther than upon the ancient maxim, '*ne quid detrimenti capiat res publica.*'—The unlimited liberty of the press may be like a two-edged sword in the hands of a madman.

The defence of the country from foreign enemies, and taxes for the support of government, are burdens which the subject must bear; and however imperfect our present constitutions may be, yet they are attended with so many advantages that no one would, if it were possible, remove himself from the chains of social, for the supposed freedom of savage life. It is to be understood, however, that these burdens are not made to contribute to idle expence and wasteful extravagance; and the author might here have found a much more powerful cause for the overthrow of the French government, than in the abuse of the freedom of the press. Imprisonment is the only punishment to be inflicted on offenders, even in cases of death. On the latter point we can by no means agree with him, though we must allow that the abuse of the punishment of death is a crying sin in some

states, and that there is great room for improvement in most countries in their code of criminal laws.

Our readers will from this sketch perceive, that our author has derived considerable knowledge from the events in which he has been a spectator, if not an actor, and will not be surprised that, in the midst of so many horrors, the dream of perpetual peace should possess his brain. The present state of man, the great ignorance of the bulk of society, the imperfect state of morality, and the little progress that the christian religion has made for some ages, forbid us to form very immediate expectations on this subject.

ART. XII.—*Universal Library, (concluded from our last Appendix, p. 488.)*

IN the prefatory observations to the review of this work in our last Appendix, were enumerated the obstacles which opposed themselves to all literary undertakings in Portugal; these, in conjunction with the war which now desolates Europe, the fatal effects of which are felt by every nation, and vibrate through every department, and all the ramifications of society, have not failed to operate in the present instance. This very respectable publication suffered a temporary suspension of several months; but the editor has recommenced his labours with renewed exertion, and undiminished merit.

The fourth, fifth, and sixth numbers have reached us since the publication of our last Appendix. Each of these contains a continuation of the Essay on Tragedy, the first part of which we have already noticed. But before our authors undertook to present the public with a laboured treatise on such a theme, they would have done well to inform themselves that there have been, and are other theatres in the world besides those of Paris and Athens, to which cities they have confined their dramatic lucubrations.

Although the Essay on Tragedy is scattered through three numbers of the Universal Library, in our review of this essay, we shall collectively consider the observations offered by our authors upon the subject; and the rather are we induced to this method of remark, because the essay is in itself the most important article in these numbers; as well as for the sake of giving more force to our own opinions, and placing those of the Portuguese in a clearer light.

The continuation of the Essay on Tragedy, chapter 10

and 11, displays at large the advantages of the modern theatrical system over that of the ancients; and includes also some observations upon costume and character.

‘More fertile,’ (say our authors,) ‘more universal, and more moral than the stage of our ancestors, is that of our cotemporaries. It is more susceptible of the enchantment of representation, and more proper for the form of our theatres.’

But have our authors forgotten, that plays were not written for theatres, but theatres built for the representation of plays? The remarks on costume, or rather on character, are generally judicious, and might be useful in the management of the drama. The editor, however, seems not to have chosen his labourers equally well; some are first, and some are second-rate performers; an absurdity is often tacked to an acute piece of reasoning, in the various constituent parts of the Universal Library. All human works, however, must be imperfect, and those which are least so, are the best. This observation we have *hazarded*, as it accords in flatness, insipidity, and plagiarism, with many of the sentences of our authors.

They next proceed to expound the principles which ought to govern the dramatic writer in the conduct of his fable or plot. This part of the essay shews much acquaintance with theatrical authorities. Aristotle, with all his *canons*, is brought into the field, but the *great guns* of the moderns are represented as of heavier metal. Corneille is opposed to his elders, and the preference is of course given to the Frenchman. But the mode of argument here adopted may be considered as a fair specimen of the second-hand criticism of the French school. Our authors, in their chapters on Action and Exposition, attempt, like all weak judges, to found rules rather upon custom than upon the basis of nature. They then discuss the *necessary* divisions of a tragedy. It is here said ‘that a tragedy ought to consist of 1500, or 1600 verses; of five acts, each of 300 verses; and that each ought not to have more than seven scenes.’ Voltaire’s death of Cæsar has, however, but three acts. Such mechanism has no doubt contributed to render the French plays so artificial and insipid.

In the succeeding chapter are examined the motives, ‘why the ancient tragedy consists more in action than in words, and the modern, on the contrary, more in words than in action.’ This is true of the French theatre; and is the reason which has rendered it so objectionable to the admirers of nature and simplicity. The motives, ‘why tragedy speaks

always in verse among all the nations of the world,' are next considered, but the propriety of this custom is denied; and the effect produced in tender and terrible scenes is alleged not to be bound to the harmony of verses, but that we are affected by an impulse much stronger than that of melody. This objection, however applicable to the hopping jingle of rhymes in the French theatre, is founded on ignorance of the human passions, which, when not too violent to extinguish the voice, will always express themselves in measured cadences and melodies, which gave rise to and will eternize the use of verse in tragic representations. The fact is here demonstrated by an avowal of the truth, that verse is more easily understood and remembered than prose, and consequently must be *more congenial* to the human mind.

The 17th chapter of this long essay, treats of Theatrical Decorations; and as it is much the most judicious part, concludes the whole very forcibly. The preposterous rule of the French theatre, for representing the whole drama in the same hall, is happily censured; and the no less absurd costume of a criminal or malefactor, introduced with embroidered clothes and silver chains, as is usual on that stage, is justly and elegantly satirized.

Our own theatre is still in great want of improvement in this department, and we are in some instances guilty of the same absurdities that are censured on the continent, that is, of making Gustavus rise from the caverns of Dalecarlia covered with silk and ermine; or Pharasmanus, clothed in embroidered brocade, thus address the Roman ambassador: 'Nature, a stepmother in these horrible climes, does not produce gold, but iron and soldiers.'

With all the faults, however, of the English drama, may we not venture to assert that the productions of its authors are superior in effect to those of any nation that ever boasted a theatre? We cannot indeed display the magnificent spectacles which delighted the countless multitudes in the vast stages of Greece and Rome; but, on the other hand, the natural expression of the countenance is not lost in the gigantic mask; nor have we the absurdity of a modulated dialogue set to the notes of a pitchpipe to direct the voice; of a gesticulating and a pronouncing actor: we are not raised upon *cothurni*; and, above all, we have discarded that mob of confidants, the chorus. We have gained far more by our nearer approach to nature in our plays, than we have lost by curtailing the splendor of theatrical apparatus.

These advantages over the ancients are indeed common



to the French dramatic writers, as well as to our own—but other proofs of the superiority of the moderns are not so. They, who have studied to imitate the Grecian models in regularity of conduct; who are attentive to all the unities, and to all the decorums of sentiment and morality; whose style is, in general, elegant and poetical; they have never reached that fervour, strength, and natural language of passion, which the English authors in many glorious examples have attained; and which contradict the truth of Ovid's prophecy,

Nulla Sophocleo veniet jactura Cothurno.

There is generally too much conversation in the French plays, instead of action. They are too declamatory, as was before observed, when they should be passionate; too refined, when they should be simple.

Such is the opinion of no contemptible critic, Dr. Blair; and Voltaire himself freely acknowledges these defects of the French theatre. He admits, that their best tragedies do not make a sufficient impression on the heart; that the gallantry which reigns in them, and the long fine-spun dialogue with which they over-abound, frequently spread a languor over them; and very candidly gives it as his judgment, that an union of the vehemence and the action, which characterize the English drama, with the correctness and decorum of the French theatre, would be necessary to form a perfect tragedy. We doubt, however, the possibility of such an union—it is to join a dead body and a living one together. Before we return to our Portuguese authors, who do not, we think, sufficiently maintain the above sentiments of disapprobation with regard to the lifelessness of the French tragedy, we must just refer the curious reader to an admirable extract from a Latin poem by a Jesuit, entitled *Templum Tragœdiæ*, and quoted by Dr. Blair in his Lectures, vol. 3. page 324.

The characters of Corneille and Racine are most exquisitely drawn by this poetical critic, who, however, is guilty of some inaccuracies in style.

As we have broken in upon the order of the Universal Library, with a view to make the article on tragedy a connected essay, we have now to revert to No. 4—and to notice the minor subjects handled in that number, in the fifth, and in the sixth, the last which has reached us from the continent.

The fourth number contains the history of Panthea and Abradatus—Principles of Education—Universal History of Women continued—and an Essay on Hospitality.—The Principles of Education consist of 'maxims,' many of them

drawn from the Bible and other sources, for the respective conduct of life in both sexes, and in all capacities. Some of these excellent dogmas are peculiarly applicable to the renovation of Portuguese manners.

Though some parts of the advice to men and women made us smile, yet from the following specimen, our readers will perceive that there is a mixture of good sense with the ridiculous in the Portuguese Mentor.

‘Man, treat thy spouse as a companion that thou oughtest to make happy; as a being necessary to thy felicity, and to that of thy children.’

We must stop here to tell a story about the word ‘felicity.’

‘A country clergyman, who was very fond of puzzling his audience with fine words, chose to assert to a friend, who expostulated with him upon this impropriety, that there was not an expression in his sermon on the last Sunday, which the whole congregation did not understand. “The word, *Felicity*,” answered his friend—“Call your servant, and ask him what it means.” John, who was one of the best informed men in the parish, being summoned, and interrogated, replied, “To be sure, your honor—some part of the inside of a pig, but I don’t exactly know which.”’

To return from our digression.

‘Man,’ (continues the Portuguese,) ‘*above all*, remember that thou canst not live with satisfaction, should thy spouse be unhappy!’

‘Woman, always consider *cleanliness* as a necessary means of being agreeable to thy husband; but, *above all*, employ docility for this end, as it is one of the most beautiful qualities of thy sex. To a taste for domestic occupations, and an unchangeable disposition—’

Here we must again interrupt the homely plainness of the Portuguese, with the more lively apostrophe of our countryman:

Oh, blest with temper, whose unclouded ray  
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day;  
She who can love a sister’s charms, and hear  
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;  
Who never answers till her husband cools,  
And tho’ she rules him, never shows she rules, &c. &c.

Had not this beautiful character been stigmatized by the ill-natured remark at the end,

‘And mistress of herself, tho’ china fall—’

it would have been at least as perfect a model of an amiable

woman, as that with which our Lusitanian friend has presented us.

‘To an unchangeable disposition add,’ (continues he rather whimsically,) ‘persuasive eloquence, which springs from a tender heart, moderation, and candour, which are the most efficacious means of captivating the affections of a husband.’

The History of Women contains many judicious observations on the conduct and violent passions of Abraham’s wives. It is by judging of the relative situations of both sexes, and by clearly appreciating the obligation of their peculiar duties in this manner, that the history of the Jews is likely to be rendered as useful and interesting as it ought to be to us in the present age.

The article on Hospitality consists principally of anecdotes of the sufferings, persecutions, and horrors, to which the French revolution has given existence, and which to the candid observer of men and manners will appear but little advantageous to the national character of Frenchmen.

The fifth number of the Universal Library is introduced by a fragment of history in the eastern manner, to illustrate the maxim, ‘*periculosum est credere, et non credere.*’

The second article treats of the Dance. ‘Song,’ says the author, ‘so natural to man, inspires those who hear it with movements and gestures relative to the different sounds of which it is composed.’ For instance, the Messiah of Handel engenders in the heart of a Christian every sentiment of warm devotion; and at the performance of this Oratorio, we may see the uplifted eye, and the extended hand, in pious unison with the penetrating notes of the divine harmony. ‘And he who is not touched with concord of sweet sounds—is fit for treasons.’

Such are the opinions of our Portuguese editor, not indeed applied to Handel, but most justly applicable to so great a master. We admire enthusiasm in the young and the old, and however exposed the Portuguese may be to the severity of ridicule for his *movements* and his *gestures* excited by music, we cannot withhold our confirmation of the truth of his opinion; for even dumb animals are affected in the most extraordinary manner by the power of melody. How much more then must man be sensible of its influence!

‘Hence,’ (continues the author,) ‘as song, which was an expression of sentiment, produced that action to which is given the name of dance, it may be concluded, that the voice and gesture are no more natural to the human species than the song and dance; and that the one and the other are, if we may venture to use so bold a metaphor, the instruments of the two arts which produce them.’

Since there have been men, there has been singing and dancing; they have danced and sung from the creation until the present hour, and it is very likely that they will dance and sing to the end of the world.

The sacred dance is the most ancient. It is that which the Hebrews practised in the solemn feasts established by law, or on the occasions of public joy to give thanks to God, to honour and to publish his praises.

In the primitive times they sang the beneficence of God, and united the dance with the song, more rapturously to express their heartfelt gratitude for being chosen as the peculiar people of the Almighty. Moses, after passing the Red Sea, returned thanks by music and dancing. Thus, the sacred dance, established among the Hebrews from time immemorial, from time, as Blackstone says, of which the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, passed to all the people of the earth, accompanied by imperfect notions of the divinity, and successively made among the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, the most considerable part of the worship of their false gods. The dance is still continued among the Christians of the Romish church. In the Protestant religion also we have a sect who jump, though they do not dance. And he who jumps highest is nearest Heaven. This is their creed, and let those who doubt the existence of such enthusiasts, travel only to South Wales.

Perhaps, as Englishmen, we may also be inclined to vindicate the superiority of this practice of our Protestant brethren over that of the Romish church. Jumping, though not so graceful an attestation of the sincere devotion of the heart, is a more active one; and duty, we are taught to believe, consists more in action than in theory.

When persecutions assailed the holy peace of Christians, they formed themselves into congregations of men and women (not to mention their *αγαπαι*, or love-feasts), and retired to the desert after the example of Therapeutas, or Robinson Crusoe. These faithful people assembled on the Sundays and saints' days in the villages, where they danced, piously singing the orisons of the church. The priests formed the sacred dances in honour of a God who died upon the cross for the salvation of all mankind, of a God resuscitated on the third day, to consummate the mystery of the redemption.

Each mystery, each feast, had its appropriate hymns and dances; the priests, the legates, all the faithful, danced in honour of God. The bishops, according to Scaliger, were called *Præsules*, à *præsulendo*, because they commenced the dance. At the Royal Circus in England (before it was burnt

down,) they had a most indecent custom of introducing a bishop, dancing, to marry Harlequin and Columbine at the conclusion of the pantomime of Paswan Oglou.

The most zealous Christians assembled on the vespers of the feasts before the doors of the church, when they danced, full of a holy fire, singing the songs, psalms, and hymns of the day.

When tranquillity succeeded to persecution, they built temples, and disposed these edifices in a manner that they should serve for the external worship which was then practised. Thus, in all the churches, was raised an elevated floor, to which was given the name of chorus or choir; it was a kind of theatre separated from the altar, such as is seen even now in Rome, in the churches of St. Clementi, St. Pancratius, and many others.

The above information we have collected and arranged from the Universal Library. But our pious readers will be shocked, when we assure those who have not turned their minds to the consideration of these fancifully religious subjects, that the dance, that mother of concupiscence and relic of savage manners, is still celebrated in all catholic countries, on the Sundays and saints' days, which constitute a fourth part of their time.

The author has enumerated and described the feast and funeral dances; those of the Lacedæmonians and Romans; the hymenæal dances; that of the 1st of May, still practised in Italy; the rustic, social, and theatrical dances; but he has omitted the Spanish dance with the castanets, alluded to by Juvenal, (Sat. 11th, line 162,) and with great propriety, that most scandalous of all gesticulations, the *Fandango*, which, to the disgrace of Spanish and Portuguese manners, is still suffered to exist.

To this full account of the dance, succeeds an essay on the Roman Legion, which is the model of Buonaparte's *Legion d'Honneur*, where La Croix, the Bourdeaux Prefect, so conspicuously figured, with his brand for perjury upon his shoulder. Some anecdotes on Ingratitude conclude the fifth number of the Universal Library.

The sixth number presents us with a very complete 'Treatise on the Game of the Bank,' of which we should be more disposed to give an account, did we not know that many of our compatriots, both male and female, were élèves of the Parisian professors, during the cessation of hostilities, and that they have since shewn themselves worthy disciples of such masters in this noble science.

The Dutch account of the Poison Tree of Java, a most

ignoble memoir of the life of General Pichegru, and a History of the Troglodites, conclude this volume.—From the above review of its contents, our readers will perhaps be enabled to form some idea of the entertainment and information to be derived from a Portuguese periodical work, which the baleful influence of war has perhaps again destined to a temporary suspension. This is the more to be regretted, as, with the exception of the faults which we have fully noticed, the publication every where abounds with taste, good sense, the *spirit* of toleration, and practical morality.

We await with impatience the appearance of a volume on the Agricultural and Rural Economy of Portugal by the literary society of Abrantes, part of which we have already seen and approved.

ART. XIII.—*Memoires de M. le Baron de Besenval, &c.*

*Memoirs of the Baron de Besenval, Lieutenant-General of the Armies of France, in the Reigns of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. Grand Cross of the Order of St. Louis, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Regiment of Swiss Guards, &c. Written by himself, and published by his Executor. Containing many Particulars and Anecdotes relative to the Court, the Ministers, and the Reigns of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. and to the Events of that Period. To which is prefixed a Life of the Author. 8vo. 3 Vols. Paris, 1805. Imported by Deconchy.*

IN this Appendix to our Review, and elsewhere, we have had occasion to advert to the deficiency of the French in works of history, and to observe that their numerous *Memoires* serve occasionally as an amusing though an inadequate succedaneum for productions of greater historical importance. An account of the lives of a Turenne or a Richlieu, of men who have aggrandized their country by their councils, or rendered her illustrious by their arms, cannot fail to be productive of high interest and utility. Even the memoirs of the distinguished females who, in sharing the beds, have too often influenced the councils of monarchs, have claims on the attention of the moralist, philosopher, and politician, by evincing what great events spring from trivial causes, at the same time that they tend to develop hidden points in the history of nations, and to unfold important truths. But this remark will not hold good when applied to every major or captain who thinks proper to

introduce large octavo volumes into the world, filled with the details of his own unimportant life.

The motives which induce M. de Besenval and other gentlemen and ladies of similar insignificance, in this country as well as on the continent, to seize thus forcibly upon publicity, can only be imputed to the all-prevailing principle of vanity; a weakness, however, for which its universality may afford considerable excuse; for we by no means assent to the proposition that vanity is the characteristic of little minds. It is, on the contrary, one from which no age or sex, no order or description of individuals is exempt. If we turn our eyes to the great living characters, or those of recent notoriety, in our own country, it would neither be difficult to produce statesmen nor scholars, chiefs who have acquired renown in the profession of arms, orators who wield at will the judgment and consciences of jurymen, nor sages whose less ardent genius has taken refuge in the peaceful honors of the church, to substantiate the truth of our position. Superiority, real or supposed, whether founded on a basis of undisputed or of doubtful utility, is alike anxious for fame; and he who has grown great by electrifying a bottle, vindicates renown with no less presumption than the leader of armies or the favourite of the muses. Among the fair sex, to whom the right of vanity has ever been a chartered privilege, its manifestations are no less varied than its principle is universal. It is not only on rank or beauty that they build their pretensions to notoriety; and while the modesty of a Roman matron is the boast of some, those ladies who bear a greater affinity to the fair of Corinth than to those of the Roman republic, are no less anxious to extend the sphere and prolong the existence of their perishable infamy.

After their prototypes, the ladies, Frenchmen were of all others supposed to be the most distinguished by this weakness. We can, however, by no means congratulate our more solid countrymen on an exemption from it. To this the presses of London bear witness, from which so frequently issue memoirs, lives, and anecdotes of individuals of supposed importance, the production of their own pens. To such we would give a gentle hint, which is not unworthy of attention. The most salutary medicines are frequently unpleasing to the palate; and those who are oppressed by their own reputation will, perhaps, not be comforted by hearing that their cares are unnecessary. But the truth is, that no man is much regarded by the rest of the world. He that considers how little he dwells upon the

condition of others, will learn how little the attention of others is attracted by himself. While we see multitudes passing before us, of whom perhaps not one appears to deserve our notice, or excite our sympathy, we should remember, that we likewise are lost in the same throng; that the eye which happens to glance upon us, is turned in a moment on him that follows us; and that the utmost that we can reasonably hope or fear, is to fill a vacant hour with prattle, and be forgotten.

To return to M. de Besenval—of whom a life is prefixed to these volumes—whose name has probably reached the ears of but few of our readers, and with whom we shall not deem it necessary to make them much better acquainted. Like most other young noblemen in aristocratical countries, he entered early into the army, and made the campaign of 1748, as aide-de-camp to Marshal Broglio, during which he performed an exploit in the taking of a fort, which is detailed with great minuteness, but which any other ensign or lieutenant would have been ashamed not to do as well. This action, however, and his good fortune, introduced him to the notice of the then Duke of Orleans, by whose friendship he was afterwards distinguished.

Many instances are given of the beneficence and good-temper, and other amiable qualities of M. de Besenval, together with some palliatory accounts of his errors and imperfections; by none of which, however, does he appear to be distinguished from the tribes of ordinary men. Instead of filling three octavos, his life might fairly be comprized in as many sentences. "M. de Besenval was a French gentleman who entered early into the service, made several campaigns, rose to the rank of lieutenant-general, lived a bachelor and a profligate, and died in 1789."

But no, says Mr. Alexander Joseph Segur, his executor,

'The Baron de Besenval has left none but honourable memorials to posterity: the army thinks of him with esteem, the arts regret him, his family is proud of him, his friends will lament him for ever.'

Possest with these notions, Mr. Alexander Joseph Segur has thought proper to collect all the detached manuscripts which M. de Besenval had happened to leave in his port-folio, in the form of letters, or otherwise, and made them up into three octavos. These are quite unconnected, and consist of anecdotes, not always of the most interesting nature, but some of which will certainly serve to amuse a leisure hour, of the principal members of the court of Versailles, in the reigns of Louis XV. and XVI.—and an account of some of



the remarkable events that immediately preceded that revolution which has paralysed the world.

This is all the information that we think it necessary to give our readers, relative to the present work. One chapter, justly entitled '*Aventure singulière*,' from its whimsical singularity, tempts us to translate it. It will give the reader some notion of the extreme profligacy that prevails in France, and indeed in most parts of the continent, if we except the more northern countries—a profligacy, which is hardly credible to those who, never having quitted England, have witnessed none but our purer manners. It will also enable those who have the care of the rising generation, to judge how far the present may be an eligible work to put into the hands of their charges, in the course of their instruction in the French language.

'Two officers of the regiment of Penthievre lived on terms of great intimacy; they were in garrison in a place the name of which was kept a secret from me, and were in frequent habits of visiting an old gentleman, a widower, who had an only daughter, a handsome girl of eighteen. After a certain time this young lady discovered symptoms of pregnancy; her father, in a rage, proceeded to examine her, and asked who was the father of the child. Without being at all disconcerted, she answered that it was Monsieur so and so, unless it was Monsieur so and so, and named the two friends in question. The father followed the usual custom in such cases; he sent for the two gentlemen, and having informed them of the situation of his daughter, desired them to determine between themselves which of the two should marry her, without which, he still retained strength enough, in spite of his old age, to take vengeance both upon the one and the other. The officers, after recovering from their astonishment at finding themselves rivals, without having ever suspected such a thing, did not hesitate as to the measure they should adopt, and each wished to be the husband with so much eagerness, that the old gentleman could not by any means prevail upon either of them to give up the lady. In this dilemma, the father proposed to leave it to the choice of his daughter, who replied, on being informed of the circumstance, that she would on no account decide between the gentlemen; that she loved them both equally, that she had moreover given proofs of it, and that consequently she would on no account sacrifice the one to the other: that they had nothing to do but to settle the affair as they chose, and that she would submit to any arrangement, which was all that could be required of her. A fresh dilemma. To come to a conclusion, they adopted the only method that now remained, namely, that the officers should draw lots, and that he to whom the black lot might fall should be the husband; to which they added an agreement, which was not communicated to the father—that he who should not be the

husband, should be continued as *lover* without the husband having it in his power to complain on any pretext whatsoever. This convention was executed on the part of all three with a fidelity, and consequent happiness, which nothing could disturb. Some few years afterwards the husband dying, he who remained as lover, married the widow; they lived a long time together, and experienced no regret, except for the loss of a friend whom they never ceased to lament.'

From the above story, which is professed to have been related by the lieutenant-colonel of the regiment to which the two heroes belonged, M. de Besenval draws the following corollary :

'The only thing which makes me doubt the truth of this story, is the difficulty of believing that chance should have brought together three persons of understandings so correct, with so profound a knowledge of the just value of things, and so entirely liberated from prejudices. Gentlemen and ladies, if you would consent to substitute reason for appearances, justice for self-love, and good sense for the dictates of your own mighty wisdom, it would be much pleasanter living amongst you.'

#### ART. XIV.—*Etudes sur l'Homme, &c.*

*Studies on Man, in the World, and in Retirement.* By J.H. Meister. pp. 331. 8vo. 8s. Paris. 1805. Imported by Deconchy.

THE author informs us that he has been thirty years in composing the work before us! It is nothing more than a flimsy paraphrase of some passages in Pope's *Essay on Man*, with occasional sentences from Goldsmith and Thomson; interlarded with some obscene and scandalous anecdotes of men of *bonnes fortunes*, &c. In the essay, or, as the author absurdly calls it, *study* 'on the Advantage of bad Education,' the most abandoned principles of libertinism are inculcated, and we are gravely told that '*les plus douces jouissances amoureuses*, are absolutely indispensable to excite the sensibility of youth!' (p. 84.) On such profligate sentiments we have nothing to observe. The paper on 'Secret Pretensions,' discovers some good sense in exposing latent follies, and in satirizing Voltaire and Frederic, the former for neglecting the title of poet and philosopher, for that of gentleman, and the latter for abandoning the character of general, statesman, and king, for that of poet. But in a subsequent paper the author presents us with the superstition of the fifteenth century, and seriously narrates the ridiculous tale (in which there is an

historical blunder,) of the Duke of Anjou becoming in a moment deeply enamoured of Maria de Cleves, in consequence of wiping his face with that lady's chemise! In the reflections entitled 'one of the great Enigmas of human Destiny,' the author labours to be very profound, but he has only produced a miserable paraphrase of Pope's observations on Providence, without one original idea. Throughout the volume indeed several sentences are translated *verbatim et literatim* from Pope, without any reference to the original author. The observations 'on the dangers of a too habitual necessity of making ourselves beloved,' pourtray the French feelings, where self-love and vanity frequently render individuals careless about everything that does not immediately administer to their own insatiable thirst for applause. To M. Meister, however, who, though a native of Westphalia, is now a Frenchman in spirit and principle, we return our unfeigned thanks for his observations on 'the influence of the genius of certain languages.' He cannot certainly be suspected of prejudice or any political or moral bias against French literature; and it is with pleasure that we translate the following acute observations:

'However poor the French language may be in some respects, it is nevertheless *words* that often give to Frenchmen more apparent sense than they really possess, at least more *finesse*, precision, and perspicuity. A man who speaks French, and who speaks it tolerably well, were it even by rote, will sooner pass for a man of talents in that language than in any other. It appears that under the most usual forms of that tongue, folly and ignorance, vice and falsehood, find a thousand means of concealing themselves with singular facility. Alas! this is perhaps one of the chief reasons for the preference so generally given to French, not only in the familiar conversations of people of fashion, but even in the most important negotiations of European politics.

'I might properly compare the French language to those mirrors that do not reflect objects with the greatest accuracy and truth, but in a manner singularly neat and precise, in even giving to all of them a light more or less favorable, a surface more or less polished. What appears simple and clear, easily passes for true. We readily take elegance for ingenuity, general and sententious forms for profundity, expressions dexterously exaggerated for energy, and a certain tone of confidence and frankness for the natural accents of good nature and fidelity.'

That cunning and deception are inherent in the genius of the French language and people, the history of all our political and commercial relations with France satisfactorily demonstrates; and whoever has had any intercourse with that nation, must have been often struck with the difficulty

of convicting them of what is properly called a *direct lie*, when at the same time every word and act evinced the most unequivocal proofs of the greatest *falsehood*. We could relate numerous examples, often highly ludicrous, of such circumstances that we have witnessed in French courts of judicature (certainly not courts of justice), where the designed contrariety of words and actions, and their artful tergiversations, discovered such a total negation of every sentiment of truth or justice, that if we are more convinced of their laxity of principle than some others of our countrymen, it is only because we know them better. For the present, however, we are satisfied with the strictly just observations of our author, whose plagiarisms and whose libertinism may pass to oblivion with less contempt, should his reflections tend to awaken the attention of the civilized world, and teach it to guard against the deceptions of the language and immorality of Frenchmen.

We ought here indeed to remark, that the influence of language on the human mind is infinitely greater than is usually supposed; and that, notwithstanding the profound and original labours of Locke, we have not yet advanced far in the true metaphysics of language. We have before remarked that language at first receives its character from the rude genius of the people, but that whenever it becomes more polished, it as invariably moulds the character of that people to its native spirit, from which they can never after wholly emerge. This is doubtless the true and only efficient cause why nations retain an identity of character and feeling through numerous generations; and it will no less certainly obstruct the progress of man to that perfection, which some superficial philosophers have long dreamed that he would speedily attain. The obvious power of words on the human passions, will always tend to shackle reason by the stronger emotions of the heart, and consequently the same imperfections, both of our language and sentiments, will perpetuate themselves to the latest posterity. A reference to the works of any of our best poets will convince us that we still continue to admire and be delighted with the mere sound of words, which have but little relation either to sense or fact. The poets (and while society exists, there will be poets,) are sorry philosophers and worse moralists; nor are an opposite class, the mathematicians, likely to raise man to infinite perfection. Such are the natural imperfections attending our language; and it is unquestionably a matter of the first importance, to train the minds of youth in that tongue which confessedly contains least of these irremediable defects. In

this respect English and Latin stand unrivalled. 'We readily take expressions dexterously exaggerated for energy,' says our author; and if we carefully examine some of Racine's best verses, the only French poet who is acknowledged to aim at sublimity, we shall perceive the most artificial tissue of unmeaning inflated bombast, that was ever articulated from the stentorophonic lungs of a savage. What do we find but falsely glittering bubbles in the writings of all the poets and many of the prose writers of Italy? But we must here decline the subject, only expressing a wish, that as there is now not only a political, but a moral reason for rejecting the too frequent use of the French language, especially amongst the juvenile fair, the system of education in use during the days of Queen Anne, might perhaps be again adopted, and Latin and Greek take place with propriety of French and Italian.

We shall only add that the French critics, with their usual regard to veracity, have praised this work in a manner and style of exaggeration truly *à la Française*.

# RETROSPECT

OF

## FOREIGN LITERATURE.

### FRANCE.

ART. 15.—*Almanach des Gourmands, servant de guide dans les moyens de faire excellente chère. Par un vieil amateur. Troisième année. Contenant plusieurs articles de morale & de politesse Gourmande; une notice raisonnée des principaux fruits qui se servent à table; la seconde Promenade d'un Gourmand dans Paris, les découvertes nouvelles de 1804, plusieurs recettes alimentaires & friandes, un grand nombre d'anecdotes Gourmandes; des principes d'Hygiène & de savoir-vivre; un extrait de la correspondance Gourmande de l'auteur, &c. &c.—A Paris, chez Maradan, Libraire, rue des Grands Augustins, No. 29. an. xiii. 1805. Imported by Deconchy.*

THE favourable reception which the Parisian *Gourmands* have given to the Almanacks, of the two preceding years, the first of which passed through three, and the second through two editions, has induced the author to render his third volume equally worthy of their indulgence.

The pleasantry which reigned through the first volume determined its success; but it was difficult to maintain this tone in the succeeding numbers, yet the author has strained every effort to attain this end. The kind of humour suitable for this sort of writing is necessarily very limited, especially when the wish is to avoid falling either into farce or affectation; for humour which is not natural, is as disagreeable to readers of taste, as a joke which is low and trivial.

The author was aware of this; and though the present number is not equally jocular with the first, yet it is at least as useful; the moral point of view in which he has exhibited the table, will prove agreeable to the generality of readers. As a specimen of this author's style, we shall select his definition of *Gourmand*, and *la Gourmandise*.

'If we may believe the dictionary of the Academy, *Gourmand* is synonymous with *Glouton* and *Goulu*, and *Gourmandise* is Gluttony. It seems to us that this definition is not strictly correct; that the words *Glouton* and *Goulu* ought to be reserved to characterise intemperance and insatiable avidity; and that the term *Gourmand* has received for several years in the world an acceptance

much less unfavourable, we might venture even to say, much more noble.

‘The Gourmand is not only a being whom nature has endued with an excellent stomach, and an amazing appetite; all strong men are so; but one who joins to these advantages an excellent taste, the first principle of which resides in a palate singularly delicate, and matured by long experience. All his senses ought to accord with his taste; for he must reason with his *morceaux* even before they approach his lips. His eye should be penetrating, his ear quick, his touch fine, and his tongue *exquisite*. Thus the Gourmand, whom the Academy paints as a coarse being, is on the contrary a personage endowed with extreme delicacy; he ought also to be in full health.

‘But it would be wrong to suppose that the continual attention which the Gourmand is obliged to pay to every branch of the alimentary art, towards which his sensations are exclusively directed, makes him stupid and sottish. It appears to us, on the contrary, that he possesses above all other men resources sufficient to render himself amiable, and to make the temperate, who are generally of an envious disposition, pardon the superiority of his taste and appetite.

‘The Abbé Roubaud, in his *Synonymes*, is a little more favourable to Gourmands than the Academy. He compares the Gourmand with the *goinfre*, with *goulu*, and *glouton*, and shews how great the discrimination is between each. According to him the gourmand loves eating and good cheer; he must eat, but not without picking and chusing. The *goinfre* possesses so brutal an appetite that he eats with his mouth full, he guttles and gorges himself with every thing without distinction; he eats merely for the sake of eating. The *goulu* eats with so much avidity that he swallows rather than eats; he bolts it down as the saying is; he never stays to masticate, but down it goes. The *glouton* runs to eat, and eats with a disagreeable noise, and with so much voracity that one bit never waits for another, but every thing soon disappears from before him; to say the least of him, he devours.

‘This definition, which might undoubtedly have been written with more delicacy, appears to us in general exact, and the differences which the author remarks between the terms which he undertakes to define, are deficient neither in justice nor truth. But when he wrote this definition, the *gourmands* did not enjoy that rank in the world, which they do in the present day; in a word, *gourmandise* was not yet become a fashion,’ &c.

In the same strain does the author proceed to define *gourmandise*, and with the same success. At p 85, is a morning walk of a Parisian *gourmand*; this we strenuously recommend to the perusal of our London cits, who may chuse to visit Paris at the conclusion of the war, as superior to all the guides which have been hitherto published. They will there find where the house of M. Benaud, *Pâtissier*, is situated; le Local de M. Perly, *Restaurateur*; the Nouveau Magasin de Comestibles of Madame Rolandeau, &c. &c. &c. and may gratify their appetites with every luxury of French cookery at a moderate price.

ART. 16.—*Marfa, ou Novogorod subjugué, anecdote historique traduite du Russe. Avec un avant propos du Traducteur. A Genève chez J. J. Pacshoud, Libraire. 1803. Imported by Deconchy.*

THIS historical anecdote is taken from a journal published at Moscow, under the title of the *Courier of Europe*. The editor is Mr. Karamsin, on whose travels we had lately occasion to animadvert. From the perusal of the volume before us, we are however happy to say, that we have experienced a considerable degree of pleasure, and to bestow on the editor our mite of applause.

The origin of the city of Novogorod is lost in the obscurity of time. It is only known, and that more by tradition than by any historical chronicle, that the *slaves*, about the middle of the fifth century, founded this city near another which had been destroyed, and to which they had given their own name, Slavensk. The spot is still shewn on which it was built, and which is called Staroë Gorodichè, the old city, as Novogorod signifies the new. This people, whose very name announces exploits, for *slava* signifies glorious, came, as they report, from the south of Europe; thus they differed essentially in character from the northern nations; they were at once an agricultural and commercial people, and took a pleasure in founding cities, wherever they established themselves. From the very epoch of its origin we know nothing of Novogorod, till we find it not only a flourishing republic, but placed in the alliance of the Hanseatic towns; its power was then so firmly established, that it became proverbial throughout the north to say, ‘who can resist God, and the great Novogorod?’ The greatness of its territories, whose frontiers, they say, extended from Lithuania to the mountains which bound Siberia, and from Bielo Ozero and the lake of Rostov to the White Sea, seem in some measure to justify this vaunt. But this republic was soon attacked with that malady which announces the fall of states, internal disorder. Its deputies said to Rourik and his brothers, when they invited them to seize the government: ‘Our country is rich and powerful; but there is nothing like order established: all wish to command, and none to obey.’ Rourik came to Novogorod with his brothers in the year 862, he divided with them the provinces of the republic, and placed them in such a manner as to keep a more watchful eye upon the most dangerous enemies of the states. He himself did not wish, or did not dare to establish himself in the capital, but went to reside in the city of Ladoga, which he had just founded; but when the death of his brothers had reunited all the power in his own hands, and he had established his principal officers in such a manner as to consolidate it, he marched with hasty steps to the sovereign power. The inhabitants of Novogorod were too late sensible of the fault which they had committed, in inviting amongst them a prince capable, it is true, of establishing order and discipline among the troops, but whose actions taught them too soon that he who is able to protect a state, is able also easily to oppress it, and that ambition never fails to suggest the desire of so doing.



One of the principal magistrates named Vadime, put himself at the head of the most ardent, and went to attack him whom they regarded only as a tyrant. What could a people, brave indeed, but without experience, effect against troops which Rourik had made warlike, and whom that able prince had had time to devote to his cause? He easily dispersed his enemies, and Vadime was conquered, and killed. This event, as it is natural to suppose, served only to confirm his power; almost all his successors wished to march in his steps, and were more or less successful according to the times in which they lived, the talents which they displayed, and the circumstances in which they found themselves. It appears, however, that they were regarded at Novogorod only as the leaders of armies, and were seldom permitted to intermeddle in the affairs of government.

The administration of government resembled as nearly as possible that of the other cities of Germany with which the republic was in alliance. The first office of the state, which was called *Sîp'noy Possadnih*, (which signifies, elevated to the first class) may be compared to that of Burgomaster. He who had been once invested with this office, preserved the title of *Possadnih* during his life. The second dignity was that of *Tissiatshi*. This magistrate kept a watchful eye over the interests of the people: his functions resembled those of the Roman tribune. His name is derived from *Tis-iatcha*, a thousand, and insinuates that he was charged with the interests and welfare of many thousands of their fellow-citizens. Next to these were ranked the boyars or senators, who obtained this dignity as well as the two former, by election. They enjoyed equal prerogatives. They were generally elected from the class called *Gitie-lioudi*, or people who live on their incomes: the merchants formed a separate class. The rest of the people, composed of mechanics, &c. were called *Tcherniè-lioudi*. In later times the *Namesniih*, or lieutenant of the prince, was superior to all these classes; he enjoyed greater honours, though he had scarcely any power, and was only able to take cognizance of affairs, when he was appealed to from those ordinary magistrates: and even then he was obliged to act in concert with, and to take the advice of the *Possadnih* in the exercise of his functions.

This administration seemed to be able to establish order and tranquillity in the republic: yet were they entirely destroyed by the *Vetchès*, (assemblies of the people) on the single sound of a bell, entirely consecrated to this use, and called *Vetchèvoi Kolohol*, (bell of the assembly) and which was regarded as the palladium of the city, and of its liberties. On the sound of this bell the people flocked in crowds to the place; the least citizen had a right to give or refuse his vote; these assemblies were almost always followed by dangerous commotions, often by revolt and murder. Anarchy, in a word, produced its ordinary effects, slavery: Jaroslaf however, one of the wisest and greatest princes who had reigned in Russia, established this constitution of the republic. His name always remained dear to the inhabitants of Novogorod; his name was given to the palace which he inhabited, and when time had entirely destroyed it, the spot or

which it stood still preserved the cherished memorial. This powerful sovereign, who reigned about the end of the 11th century, beside the immense inheritance left to him by his father Vladimir, acquired by his exploits a part of Livonia, and all Red Russia: his alliance was so much courted by the potentates of Europe, that his eldest son espoused the daughter of the king of England, and another the daughter of the emperor of the east: of four daughters one was married to the king of Norway, the second to the king of France, and the third to the king of Hungary. His two sisters married the king of Poland and the brother of the sovereign bishop of Trèves. He established public schools in almost every city, and even an university in his capital. He drew up a code of laws, which is still used in the jurisprudence of Russia. It was this prince, so wise and powerful, and whose alliance was so much courted, that Voltaire presumed to call ‘Duc inconnu d’une Russie ignorée.’

What still further proves the wisdom of this legislator is, that the republic of Novogorod, in spite of the apparent defects of its constitution, in spite of the fickleness and turbulence of its citizens, the ambition of its own princes, and of the nations who surrounded it, in spite of the intrigues which were practised, and the wars which the princes of Moscow carried on against it, nevertheless supported its dignity, and subsisted to the end of the fifteenth century.

But Ivan III. about the year 1470 began to inflict upon it the most dangerous blow. For a long time he regarded Novogorod as his prey, and sought only a pretext, or rather a favourable circumstance, to make himself master of it; for can a pretext ever be wanting to an ambitious and powerful prince? Ivan was then at the highest period of his exaltation: he had just shaken off the yoke of the Tartars, under which his ancestors had groaned; and he had even forced the czars of Casan to acknowledge themselves his tributaries and vassals. The experience of his predecessors having too well convinced him that the ambition of dependant princes, and their continual dissensions, had drawn Russia to her destruction, he reunited all the appendages to his crown, and indemnified the princes by the gift of lands. It was then, that the choice of a new bishop, the imprudence of the ambassadors, which the Novogorodians sent to him on this subject, or rather their ordinary folly, furnished Ivan with a pretext of kindling the flames of war; he however thought it his duty to commence by negotiations, and sent an envoy charged with powers to negotiate: but Novogorod, unfortunately for her, was then governed by a woman named Marfa, whose existence, for a long time called in question, is at this day attested by coins which have been discovered, and on which she is represented spinning, with these words inscribed, Marfa Possadniza, and the free city of Novogorod. She was the daughter and widow of Possadnihs who were illustrious for their wisdom and the great services they had rendered to the republic. This woman by her intrigues excited her fellow-citizens to war, sent an insolent answer to the envoy of Ivan, and was by this means the cause of the destruction of her country.

If we may believe the victorious party, who are always too much

inclined to transform into vice even the very virtues of those who resist their oppression, the patriotism of Marfa was far from being so pure as Mr. Karamsin relates in his anecdote. They pretend that the love which she cherished for a young Pole, to whom his sovereign had promised the government of Novogorod, was the principal motive of her conduct.

A monk named Pimene, excited by the hope of obtaining the archbishopric of that city, employed all the motives of religion in support of their pretensions.

Prince Cholmski, one of the best generals of Ivan, marched at the head of an army to punish the turbulent republic, which opposed him with a formidable force; the cavalry alone, we are assured, amounted to 30,000 men; but the defection of the allied republic of Pshof; the extraordinary heat of the weather, which had dried up the marshes, that formed one of the principal defences of the city; and above all, a warlike army conducted by an able chief, soon surmounted every obstacle. Ivan entered Novogorod victorious, treated the city with clemency, established a viceroy, and left the citizens the enjoyment of all their privileges; even Marfa continued unmolested. Four years afterwards he returned thither, and was received with all the testimonies of joy and respect by the different orders of the state; but scarcely had he returned to his capital when he learned that the inhabitants of Novogorod, excited by the fresh intrigues of Marfa, had revolted from their allegiance, had insulted and expelled his Namesnih, and concluded a treaty with Poland. Ivan marched at the head of a more formidable army than before, to reduce the city to subjection and punish the factious; he entirely subverted the government; and reduced the country to the same system as the other provinces of his dominions. The troubles which Marfa had occasioned, and the misfortunes she had brought on her country, cost her her life. The Possadnihs, and the Tisrashis were suppressed, the principal Boyars banished; the Vetchevoi Tholohol was transported to Moscow, and was used only to assemble the inhabitants to prayers, or to announce the solemn festivals of the state. It is thus that, by the plots of the ambitious, and the turbulence of her citizens, Novogorod lost the liberty of which she had always been till then so jealous, which had caused her greatness, and which she had so long preserved. With her liberty she lost also her riches and her commerce. The Namesnih of the prince was no longer as before, a phantom of power, but reigned absolutely in the name of his master. The Novogorodians, however, were for a long time insensible of their slavery, though each new insurrection added to their chains.

A century after the epoch of which we are speaking, they revolted against the grandson of Ivan, who bore the same name, but is commonly known by the name of Basilides. This prince, who joined a brutal ferocity to the greatest talents, entered Novogorod at the head of his guards, as a city taken by assault, committed the most unheard-of barbarities, and filled the town with blood and carnage. He particularly persecuted the Boyars, the greater part of whom were put

to death, and married their widows to their slaves. Novogorod, overwhelmed by this blow, never again raised her head, and is at this day a city of the third order. A few churches and convents, separated at present by a great distance, but which formerly were inclosed within its walls, only prove its ancient extent, and are all the remains of its former splendour.

The reader will be much gratified by the perusal of this 'Anecdote;' and though considerable fiction be blended with the History of Marfa, yet after the abstract we have given, he will easily be able to distinguish the truth from the falsehood.

ART. 17.—*Amélia de Treville, ou la Solitaire, par M.\*\*\*, Auteur de Julie de St. Olmont. Tome premier. Paris, chez Dentir, 1806. Imported by Deconchy.*

THIS new romance, as the title informs us, is from the pen of the author of the Letters of Julia de St. Olmont. Our readers will find in Amélia de Treville the same talent in painting the characters and passions of men, as in the author's former production. The style is elegant, the sentiments conveyed with a delicate sensibility and happiness of expression, which are rarely met with in works of this nature.

ART. 18.—*Almanac des Prosateurs redigé par M. F. Noel, Inspecteur Général des Etudes. Cinquième Année: Prix, broché 2 francs. A Paris, chez F. Louis, Libraire, rue de Savoie, 1806. Imported by Deconchy.*

FROM this almanac of prose writers we observe that the old calendar is restored in France. This is the principal novelty. With respect to the writings in prose, the greater part are extracts from celebrated authors, and some few of them are new. But M. F. Noel *Inspecteur General des Etudes*, when he meets with a passage in which he can introduce a compliment to the Emperor Buonaparte, is not sparing of French flattery. We refer our readers to page 145, et passim.

ART. 19.—*Correspondence Médicale de plusieurs Indiens, ou Petite excursion dans l'Empire de la Médecine, et des Sciences qui y ont rapport. Publiée par Terre-n.-n. de l'Isère. A Paris, chez Allut, an. xiv. 1806. Imported by Deconchy.*

THIS correspondence, whose title-page asserts it to be the work of several West Indians, bears internal evidence of its being fabricated at Paris. It is written in the style of many English novels, which introduce Indians giving an account of the marvellous sights of an European city to some friend at home.

ART. 20.—*Mæliosa, ou l'Heroisme de la Reconnaissance.*

*Mæliosa, or the Heroism of Gratitude. An Irish Story. By Maria de Courchamps. 2 Vols. 12mo. 7s. Paris. 1805. Imported by Deconchy.*

A VEHICLE of abuse against the English and Scotch protestants for plundering and oppressing the Irish Catholics. It is dedicated to Fanny Beauharnois, who may, perhaps, pardon its mediocrity for the sake of its religious tendency, which is that of inflaming the Irish Catholics against the British government.

## PORTUGAL.

ART. 21.—*O Perigo das Paixões.*

*The Danger of the Passions; an allegorical and moral Tale, for the Instruction of Youth; with an Analysis of the Human Passions. By John Charles Morvô Pinheiro. 8vo. Lisbon. 1805.*

IT is a trite and well-known truth, that on the government of the passions the happiness of individuals must in a great measure depend. This maxim many a novelist has attempted or professed to inculcate, but that noxious vice of authors has much oftener tended to defeat the object proposed; not understanding, or not chusing to understand, that to excite the passions in order to teach the government of them, is a very retrograde mode of proceeding. This practice has, on more occasions than one, been carried to a shameless height in our own country. After filling three or four volumes with descriptions of vice under all her different forms, but always the most seducing to the mind of inexperience, they insult the common sense of their readers by a concluding assurance, that if they have adored vice for a while with flowers, it is only to contrast it with the simple majesty of virtue: to shew that those adscititious ornaments are but a transparent disguise to its real deformity, and that its tumultuous pleasures are a fallacious substitute for the simple satisfaction of being good.

As to the sentimental productions which are now so much in vogue, the extravagant excitement of false feelings is little less dangerous than the irritation of the passions, and leaves the mind in a state of morbid sensibility, often more dangerous to the tranquillity of the pupil than the workings of untaught nature.

In neither of these points has the present author erred, nor is he deficient in interest to excite all the curiosity necessary to his purpose—that of teaching to moderate the passions, and controul the emotions of the heart. This is a philosophical distinction, the attentive consideration of which we would recommend to our own authors, and which alone can justly entitle a tale to the denomination of *moral*.

In delineating the character of Ifigio, M. Pinheiro has evidently had in view the Telemachus of Fenelon, who, under the tuition of Reason and Virtue (named Uteria and Neris) is suffered to become

successively the dupe of all the different passions; after which he is finally confirmed in the most implicit obedience to their dictates, and insures his happiness, but not till, like all other heroes of romance, he has entered into the holy state of matrimony.

ART. 22.—*Menandro e Lauretina.*

*Menander and Lauretine; or, The Lovers of Estremadura. A Portuguese Novel.* 8vo. Lisbon. 1804.

ARDENT love, founded on the basis of esteem and friendship, impels Menander, a young philosopher of noble birth, to reject the advances of a rich, haughty, and high-born beauty, for the mutual affection of the amiable and artless Lauretina, whose father, from motives of avarice, had destined her to the seclusion of a convent. Their elopement and mutual fidelity, till their discovery by, and reconciliation to their parents, though the usual process and conclusion of similar stories in all ages and countries, are marked with a delicacy and chasteness rarely found in modern love-tales. Those who are fond of hearing of eternal fidelity, and inviolable chastity, and the purity and disinterestedness of love, will find this a very pleasing little work, where the above real or imaginary virtues are strongly, but not extravagantly delineated.

ART. 23.—*A Força d'Amizade, &c.*

*The Force of Friendship; a true History.* 8vo. 1804.

ART. 24.—*O Triunfo da Virtude, &c.*

*The Triumph of Virtue; or, The Adventures of Olympia.* 8vo. 1804.

WHETHER, as the author asserts, the first of these novels be really founded on truth, is of little importance. Like the preceding tale, they contain little of novelty, nor are they distinguished by any striking particularity in the plan or management; but they at least possess a merit which cannot always be allowed to this species of composition, that of innocently amusing. A certain amenity of expression, simplicity, purity of sentiments, together with some taste, and a considerable portion of morality, cannot be denied to these effusions of fancy.

## GERMANY.

ART. 25.—*Karls von Dittersdorf lebens beschreibung, &c.*

*Life of Charles von Dittersdorf.* Leipzig. 1805.

DITTERSDORF was a celebrated musician and composer, and enjoyed the highest fame in Germany, till it was obscured by the superior genius of Haydn and Mozart. In his best days he was patronized by, and admitted to the most intimate familiarity with the princes and great men of his country; but a numerous family, and the gout, which deprived him of the use of his limbs, brought him

to the utmost distress. No longer able to amuse the rich, who had vowed to him eternal friendship, he was, as is generally the case, deserted by them, when their assistance was most wanted. A forlorn hope remained, that at his death they might be brought to the recollection of him, and be induced to do something for his family. With this view he seems to have composed the story of his life, and three days before his death wrote his farewell to the kind, good-hearted German nation, the object of his love, esteem, and reverence. This kind, good hearted nation probably thought little at that moment of the man to whom they had been indebted for so much amusement; and we are very much afraid, that the goodness of their hearts will scarcely be sufficiently expanded to attend to the following proposal. 'As I am certain,' says the author, 'that my name and works are well known throughout all Europe, I can assert, that I have contributed to the happiness of at least half a million of persons. Now, if each of these would contribute a single groat to me, or rather to my family—for it can no longer be of use to me—what a small present would it be to the giver, and what a considerable support to a family in distress, left behind by one, who, like him in the gospel, never buried his talents? Dear reader, do not suspect that I wrote this to beg alms of you for myself. When this comes into your hands, the writer is no more. Would any one, however, after the total destruction of my frail vessel, act kindly towards my poor family, may God reward him for his benevolence!'

It grieves us to think of the state of mind of the poor man when he wrote these lines, and how painful must have been to him the neglect of his former friends, and the prospects of the future sufferings of his family. Dittersdorf was not a mere musician; he possessed genius, was a well-educated man, an agreeable companion, and an acute observer of men and manners. The company he kept in various parts of Europe was of the highest ranks in life, and his work will therefore be entertaining, not only to the musician and dilettanti, but to the general reader. If it should excite a spirit in Germany to attend to the comfort of the declining days of genius, art, and science, the author will not have written in vain; but Germany is not the only country where men are praised for their talents, and consigned in their latter days to poverty and distress.

ART. 26.—*Entwurfe zu einem Denkmall für Dr. Martin Luther, &c.*

*Projects for a Monument to Martin Luther, by Leopold Klenze, Architect. Brunswick. 1805.*

ART. 27.—*Ideen zu Luther's Denkmall, &c.*

*Projects for Luther's Monument, by Charles Schaffer, Professor of Architecture at Dusseldorf. Dresden. 1805.*

A SOCIETY at Mansfeldt, in Germany, has set on foot a subscription to erect a monument to the memory of Luther, the hero

of the reformation. The Germans revere his memory, but their enthusiasm does not open wide their pockets. The monthly account given of the subscriptions makes it undoubted, that the first plan proposed in these works can never be executed: but if Prussia contributes, as is expected, the raw materials, there will be sufficient for a monument on the second plan, about the end of the year.

The first plan is from an architect, whose ideas are quite German; massive strength and colossal magnitude are to impress the spectators with the idea of Luther's greatness of mind, and undaunted spirit. The second is within more modest limits, and coming from a professor of architecture, discovers a degree of taste, which does him credit. According to the first, there is to be a round temple two hundred and fifty-two feet in circumference, and seventy feet high, of massy square stones on the outside, covered within with yellow marble. In the midst of this temple stands a colossal half naked statue, three times the ordinary height of a man, and round it twelve statues of the usual height, made, as well as the principal statue, of Carara marble, to represent philosophers and reformers of ancient and modern times. The reformers are Melancthon, Zuinglius, Calvin, Wickliffe, Huss, Zinzendorf: the philosophers, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Des Cartes, Leibnitz, and Kant. How came Newton to be forgotten in this groupe? Under the base of the temple is to be an arched chamber for the reception of Luther's sarcophagus. The statues in the temple are to be clad after the Greek costume, and the middle one, that of Luther, after the model of the well known statue under the name of Zeno. There are to be fountains before the temple, and many other delightful schemes, described with the utmost exactness, which it will not be necessary to criticise, as the enormous expence of such a work will for ever prevent its execution.

The professor introduces us to much useful knowledge on costume, busts, statues, materials, colossuses, situations, &c. &c. His monument is of a pyramidal form, two-and-twenty ells five inches high, according to the Dresden measure; breadth at bottom, seventeen ells. The base is to be a simple mass without ornament, inscribed with the names of the subscribers. In the middle is a simple niche, in which is a groupe of three figures in bronze, four ells high, representing Luther with the Bible in his hand, accompanied by two winged angels. It is very probable that many more projects will be submitted to the committee for this purpose, and it will be curious to see in what manner German taste will display itself, to honour the memory of a man to whom they are in the highest degree indebted for a better insight into religion and language than their remoter ancestors possessed, though many of his notions, together with his style, are become antiquated.



ART. 28.—*Meiner gattin wirkliche erscheinung, &c.*

*The actual Appearance of my Spouse after her Death; a true Story,*  
by D. K. W. 1801.

ART. 29.—*D. Johann Karl Wötzel's, nähere erklärang, &c.*

*A clearer Explanation of and Conclusions on the above Work, by*  
D. John Charles Wortzel. Leipzig. 1805.

THE absurdity of the first of these works can be paralleled only by the folly of the second, to which the author has the assurance to affix his name. We should not have noticed either, if it were not to shew our readers, that the notions of ghosts still remain in Germany, and are even held by those whose education and situation in life ought to have afforded them better instruction. That the author, from over fondness for his wife, might have lost the little sense he had, and dreamt that his dear rib had appeared again in his sight, was within the sphere of probability: but that he should have the vanity to suppose that a spirit should come from the other world to flatter his pride, and to pay him compliments, argues a disposition of mind, which will not be corrected by the ridicule of his neighbours. This is the language which the author puts into the mouth of his wife: 'God will and must, seeing that he is all just, all wise, and all powerful, be gracious to thee, give thee the enjoyment of high honour and pleasure, procure thee friends and patrons, reward thy acknowledged virtue, and indefatigable industry.' In another place the lady tells him: 'Thou too must, but after many, many years of delightful and happy days, crowned with honours, fame, and rewards, for thy sincerity, goodness of heart, and unexampled diligence, pay thy tribute to nature.' From this nonsense the reader will form a tolerable judgment of the ghost's talents and insight into futurity, in which, he will agree, we presume, with us, that she is entirely mistaken.

ART. 30.—*Joseph Appel's Münz und Medaillen sammlung, &c.*

*Collection of Coins and Medals, arranged after a new Plan, and described by the Professor with Fifteen Plates. First Volume.*  
Vienna. 1805.

THIS is a very rich collection, and assuredly a possessor has the right to draw up his catalogue in what manner he pleases; but we cannot discover much novelty in his system. It does not materially differ from that of Madai, who begins with emperors, kings, and electors: our author with popes and spiritual personages, except the spiritual electors. Madai classes his spiritual princes and lords under their respective heads of archbishops, bishops, &c. our author follows the letters of the alphabet. Madai takes the electors after the kings, then the spiritual lords, and then returns to temporal dignities; our author takes the archdukes of Austria out of their proper rank, and placing them after kings, sets them before electors.

Madai separates the old from the modern princely houses: our author gives them in alphabetical order, and mixes together French, English, Italian princes, and even inferior titles.

The collection is, however, for a private one, very valuable, and is particularly rich in coins and medals of popes. In the '*Catalogus numismatum numerumque Caroli Alexandri Austriaci Belgii gubernatoris.*' (Brussels, 1781, 8vo.) we find three hundred and twenty-nine described; but it is to be recollected, that in that collection only thirty-two were of silver, all the rest being of copper; but in the collection described in this work all are of silver. Of the other medals many are of importance, and the lovers of this science will, from the satisfaction this volume is calculated to afford them, look forward with hopes for the speedy appearance of the remaining part of the work.

ART. 31.—*Die Schachspielkunst, &c.*

*The Art of Chess Playing, according to the Rules of Gustavus Selenus, Philidor, by J. F. W. Koch. 2 vols. 8vo. Magdeburg.*

THE lovers of chess will give this work a place in their chess library. It contains a great number of games in very small compass, with very judicious remarks on them, and on the chief publications on this interesting game.

ART. 32.—*Russlands Politische verhältnisse, &c.*

*The Political Relations between Russia and Germany, and the high Value of this Connection. Frankfort. 1805.*

THE author foresaw the connection that was soon to take place between Germany and Russia, but he little imagined that in consequence of it, the Emperor of Germany would so soon quit his capital, and leave his territories to be laid waste by the French, and finally be compelled to an inglorious peace. It is discovered that the Russians and Germans resemble each other in a very striking manner, and the writer seems to have forgotten that the former live under an absolute despotism, many of them being even in a state of the most abject slavery, whilst the Germans have not entirely lost their pretensions to the rank of freemen. The great principle advanced is, that the independence of Germany cannot be preserved, but by the restoration of the former constitution under the chiefs of the empire, and the guardianship of the powers which guaranteed it. evidently supposing that the Emperor of Russia is to have the chief concern in the guarantee. Events now succeed each other so rapidly, that no one can conjecture what will be the fate of Germany for a month together. Incapable of defending itself, though possessing so large a military force, its constitution must be bad, and we cannot imagine that any connection with Russia will give it lustre or consequence. It gained greatly by getting rid of its ecclesiastical petty tyrants, but it will be long before this fine country enjoys those advantages which it is so well calculated to possess.

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